# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An I
Founded nklin

MAY 27, 1922

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Vol. 194, No. 48. Published weekly at Philadelphia.
Entered as second-class matter November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

**ISAAC F. MARCOSSON—GEORGE PATTULLO—EARL DERR BIGGERS**
**MAY EDGINTON—H. H. KOHLSAAT—HUGH WILEY—SOPHIE KERR**

# THE CHOICE OF A GREAT EXPLORER

Capt. Roald Amundsen — one of the world's greatest explorers — discoverer of the South Pole — now starting on a new journey into the frozen Arctic. No one knows better than he the exacting food requirements of men who invade the Polar regions. Read why he is taking DEL MONTE Products with him.

ROALD AMUNDSEN

520 Alaska Building,
Seattle, Washington.
August 29, 1921.

Messrs. California Packing Corporation,
101 California St.,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Sirs:

I have been carefully investigating what kind of Canned Fruits and Vegetables and Dried Fruits I should choose for my forthcoming Polar expedition and have decided to use exclusively your "DEL MONTE" brand.

I have chosen the "DEL MONTE" products for the reason that with their uniformly high grade and keeping qualities, they are exceptionally desirable where food supplies must be restricted to those dependable under all circumstances.

I am enclosing herewith a list of my requirements.

Yours very truly,

Roald Amundsen

RA:EN

***"Where foods must be restricted to those most dependable under all circumstances"***

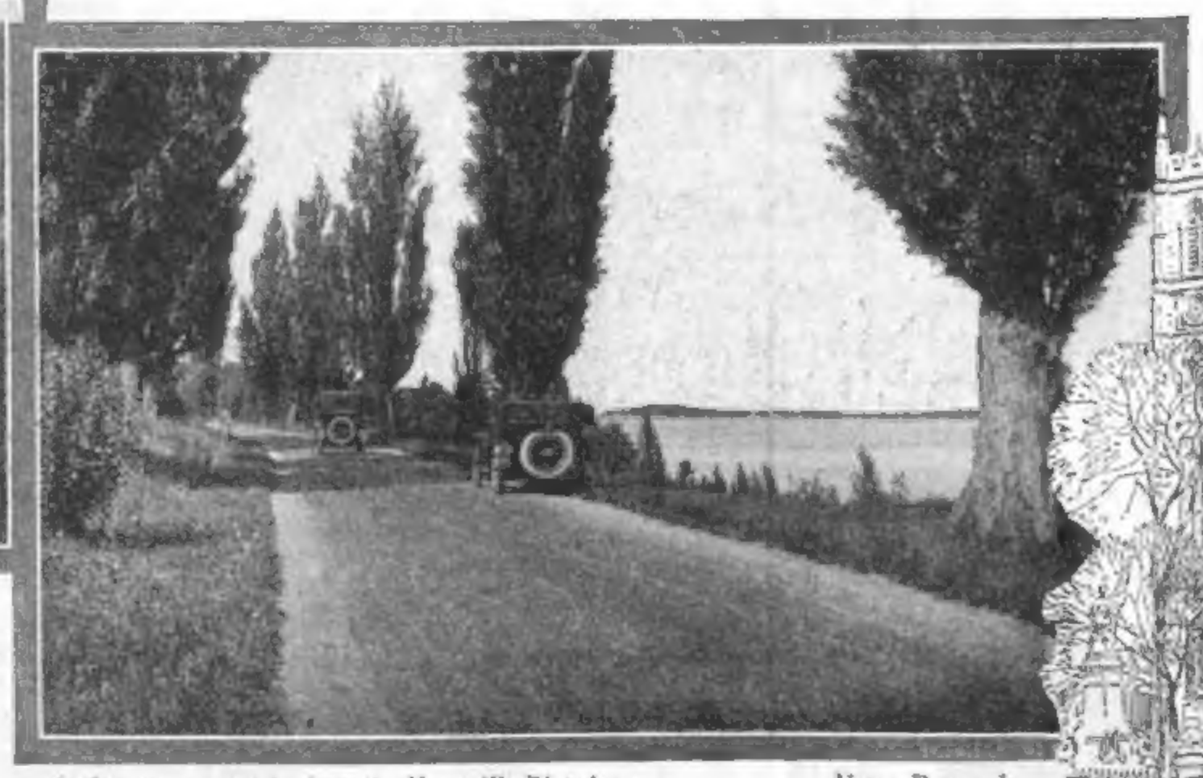
—the reason assigned by Amundsen for taking DEL MONTE Products with him to the North Pole.

And doesn't it apply just as strongly to your own every-day menu? Isn't it just as important that you may always be *sure* of highest food quality, "dependable under all circumstances?"

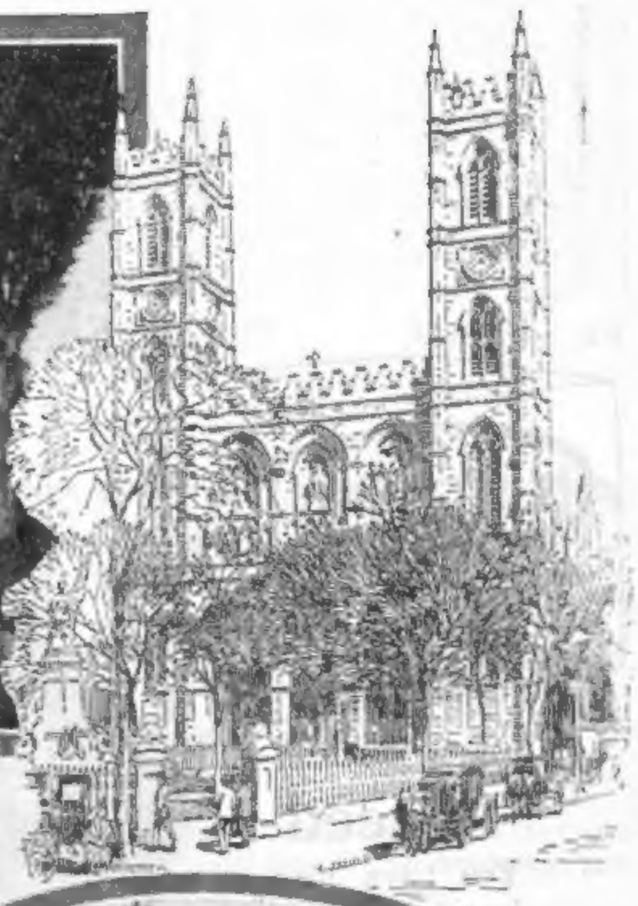
That is the guarantee that DEL MONTE offers in more than a hundred varieties—choicest fruits and vegetables from the world's finest orchards and gardens—packed where they ripen the day they are picked—and brought to your table ready to serve, in season or out of season, with all their natural fresh flavor and delicacy.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

*Lake Placid—Wilmington Road, N. Y. A water-bound macadam highway kept traffic-proof with "Tarvia-B."*



*A picturesque stretch along the Keeseville-Plattsburg Road, N. Y.—treated with "Tarvia-B."*



*Notre Dame de Montreal—an impressive edifice facing on the Place d' Armes.*

# *All roads lead to Montreal—*

QUAINT, historic, yet modern—a picturesque city of romance where the atmosphere of the Old World blends with modern customs of the New—that is the Montreal of today.

Good roads have now opened up to the American tourist this unique and intensely interesting old city: Sherbrooke Street West, "The Fifth Avenue of Canada," has become the common meeting ground for cars from California to Florida and from Maine to Texas.

Yet only since 1913 has Montreal been readily accessible to American tourists. In that year the Quebec Government built the famous King Edward Highway, 45 miles long, from Montreal to Rouses Point, New York, linking up with the wonderful tarviated roads of New York State which lead through the incomparable Adirondacks and Lake Champlain country.

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If you have any road problems—construction, maintenance or repairs—our engineers will gladly help you solve them. Address our nearest branch.

*A section of the beautiful King Edward Highway maintained with "Tarvia-B"*

*Château de Ramzay—one of the most interesting spots in a most interesting city. Built in 1705, this old Château was for some time the official residence of the early British governors.*

**Tarvia**
*For Road Construction Repair and Maintenance*

*Below is shown a bird's-eye view of the city of Montreal, the metropolis of Canada. In the background stands stately Mount Royal, rising to an elevation of 769 feet above sea level.*

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You have always known naphtha soap as a quick cleanser—it separatesdirt from fabrics without boiling or hard rubbing.

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*In this case—*

# Invention was the mother of a Necessity!

FOR a number of years you have known both naphtha soaps and white soaps.

Naphtha soap, you know, cleans *quickly*. On the other hand, fine white soap has shown itself effective and *safe*.

The invention of White Naphtha Soap came very simply, in answer to the question: "Why not combine the virtues of both in one soap?"

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You will find that P and G The White Naphtha suds quickly give a new whiteness to your table linens and towels — without injuring the fabric or your hands.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap is a *complete* soap for all household purposes.

## *for* Speed *and* Safety

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
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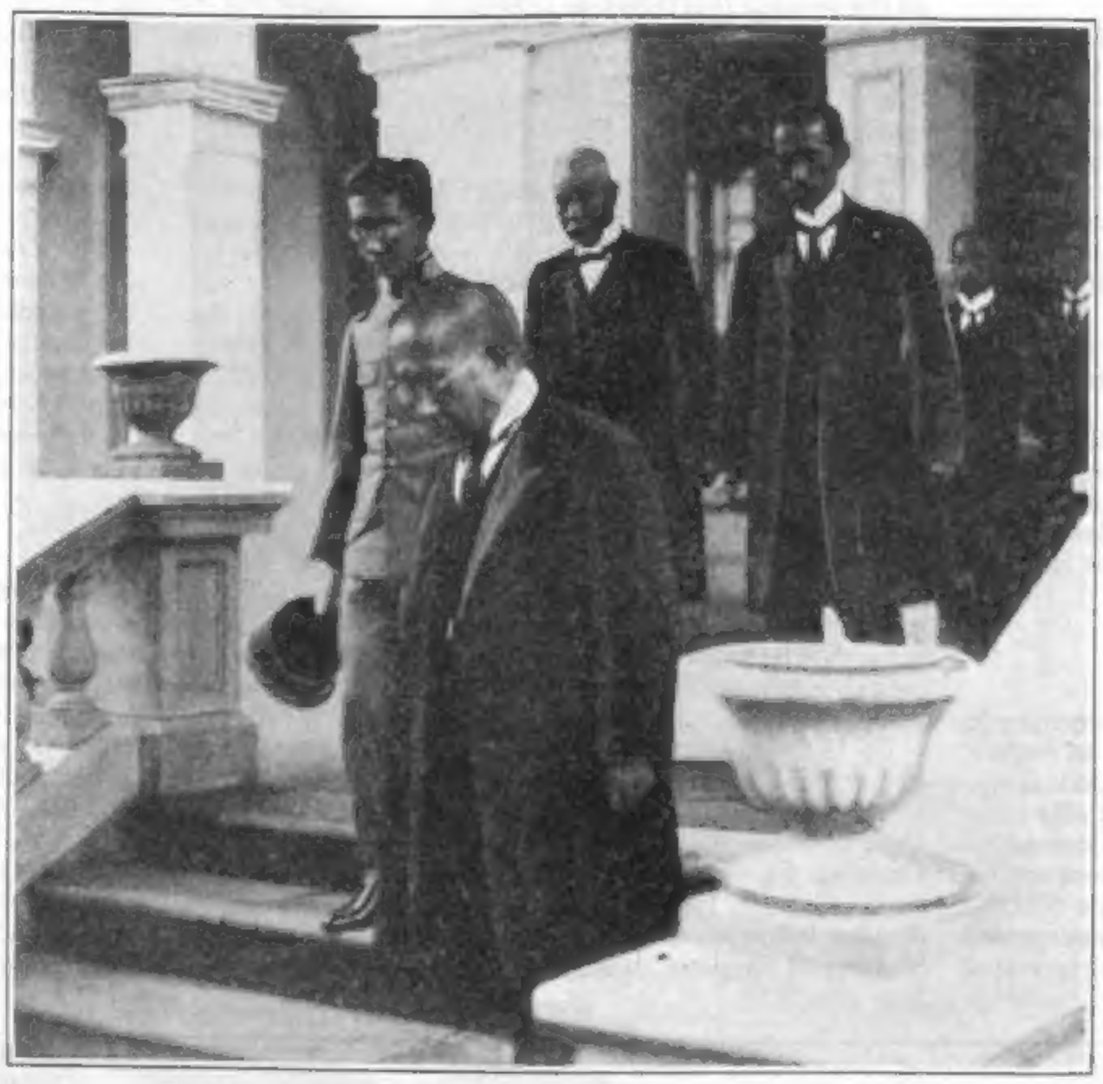
Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, at Chicago, Illinois, and at Indianapolis, Ind.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 27, 1922 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 48

# AN AUDIENCE WITH THE JAPANESE PRINCE REGENT



*The Prince Regent in Uniform. Prince Tokugawa Precedes Him*

## By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN THE heart of Tokio stands a vast compound, surrounded by moats which are in turn fringed by embankments mossy and gray with age. Through the ancient pine trees that top these hoary walls gleams the green-tiled roof of the Imperial Palace. These roofs afford the only glimpse that the people of the capital ever get of court environment. No other royal residence anywhere is so zealously guarded or kept so free from curious intruder, for it is the Nippon holy of holies—the abode of the Emperor. Other royal establishments are usually accessible to the public. This one is like a consecrated shrine—a thing apart.

Just as the imperial area itself lies in the center of Tokio life, so is the palace—or rather the place where the Emperor happens to be—the very fountainhead of Japanese national existence. In no other country is the sovereign venerated to the degree that obtains in Japan. Traditionally the Son of Heaven, symbol of many centuries of rule—the present Emperor is the one hundred and twenty-second—godhead, as it were, of a religion of patriotism, his person is sacred. He is the one ruler who can do no wrong.

### *The Regent's Isolation*

IF TOKIO by some miracle went Bolshevik the same crowd that might burn down the Bank of Japan or the homes of a dozen profiteers would assemble in the plaza before the entrance to the palace and yell "Banzai!" for its imperial master. Here you have the one phase of Japan that is easily understood.

In a room of that Tokio palace I talked one day last March with the inheritor of all this picturesque prestige, the young Prince Regent, Hirohito. I have had other audiences with royalty, but none was so difficult of approach, none so hedged in by convention. Nor did any represent such strange blending of feudal suggestion and background with the more practical things that make for modernity.

The limousine that set me down at the entrance traversed the path trod hundreds of years ago by the Tokugawa shoguns. The frock-coated gentlemen in waiting who escorted the American Ambassador and myself to the presence of the Prince were the twentieth-century successors to the war lords of other days who wielded the powers of life and death. If unoffending peasants got in the way, these daimio—as they were called—could lop off their heads and proceed calmly on their journey.

But there were other reasons why this meeting with the Prince Regent was invested with special interest. To begin with, it was the first time, either as Crown Prince or in his present capacity, that he had received a writer in private audience in Japan. On his European trip last year he was greeted by delegations of newspaper men. He even talked to some of them in London and Paris. That, however, resulted from his being on foreign soil and when he had cut himself loose from the rigid limitations that restrict him at home. Once he returned to Japan the lid was clamped down again. Though he has displayed a surprising sense of democracy he has been obliged to yield in the main to the immemorial traditions of his rank and heritage.

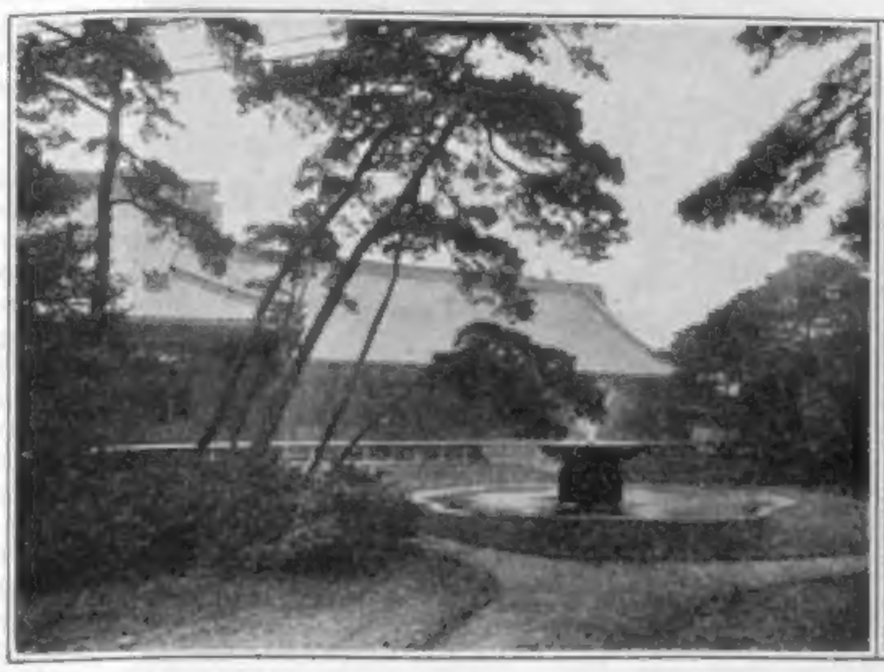
### *Divine Right Incarnate*

YOU get some idea of the extraordinary aloofness of the Japanese family when I say that even after the Restoration of 1868, when the shogunate yielded to the actual rule of the royal line, court physicians could feel the pulse of the Emperor only through a piece of silk. Tailors had to guess at measurements for the European clothes of the monarch. In a word, no lay finger could be placed upon the body of the Mikado.

Some years ago the private car of the Emperor Meiji, grandfather of the Prince Regent, was delayed twenty minutes in the railroad yards at Kioto. The stationmaster immediately committed suicide, because he felt that he was responsible for this slight to his sovereign.

On the very day that I write this article in Tokio a young fanatic was killed by a bomb explosion at the entrance to the palace. From papers found on his person it was disclosed that he desired to present a petition to the throne protesting against the present Diet, but that he had also planned suicide because of his temerity in approaching the imperial preserve. The Minister for Home Affairs and the Tokio chief of police at once tendered their resignations, because, like the stationmaster at Kioto, they felt responsible for what was considered a desecration of the royal compound.

It is an unwritten law in Japan, strictly observed to-day, that no one can look down on the Emperor. If he passes in the street—and this



*Garden in Front of Homei Hall, Imperial Palace*

*Garden of Imperial Detached Palace at Kazumagaseki*

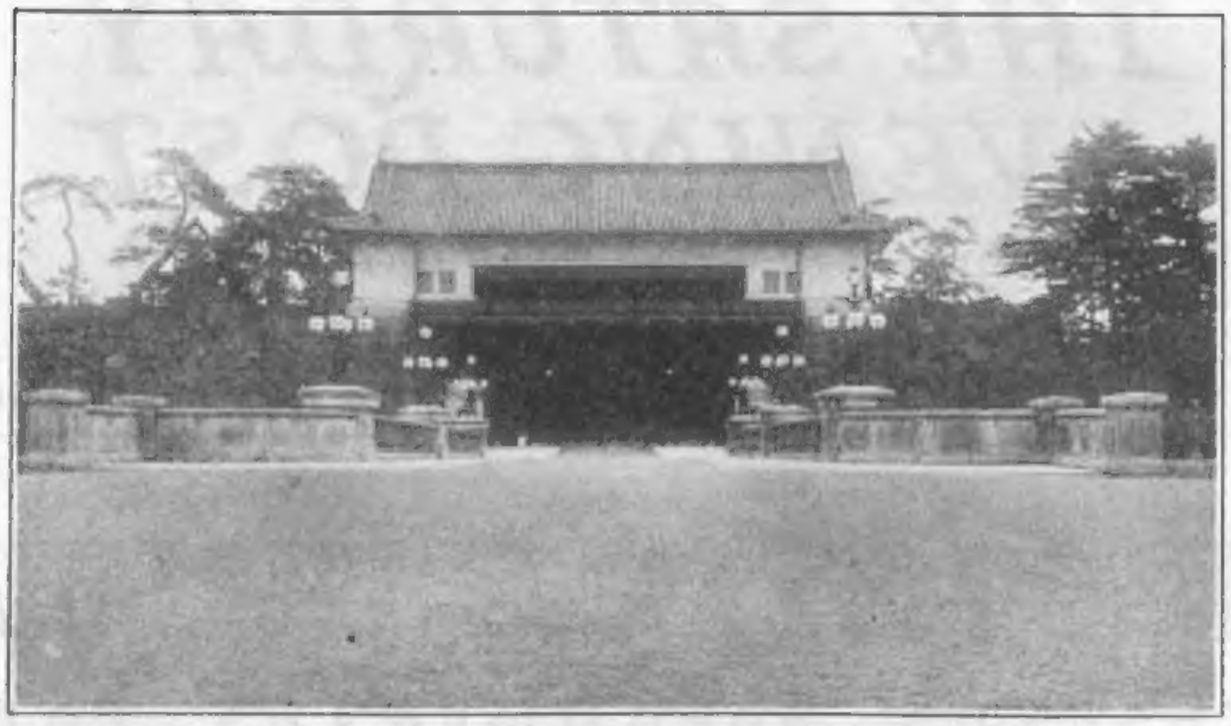
rule applies to the Prince Regent—mounted police ride ahead to warn all persons to descend from the upper stories of houses or draw the blinds. This applies to everyone, and there is usually a scampering of steel workers on the steel framework of new buildings to the ground. Passengers in tram cars must either get out or sit behind closed windows until the regal procession has gone by.

There is still the feeling in Japan outside of Tokio and Kioto that the Emperor is not a concrete personality but an incarnation of divine right. All success is attributed to him. When Admiral Togo, for example, cabled the news of his famous victory over the Russian fleet at Tsushima he gave all the credit to the virtue of the head of the nation. Every soldier and sailor feels the same way.

So, too, with the heroic General Count Nogi. His dramatic suicide was attributed to continued grief over the loss of thirty thousand Japanese soldiers at Port Arthur; in reality it was devotion to his Emperor and his expressed desire to follow him into the hereafter.

Now you can understand some of the significance and responsibility that attach to the heirship of all this legend and loyalty. As I watched the slight, spectacled, young Prince Regent and listened to his carefully enunciated words, I could not help realizing that he is destined to occupy a distinct and perhaps lonely place in world affairs. Possibly my recent years of contact with the wreckage of old orders in Europe fostered the thought. It is summed up in a single sentence. The imperial circle, as it might be called, is narrowing.

Russia, Germany, Austria, Turkey have all passed into the twilight. Ordinarily you do not associate the emperor business with King George, because he is the essence of the democratic spirit, and England is to all intents and purposes a crowned republic. Besides, it is not among the impossibilities that self-determination will some day pluck the jewel that Beaconsfield placed upon the diadem of Queen Victoria when he made her Empress of India. Japan may be the last of the empires.



*Main Gate to the Imperial Palace, Tokio*

### *The Fabric of Government*

SO FAR as it is humanly possible to predict anything in these cataclysmic times, Japan will remain an empire. The zeal for the royal family—it is almost fanaticism—leaves no doubt as to this eventuality. Thus, unlike some of his European colleagues, Prince Hirohito is sure of his succession if he lives. He need never worry about radical intrigue. He is Emperor in everything but name now.

Yet amid this adoration for royalty, the guaranteed perpetuity of its rule and the traditional rights vested with the All-Highest, the Emperor of Japan has little more real authority than King George. Although Meiji, who has been called the Lincoln of his country, was a strong and forceful personality, he was swayed and his long and eventful reign was shaped by the Elder Statesmen. But the leaders among these Genro, as they were named, have all passed away. The last of the lions was Prince Yamagata, who died on February first of this year. Although there are still two surviving Genro—Marquis Matsukata and Prince Saionji—they were never dominant factors in the rule of the country as was Yamagata. Marquis Matsukata is now 88 years old and lives in retirement at Kamakura, a summer resort not far from Tokio. Prince Saionji is younger, but is no longer a strong figure in the councils of the nation.

With the regency of Prince Hirohito—it began last November—Japan began to face a crisis that is more momentous than the acute situation precipitated by the friction with the United States over the Californian alien law. This crisis is internal and affects the welfare of all the people. It is therefore impossible to comprehend the personality and the possibilities of the Prince Regent without knowing just how it began, what it means and where it may lead. Whatever happens, as head of the nation he must be a conspicuous figure in a drama that will affect the whole Orient.

It all goes back to the Constitution, which was largely the work of the late Prince Ito, the Bismarck of Japan, and fit mate of Yamagata in the councils of the Genro. This document, which was promulgated in 1889, strongly resembles the German Constitution of that period. German influence, I might add, has always been potent in shaping Japanese policy, especially on the military side.

Although the Constitution theoretically provided for the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, and was supposed to mark the change from an absolute to a limited monarchy, it did not bring about the equivalent of parliamentary government under a limited monarchy as we have come to know these institutions in Europe.

Though the traditions of divine right and absolutism have been maintained for centuries the Emperor, as I have intimated, has always been more or less a figurehead, his actual influence being a function of his own force and personality.

Up to the present time there has been no parliamentary government in which the power of public opinion eventually determines the policy of the state. The immemorial right of the British House of Commons or the American Congress to exercise control over ministers by refusing appropriations, for example, which has had such an important influence on political development in the United States and England, has no counterpart in Japan. If a budget introduced by the government fails to pass, the budget of the preceding year is continued in force. The Diet is something of a joke. What it lacks in power it makes up in noise. Its principal expression is criticism, in which it exceeds any other similar body.

Another drawback to real parliamentary government—and it bears on the Japanese crisis of to-day—lies in a provision of the Constitution that the Ministers of War and Navy must be active or retired officers of the army and navy respectively. This has enabled the so-called military party to bring pressure upon the government, for any cabinet must fall if either the Minister of War or the Minister of Navy resigns. The War Department and not the Foreign Office has dictated the foreign policy, and behind the War Office brooded the Genro.

Now we come to the crux of the present business. Up to the time of the Hirohito Regency the Genro influence was all dominant. The Elder Statesmen not only named Premiers and the Ministers of War and Navy but they formed an extra-constitutional body responsible only to the Emperor himself. Originally they came into being because, after the Restoration, the Emperor needed wise counsel. But there is no doubt that their authority grew until it vastly exceeded any other power in the land, not excepting the Constitution. In a word, the Genro were the masters of Japan.

The Yamagata domination gave Japan her place in the sun because it built up an army and navy that caused her to be reckoned with as a great power. But long before Yamagata died some of his influence began to wane. Like Wellington, his military genius outweighed his political sagacity, and the old war horse—he was eighty-four when he died—or rather the system for which he stood drew the lightning of popular wrath.

### *The Dawn of Liberalism*

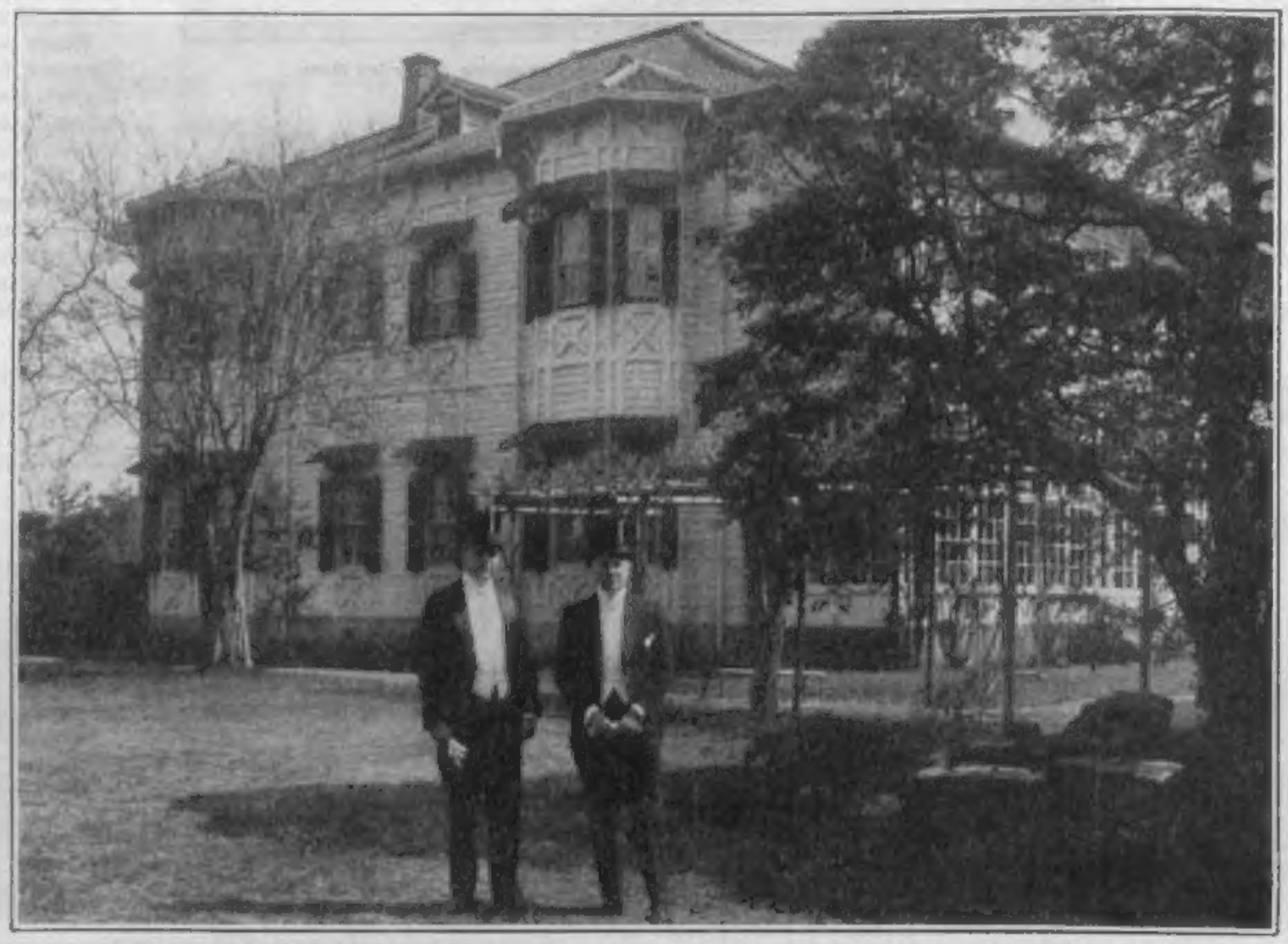
FOR months prior to the Washington conference Liberals like Yukio Ozaki had thundered against increasing armaments, an expanding army, forceful economic penetration—all that militarism implies. There was nothing particularly altruistic about this protest procedure. It called for relief from an excessive burden of taxation and from a policy that farseeing men knew was planting the seeds of future international trouble.

Slowly liberalism waked in Japan. It began to express itself, for one thing, in the demand for universal suffrage and free speech. I have seen nearly a hundred thousand people packed around the Diet buildings in an attempt to influence a favorable vote on the suffrage bill. Even birth control began, later on, to get an unofficial hearing. If you knew how many babies there are in Japan, and how each little life has been welcomed as just one more prop for the army and navy, you would realize what sacrilege lay in the birth-control idea. Everywhere there were signs of evolution.

In the midst of all this more or less inarticulate stirring Prince Hirohito became Regent. Almost coincident with his assumption of the higher station a tragic blow was struck at what might be called the popular will. It was the assassination of Premier Hara. Essentially a man of the people, he had risen by sheer character and efficiency. Already the Japanese call him the Great Commoner.

Mr. Hara broke all the traditions of the Genro rule by taking over the portfolio of the Minister of the Navy when Admiral Baron Kato went to the Washington conference. It was the first time that a civilian had ever filled this post, and

(Continued on Page 100)



*Ambassador Warren and Mr. Marcosson at the American Embassy in Tokio Immediately After the Audience*

# TRUST EMILY—A Farce Comedy

## By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE sitting hall of that small house of chaste design called by Lady Hunter her country cottage was empty as Steers sidled into it from the kitchen side about 9:30 P.M. Steers carried over one arm Sir William Hunter's dress overcoat, and pendent from that hand Sir William Hunter's silk hat. With the other hand Steers first fondled his necktie, then pressed down his waistcoat, then reflectively felt his few chins. It made no difference to Steers' being a chaser—and knowing it—that he was also a very busy butler of mature years.

Steers stood in the lounge hall, affecting unconcern.

Emily Parks looked down at Steers from over the rail of the gallery above, where she stood in the dusk. It was a short gallery, striped with bedroom doors, and little Parks was at the moment the only living thing in it. Over her arm she carried a wonderful mass of lace and ostrich feathers that was Lady Hunter's evening wrap.

"Hello!" said Parks, hanging like a little star right over Steers' bald dome.

"Is that you, Miss Parks?" said Steers, smiling to himself a good deal.

"Oh, no!" said Emily. "Oh, no! It's not me."

She descended the staircase, caressing Lady Hunter's evening wrap; and the demurest thing she looked in her black frock—perhaps a thought too short for a housemaid-cum-parlormaid in a respectable country cottage; and her black stockings perhaps a thought too long; and her devilish muslin apron and cap, and all.

Steers stroked his few chins.

"Oh!" sighed little Parks, passionately admiring the cloak. "Isn't it a shame some people have the clothes they do; and other people don't have the clothes they don't?"

A faint sound of voices penetrated the door on the left of the hall.

"'Ush!" said Steers.

Parks took up a stand almost beside Steers with an air of being ready, but a little behind him with an air of being respectful to his position as butler, and Lady Hunter came in, chirping, followed reluctantly by Sir William; and patiently by the Honorable Cyril Wakefield, the secretary; and embarrassedly by Arthur, the Hunters' long-lost nephew, newly and richly returned from Australia.

"We ought to have started long ago, William," Lady Hunter was saying. "Directly after dinner we ought to have started. We have your popularity to think of if you're ever to be a Member of Parliament for this division. Besides, vicarages hate sitting up late. Where's my cloak?"

Cyril took the cloak a little lingeringly from the hands of Parks, and turned with it towards the stouter form of Lady Hunter.

"Thanks, dear boy," Lady Hunter murmured, turning up her face so that Cyril should fasten the cloak under her chins, of which she had fewer than Steers, but still, several.

"B-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

Steers, who was a perfect tactician, stepped forward and kept Sir William busy being dressed.

Arthur prowled about.

"I don't want to go at all," said Sir William.

"You've got to go," said Lady Hunter, chirping. "It's unneighborly to refuse to go to the vicarage for an hour's bridge. When you've just bought your first little country place you should be very neighborly. In town do as you like; in the country do as your neighbors like. That's what Cyril says; isn't it, Cyril dear?" said she, giving him another fond smile over her shoulder.

The youth returned it with a sickly one of his own, and made an attempt to join Arthur, who had already made a habit of looking at everyone very sturdily and defensively since he came home.

"B-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

Steers again approached him, and brushed him lightly.

"Dear lady," said Cyril, adjusting his monocle as some slight protection, "you're so wise."

"Ha!" said Sir William. Little Parks approached him on the other side to see if he had an extra handkerchief in his overcoat.

"I got my hankshif, Emily; I got my hankshif, thank you," said Sir William, beginning to smile to himself.

*"Isn't it a Shame Some People Have the Clothes They Do; and Other People Don't Have the Clothes They Don't?"*

"I don't require anything more, Parks," said Lady Hunter, looking at her rather piercingly.

"Thank you, My Lady," murmured Parks.

She withdrew, Steers, Sir William and Cyril each following her privily from the tail of his eye. Arthur remained his own sturdy self.

"Now," said Lady Hunter as she flicked all the ostrich feathers into their places and tried to achieve a sinuous effect with the rest of the garment—"now, Arthur, you will rilly try to enjoy yourself, won't you? The girls are in the garden, expecting you to go out and amuse them, and it's so warm and nice, and presently there will be a moon; altogether just the right sort of evening, I should have thought. Why you sat so long with your uncle and Cyril in the dining room I can't think. Your uncle has an engagement, and Cyril has work, poor boy; but why you waited for me to come and fetch you out! Tch! Tch!"

"Well ——" said Arthur protestingly.

"Pull yourself together, Netherby," said Cyril.

"It's all very well ——" said Arthur protestingly.

Lady Hunter waved her lorgnette. "No, my dear boy," she chirped, "it's not all very well, unless you go out and talk to them. This little week-end party has been given for you just to meet some nice girls."

"And you're not playing up, Netherby," murmured Cyril languidly.

"Well," said Arthur—"well, y' see ——"

"Are we going or are we not?" said Sir William, so courteously—in his anger—that Lady Hunter at once proceeded to the open doors, flung wide to a long, deep, dark starlit garden. Outside on the graveled drive the engine of their princely car purred softly like a sleepy cat.

"We are going," said she. "Don't come out, Cyril. Stay and persuade Arthur."

Cyril, who had followed Lady Hunter, returned laconically into the room, and seated himself on the arm of a settle warranted genuine antique. Arthur leaned up against the wall, hands in pockets. Steers tucked Lady Hunter into the car and vanished into the darkness towards the kitchen quarters.

Cyril opened a beautiful cigarette case very languorously.

"It's all very well," said Arthur at last, "but I funk it. I always funk it. It's very good of Aunt Jane to welcome the wanderer home 'n' all that, and give me shelter while my own little place is being set in order—but what does she do as soon as she's got me? Tries to marry me off! Asks twin girls and a widow to stay in this overpopulated cottage. I can't breathe! Give me air!"

"You're used to wide spaces," said Cyril languidly.

Arthur rejoined, "And no women!"

"A man like you must miss half the best things in life," said Cyril thoughtfully.

He made the effort, extracted a cigarette, and returned the beautiful case to his pocket.

Then a sound rose out of the long, deep, dark starlit garden. It was human, musical, appealing.

"Coo-ee!"

Arthur started away from the support of the wall, and listened.

"That's for you, old man," said Cyril with the deepest sympathy.

He lighted the cigarette.

"Why not for you?" Arthur replied fiercely.

"Well," said Cyril, attempting further efforts in the way of explanation, wearisome as it was, "they know I'm busy, you see. Being secretary to a distinguished knight with aspirations to Parliament involves a few duties, old dear; and I've got to prepare Sir William's speech for the Flower Show to-morrow. Come on! I'll see you to the door."

Arthur prowled about and kicked furniture. He kept a wary eye and ear turned upon the dark romantic garden.

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

"Hark at 'em!" said Cyril persuasively. "I'll see you to the door."

"My holy aunt!" said Arthur, gritting his teeth. "I know I seem all kinds of a fool to everybody here, but, Wakefield, I tell you, of all the toughs a fellow meets, in the case of a rich man, the biggest tough is woman. And I've tried more or less to steer clear of her."

"You can't," cried Cyril, screwing on his monocle earnestly. "No man can. Only a darned fool wants to."

"In a way, I know that," said Arthur, administering a hearty kick to the settle, "and yet, in a way ——"

"I tell you what," said Cyril—"you're in a very marrying frame of mind."

Arthur looked around him. He looked at Cyril, and out into the dark garden, and back again.

He put out a large hard hand and touched Cyril impressively on the shoulder.

"You're right, in a way," he whispered; "I did come home hoping to—well, meet the real right girl, you know."

"That's you savages all over," moaned Cyril. "Tough as leather outside; soft as putty inside."

"Dare say," said Arthur, giving him a surly look of embarrassment.

"You seem to feel that woman's a bit of a humbug," said Cyril sympathetically.

"Ah," said Arthur, nodding.

"But no really nice woman ever tells the truth," said Cyril. "How can she?"

"Listen again," Arthur murmured.

"Oh, hark at 'em!" said Cyril; and "Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" came the call outside.

Little Parks entered respectfully from a door on the right which led into the servants' quarters and addressed Arthur:

"The ladies keep calling for you, please, Mr. Arthur."

Arthur grunted and gave Parks a look of surly embarrassment, and having done her duty by him she proceeded to the open doors, wide-flung to the night outside.

"I'm going to collect the rugs and cushions from the hammocks, Mr. Wakefield," said she to Cyril. "There's a heavy dew."

She passed meekly out, with Cyril's gaze riveted on her black stockings; but Arthur remained his sturdy self.

"I'm not a Prince Charming exactly," said Arthur with very admirable modesty. "I'm a pretty plain-minded and plain-living man. And when women have made up to me—awf'ly fatuous, that sounds, I know—well, when they've made up to me I've had a fairly good suspicion that it was for my money."

"Women must live," replied Cyril reasonably.

"Why?" said Arthur, kicking the wretched settle.

"Coo-ee!" the voice was calling.

"Those girls out there," said Arthur, gritting his teeth, "Mrs. Drelincourt the widow, and the Harmony twins. Angela Harmony seems already engaged to be married, but says she's not going to announce yet who the man is; says it so happens that it might injure his immediate prospects; and it doesn't seem to trouble her anyway. Now I don't approve of that."

"Really," said Cyril a little coldly, "people have all sorts of private reasons for their public actions, don't you know."

"Coo-ee!" the voice was calling.

"Damnation!" said Arthur, gritting his teeth, and following the voice as far as the open door, where he paused, and hung awhile. "Where girls are concerned I—well, I'm no mixer," said he.

But at last he went doggedly out into the garden.

Cyril dropped into his chair before a busy-looking writing table and chose a pen with the greatest reluctance.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he murmured.

He began to write regretfully. But there he stopped, put his hands in his pockets and surveyed the otherwise blank page. He sighed. He lighted another cigarette and pressed the bell which he had caused to be installed for his convenience beside the desk. In fact, he had caused a bell to be installed close to any writing desk at which it was in any way likely that he would sit.

Steers entered sympathetically.

"Yes, sir?" he inquired.

"Life is a dull affair, Steers," said Cyril.

"Oh, no, sir!" said Steers after a pause for ripe consideration. "Never dull."

"But the things one has to do," argued Cyril.

"It is the way one does them, sir, that counts," said Steers confidentially. "In my experience—more than yours, sir, if I may say so—matters can always be arranged."

Cyril attempted to think this over.

"But what can I do for you at the moment, sir?" said Steers.

"Well, Steers," said Cyril, rising and leaning against the desk, glad to get even this far away from his work, "it's about this Flower Show to-morrow. You see, I'm preparing the rotten old speech. Now it would help me an awful lot if you could tell me here and now who will get the first vegetable prize; the first—er—er—flower prize; er—the—er—first wild-flower prize for school children; er—er—the first fruit prize; and the prize for ladies' table decorations."

"It don't seem quite fair to settle it before the goods has been exhibited to-morrow, sir," said Steers.

"What's justice?" said Cyril. "Who ever gets it?"

Steers spread his hands, toyed with his chins and shrugged. He was a very eloquent man.

"Well," said Cyril, "I could leave blanks for names to-night, if I must, though I do like to make a job of a thing when I undertake it. Tell us something definite. Is it going to be fine?"

"Yes, sir," said Steers.

Cyril dropped into his chair and took up his pen. "Good," he murmured. "Now listen. How does this go? Ladies and gentlemen: We have been favored with perfect weather for what I may justly call our splendid show, in which all exhibits in all classes are, I think we may rightly say, unsurpassable. The first prize in the vegetable class goes to—er—So-and-So So-and-So, for—er—her wonderful um-tums, than which no finer specimens have ever graced a show ring."

"Show tent, sir," breathed Steers.

"Show tent," said Cyril, writing. "Listen. Lady Hunter wishes me—that's Sir William—to say that she has been amazed at the research and industry shown by the school children in selecting and classifying so many brands —— Brands? Brands, Steers?"

"Species, sir, if you will excuse me," breathed Steers.

"How they do educate you fellers!" said Cyril, working away like a horse. "Thanks. Species of wild flowers; and their botanical lore is a fine tribute to the painstaking instruction received in our village schools. The first prize goes to little Thingummybob, for her beautiful arrangement of wibbly-wobs. You are a very nice clean little girl, my dear, and your good parents must be proud of you."

Steers coughed. "Pardon me, sir," said he, "but it is more likely that a lad will show the best wild flowers, sir. 'E has more strength to collect them, sir. Long distances are often covered ——"

"I have a certain amount of influence, Steers," said Cyril, bending to the task again. "And the prize will go to the best looker among the little girls."

"Very good, sir," Steers murmured. "Would you like a whisky and soda?"

"In a moment," said Cyril. "I will take the table decorations next; then the fruit; then the gardens; lastly I shall pass on to the ennobling influence of competitive enterprise, at the same time touching upon the sportsmanlike spirit in which a Britisher loses, and the modesty with which he wins. And I think that gets 'em all."

"Very tac'ful indeed," said Steers warmly. A little reserve fell upon him. "Miss Parks, sir," he added, coughing—"Miss Parks is thinking of entering for the table decorations, I believe."

"What!" said Cyril, laying down his pen with a smile. Then, still with a smile, he took it up again readily. "Little Parks," said he. "Is she really?" He wrote. "What a dear little thing that is, Steers."

"And a girl as will go far if she isn't stopped, sir," Steers replied.

"Well," said Cyril, writing faster than he had written yet, "she's won the first prize for table decorations anyway. The first prize—um—um—goes to Miss Emily Parks, for her lovely and tasteful arrangement ——"

"I will bring you a whisky and soda, sir," Steers murmured, creeping out.

"Oh, Lord!" sighed Cyril, writing.

For a short while after he had finished his eulogy—leaving blanks for the names of the flowers for which Parks would win her trophy, and then absent-mindedly writing in "lip," "ear," and "curls" as the words formed in his mind, and then scratching them out again and inking them over well—Cyril sat and pondered pleasantly on little Parks and her ways.

Then Steers entered again. He helped Cyril to a whisky and soda.

"Can I assist you further with the composition, sir?" said he when all was arranged to his somewhat fastidious liking.

"No," said Cyril. He drank. "There's no end to the duties of a secretary," he added, sighing.

Steers toyed with his chins and slightly spread his hands. It was a delicate and deprecating gesture.

"We're all obliged to work these days," said Cyril.

"More or less, sir," Steers replied sympathetically.

Steers was making slow progress to the door, and Cyril was still seated at the writing desk, drinking whisky and soda, but still looking faintish, when an apparition appeared in the open doorway leading to the garden. It was little Parks, flushed, thrilled and excited. She was smiling. She carried a few stripy cushions slung from each hand, and a light rug slung round her shoulders because she had no other means of transportation left.

She stood sharp-cut against the night, and she looked sweet and full of mischief, like a fairy gone to the bad; or a devil; or a naughty little girl who has tempted a good little boy; or perhaps she looked just like an intriguing woman. Anyhow, the vision of Parks thus arrested Steers' progress to the door.

Steers smiled before he had time to pull himself together.

Little Parks looked at Steers. She looked at Cyril, who had his back towards them. She entered on fairy feet. She was alight with laughter. She bubbled with some champagne of whose source she alone knew the secret. She caught Steers unaware. She threw the cushions at his head and the rug over it, and escaped through the door that he had been about to open for himself.

The wind of her going awoke Cyril, and he turned, to perceive Steers standing calf-deep in cushions, with a stripy rug swirled about his head. It was a nice sight.

"Hello!" said Cyril. "Hello! Hello! What's all this, eh?"

Steers pulled the rug from his head, appearing tousled. He stared around him.

"I wonder if she meant anything?" said he.

"Eh, what?" said Cyril.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Steers, trying to regain dignity, and picking up the cushions slowly, with pauses for thought between each, "but I 'ave just had the rugs and cushions collected from the 'ammicks, sir."

"So I see," said Cyril, pressing his monocle in. "But ——"

"It is Miss Parks, sir," Steers explained. "Begging your pardon. Seeing it was only you here, if I may so put it, she—she"—here he tried to smother a pleased and fatuous giggle—"she —— Do you think she meant anything, sir?"

"Well, I know if it was me I'd jolly soon find out," said Cyril languorously.

Steers moved with alacrity towards the door. "Yes, sir," he agreed. "Yes, sir." He paused. "I hope you will excuse this having occurred in your presence, Mr. Wakefield, but she has ab-so-lutely no fear where gentlemen are concerned. No fear at all. I believe that girl knows her power."

"Oh, it's all right," said Cyril. "Except that I wish it were I."

"Thanking you, sir," said Steers, reaching the door and opening it at last.

Steers was destined, however, to pause yet again in the pursuit, for just as his hand closed round the doorknob a second apparition broke in from the darkness without. It, too, hesitated on the threshold of the wide-flung doors. It, too, blinked at the light, and looked thoroughly stirred up. It was Arthur.

Steers lingered, hand on doorknob. Cyril stood by the desk, glass in hand, and made some adjustment to his monocle, the better to see Arthur.

"Wakefield! Wakefield!" said Arthur in a whisper. "I've done it!" He walked in, dazed.

"Done what?" replied Cyril languidly.

"I've asked a woman to marry me," said Arthur.

"Eh?" said Cyril after a pause to think of something suitable. "Nev-ar!"

*"I Wonder," Said Lady Hunter Rather Coyly After a Pause. "How it is That Secretaries Always Fall in Love With Their Employers' Wives?"*

"Yes!" said Arthur. He gulped audibly twice.

Steers went out, closing the door with incredible softness.

II

"WE'D better sit down and take this restfully," said Cyril, seating himself again. "There's no use making work of it."

"I can't sit down," said Arthur, walking the room, but pausing a second by the writing table to kick it. He pursued: "Do you know, Wakefield, you can call me a damn fool, say I'm sentimental, say anything you like—but this has been the biggest moment of my life."

The simplicity of Arthur's utterance impressed Cyril. "By Jove!" he said.

Arthur then spoke impetuously and joyfully, looking Cyril in the face: "I've been a suspicious, wrong-headed misanthropic sort of beast. It's wonderful how suddenly a fellow can find that out. When the woman appears, after he's been condemning the sex wholesale, and avoiding 'em like the plague—Wakefield, it—it's like coming into a kingdom!"

"By Jove!" said Cyril. He turned helplessly to his whisky and finished it.

Arthur walked abstractedly up and down, smiling.

"Y'know," said he, "I went out there meaning to think. But think? Think? G'Lord!"

"Ah!" said Cyril, brushing the mere idea aside. "I never think; specially at times like that."

Arthur did not even hear what Cyril was saying. He walked about rapturously. He passed by the settle, and gave it a look as if trying to remember what he meant to do to it; but he did not kick it.

"I went out to that arbor at the bottom of the rose garden," he went on. "You know—the moonlight doesn't get through the trees over that path. It's dark. I got there unobserved. I was walking very quietly—hadn't even got a cigarette alight in case the glim should be seen. I went in. Who do you suppose was there?"

"She was," said Cyril, hazarding the guess with no air of taking a risk with it.

Arthur nodded. "Yes," he said. Arthur gulped. "It's awf'ly dark in the arbor at night, you know," said he.

"I know," said Cyril rather dreamily.

"With that great chestnut tree hanging over it."

"I know," nodded Cyril dreamily.

"So at first I didn't see her," said Arthur. "And then I did, and something sort of—sort of—came over me."

"I know," said Cyril, sighing rather happily.

"She was as surprised as I was," said Arthur with simple faith, "when after a—a pause, y' know, I stepped in and sat down beside her."

Cyril made a sound of complete comprehension.

"I could feel her trembling," said Arthur, becoming solemn. "She was—was awf'ly startled. She said 'Oh!' and then, as I said before, something came over me that here was the—the—you know how I mean, old man—the one woman in the world. And I says 'What!' I says 'You!' She didn't say anything to that. It was, as I told you, damn dusky, and she was huddled up in one of those hammock rugs like a—a ——"

"Mantilla?" suggested Cyril.

Arthur accepted this. "I expect so. Like a mantilla."

After a pause, during which Arthur prowled about, Cyril made further inquiring sounds, and Arthur went on: "I said, 'I've been thinking about you.' She said in a whisper, 'Have you?' I think she was frightened." Arthur laughed tenderly. "I wasn't," said he, looking sturdier than before. "I just said, 'And now here you are. Don't let's waste time,' I said; 'there's been enough time wasted already. Tell me here and now, will you marry me?' And she promised. She promised to marry me."

In spite of his sturdy character the recollection awed Arthur once more into silence.

"Of course," said Cyril musingly, "to every man his method, and to every man a damsel or two. There's some quotation like that, I think—unless it's my own. It might be. But you made quick work of it. You might have disappointed her. Most women don't mind wasting time that way. They like it. They'll waste days and weeks and months and years that way. However ——"

Arthur walked about, smiling, not listening to Cyril.

"It's fearfully strong-minded of you, too, to leave her so soon," Cyril added.

Arthur looked up.

"Oh," said he, "she left me. The little devil! Suddenly she jumped up and ran."

"What," said Cyril, "directly ——"

"Well," said Arthur evasively, "not—not quite directly of course." He gazed reminiscently past Cyril into the starlit garden.

"Aren't you going to look for her?" Cyril asked.

"Eh?" said Arthur, dreaming.

"Look for her!" bawled Cyril, roused to energy from sheer wonder. "Aren't you going after her? In your shoes I should. I don't want to get rid of you—I've finished the worst of that confounded speech—but aren't you going after her?"

Arthur roused himself.

"Why," said he, struck by the idea and staring at Cyril, "of course I am!"

"Don't let me keep you a single moment," said Cyril.

"I wonder where she went?" mused Arthur.

"Well, if I know anything of women," said Cyril, "wherever she went she'll be pretty well fed up by now."

"Fed up?" repeated Arthur, staring.

"With you, you poor nut!" said Cyril. "Get out with you!"

Arthur realized this. "By Jove," said he, "what a fool I am! But I was so darned happy. I'd sort of lost myself."

Then Cyril shot the barbed bolt. "But you'd no business to lose Miss Gwennie," said he humorously.

These words of Cyril's arrested Arthur on the very threshold, which he was even then recrossing. He came back promptly into the room.

"Gwennie?" said he. "Gwennie Harmony?"

Cyril protested. "Well, my dear old man, you haven't yet told me who is the lady, you know. I surmised Miss Gwennie, somehow, but"—his eyebrow delicately lifted in inquiry was the most tactful thing in the world—"but Mrs. Drelincourt's most awfully charming. In fact, one of the most charming women I've ever met; and you're lucky. A woman of the world, of tact, and discretion and perfect *savoir faire*, is what a man like you wants."

Arthur interrupted him.

"Eh?" said he, with a scared face. "Mrs. Drelincourt?"

Cyril became a little cold. Hostile suspicion crept for the first time into his naïve face. He coughed.

"Well," said he, "there's only Angela Harmony left; and she's engaged. You are perfectly aware, Netherby, that Angela Harmony is already engaged to someone else."

Arthur put his hand to his head.

"Why, yes," he stuttered. "You don't think I'm trying to play a dirty trick on any man, do you?"

*(Continued on Page 75)*

*"Tell Him it Was the Woman He Thought it Was. Good Night"*

# MEET THE WIFE

## By EARL DERR BIGGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Larry, I Got That for Staying Married Ten Years. Do You Like It?"

IT MAY be that you were one of those who visited the city of Reuton in the old days before prohibition. Your first act was to sign the register at the Wilsey House, for more than a quarter of a century Reuton's leading hotel. Perhaps as you turned away from the desk a business acquaintance hurried toward you, in his eye a convivial light. He grasped you by the hand.

"Well, well—you old rascal. Glad to see you! What say to a little drink?"

Having signed no pledge you followed where he led. He pushed open a swinging door at the right of the lobby, and you stood in the Wilsey's famous grill. Screened windows and two more swinging doors hid it from the glare of the street. In the dim religious light within stood many small tables, deserted now, but every noon surrounded by leading citizens enjoying the Wilsey's excellent business man's lunch—sixty cents. Along one side of the room ran a mahogany bar. Behind it was a huge mirror, spotlessly clean, reflecting the gorgeous colors of a hundred interesting bottles, and before it, nine inches from the floor, a brass rail, dented a bit by frequent contact with many a homing instep.

Your guide led on through the maze of tables, and you stood with him before the bar. A large white-jacketed man seated on a stool under a bright light put down his newspaper and looked at you. His eyes were gray and kindly behind the gold-rimmed glasses; his face, chubby and beaming as a cherub's, was surmounted by a mop of snow-white hair. He bore himself with the dignity of a judge or a bishop, but there was a contradictory twinkle in those keen eyes.

For your guide this was evidently a proud moment. "Hello, Larry," he cried. "Shake hands with my old friend, John Whoozis. John, meet Larry O'Neil, the best on earth."

"Go on with yer blarney," Larry admonished him. "Sure, I'm happy to know ye, Mr. Whoozis." He offered you a great paw across the bar, and as you intrusted your own frail hand to that tremendous grasp you realized that here was no stranger, but a man you had always known. Inside twenty minutes you felt sure you would be reminding him of the story of your life, how you had always been misunderstood, how, if things had only been different ——

"Well, gentlemen—what's it goin' to be?" asked Larry.

When you left the grillroom and returned to the lobby you heard a few details regarding Larry O'Neil. Thirty years before, he had landed from Kilkenny, green but smiling, and made his way to Reuton. Old Sam Wilsey, who knew a charming personality when he met it, had taken him on at once and installed him back of the bar. This was in the days of the original Wilsey House, a ramshackle wooden fire trap standing on the same site.

Twenty years passed, and Reuton grew to be one of the liveliest manufacturing cities in the Middle West, with more than a hundred thousand people. Larry's popularity grew with the town. He remained enthroned behind his bar and before him the best minds of Reuton—the best male minds of course—lined up. With him they discussed politics, finance, religion, weather and the wars. Not a man among them but was proud to call Larry his friend. The little women at home listened scornfully to tales of this paragon they had never even seen, this fount of all wisdom, this dearly beloved pal.

Just before the death of old Sam Wilsey the tottering Wilsey House was condemned, and it was young Sam who built the handsome modern building that is still the pride of Reuton. On the day of the grand opening young Sam escorted Larry O'Neil ceremoniously into the presence of the gleaming new bar. "Get behind there with that smile of yours," he said, "and let me see how you look. Fine, Larry—fine!"

From that moment Larry's circle widened. Men who never touched the stuff dropped into the grill for lunch, and shortly fell into the habit of pausing at the bar to elicit a word of cheer from its presiding elder. Young and old, rich and struggling, drinkers and men on the wagon, they sought his opinions and advice. He talked to them of love and marriage, the care of the young, the handling of investments, how to get along harmoniously with the wife or the boss. When they were depressed he cheered them, and when they walked the heights he traveled at their side.

And always, it seemed, there hovered about Larry and his bar an air of respectability. No rough stuff—so your informant assured you—was ever pulled there. No man left Larry's presence with more than he could carry.

You listened to all this with the deepest interest. You had met a personage, a leading citizen. The best bartender in the diocese, as O. Henry said of another. You had clasped his hand. A new and uplifting influence had come into your life.

But this adventure, if it happened to you at all, happened some years ago. To-day that mahogany bar reposes in sections in the basement of the Wilsey House. The brass rail slumbers by its side. We have essayed the great experiment.

Bill Terriss, returning to Reuton after an interval of five years, was made acutely conscious of the changing times. His train brought him in about six o'clock one warm July evening, and a few minutes later he was signing the Wilsey House register. As he turned away from the desk his feet carried him of their own accord toward the rear right corner of the lobby. His mind held the picture of a green-baize swinging door. He took a few steps, then paused. The door was no longer there.

In its place was another, almost entirely of glass. Gazing through this Bill Terriss discerned no dim religious atmosphere, but a room ablaze with the late afternoon sunshine. Half a hundred little tables stood about on the spotless tile floor, on each a menu card clasped in a metal holder. A white-marble counter stretched along one side of the room, and back of it—familiar enough—was a long mirror. Bill Terriss was beholding for the first time the Wilsey Tea Room and Soda Bar.

He stepped closer to the door. About the counter hovered a group of flappers, gay-plumaged birds who seemed unaware that they fluttered over sacred ground. A young man with patent-leather hair was busily concocting their drinks. On the mirror, Terriss saw, were a dozen placards offering suggestions to puzzled patrons. Evidently the new drinkers lacked the initiative of the old. Bill Terriss turned sadly away.

At nine o'clock that night, returning from an early session at the movies, he found himself approaching the Wilsey Tea Room from another angle. The side of the old grill that fronted on the street had been made over; he encountered two big display windows brilliantly illuminated and piled high with bottles containing soft drinks and trays that held pastry or candy. "Sweetness and light," he murmured. The evening was warm and he was thirsty, so he pushed open the door and went inside.

The place was at the moment destitute of custom. As he approached the soda fountain he was struck by something familiar in the huge white-coated figure reading a newspaper back of the silver spigots. At sound of the footsteps on the tile floor the figure put down its newspaper and gazed at him through gold-rimmed eyeglasses. "Larry O'Neil!" Bill Terriss cried. "Well, I'm a Chinaman!"

Larry's grin widened. He extended a big paw across the spotless counter. "Mr. Terriss, sir! Ye're a sight f'r sore eyes, an' that's no lie."

"And you, Larry. Back of a soda fountain. How have the mighty fallen!"

"Yes," Larry nodded, "they's been a slight change. Prohibition, some call it. Maybe ye've heard?"

"Well, there's been a rumor of course." Terriss sat down on a stool. "Larry, I can't quite take this in. The last time we met in this room ——"

"Ye've not been here f'r some time?"

"Five years and more." Larry took up a clean white cloth and with a familiar sweep of his arm banished imaginary spots from the counter. The gesture carried his customer back. "Don't do that, Larry," he cried. "You're breaking my heart!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Terriss." Larry stood poised. "Well, sir—an' what's it goin' to be?"

"Darned if I know." Terriss sat staring at the placards.

"Will ye try wan of Larry's specials? 'Tis a sort of banana royal, sweetened up a bit. I add a dash of fudge, an' a trace of whipped cream, an' a suspicion of pineapple ——"

"Good Lord, no!" Terriss cried. "Make mine a chocolate malted milk, Larry—not very sweet."

"I got you," smiled Larry. "Well, th' old order changes, as th' fellow said." He took up a gleaming glass and pumped a little chocolate sirup into it. "An' where have ye been all these years, Mr. Terriss?"

"I was promoted, Larry. They made me sales manager, and of course I stuck round the plant. For a while all I had to do was sit in my office and accept what orders we wanted. Those were the happy days, Larry."

"I'll say they was."

"Not quite so happy now," Terriss sighed. "I decided to go back on the road for a few trips and see if I couldn't stir up something. You know, the minute the business depression came along some of our star salesmen collapsed like punctured balloons."

"I'll bet they did," said Larry. The chocolate malted milk was now passing with unerring precision from a glass held high in his right hand to one held low in his left. A magnificent gift, this. Often Larry's young assistant attempted to impress the flappers with an imitation of it, but the result was a sloppy floor. "They's been cases of th' same sort right here in town, Mr. Terriss. Big business men whin business was big; an' where are they to-day? Sunk, most of thim." He set the completed drink down on the counter, and Terriss cautiously sampled it. Larry watched him anxiously. "Is it too sweet now, d'ye think?"

"Just right," said Terriss. "But tell me about yourself, Larry. Some switch for you, all this. Did you accomplish it by easy stages or were you shot into it? And how do you like it, now that you're here?"

"Well, I dinnaw," Larry answered. "It ain't so bad." He drew up his old creaking stool and sat down. "'Tis sorry I am ye wasn't with us thim last few nights at th' old bar. Grand nights they was, grand an' big an' a little sad. I suspended all me rules, an' every lad wint away at closin' time carryin' two packages, wan of thim under his arm. An' th' next night they'd gather round again, an' weep on th' bar, an' tell me I was a ruined man an' their hearts was breakin' f'r me. F'r a time I believed thim too, an' was like a wounded bear round th' home, till Bridget an' th' kids must have come to hate th' sight of me. Ye're sure th' drink ain't too sweet, Mr. Terriss? Will ye have a dash of th' milk?"

"No, thanks," Terriss smiled. "It's fine. You were saying ——"

"Well, they was wan last big night, an' we closed. F'r a few months I lived on me savings an' hated th' wurruld. I was lookin' f'r a job, but I didn't know what. They was nawthin' I cud do. Thin wan day Sam Wilsey sint f'r me. 'Th' business man's lunch is a flivver, Larry,' he says. 'I guess th' business men ain't eatin' anny more. I'm puttin' a tea room in th' old grill,' he says, 'an' I'd like to see you behind th' bar.' 'What bar?' I says. 'Th' soda fountain,' he says, not havin' th' nerve to look me in th' eye. I thought f'r a minute. 'Well,' says I, 'it's bottles an' glasses an' thirst. I'll take a chance,' I says. Mind ye, I had to do something or go mad.

"So I put on th' old white coat an' come down to work. I had a sour look on me face that mornin'. Oh, yes, I did. But I cudn't hang onto it. Ye mind how dark th' old room was. F'r thirty years I'd hardly seen daylight. It was like spendin' yer life in a cellar. Look round ye here. All day we get th' sun. I was out of th' cellar an' into th' light, an' believe it or not, I cudn't hold me grouch."

"I believe it," Terriss assured him.

"It's as I'm tellin' ye. Me new job was that bright an' cheerful that before I knew what was happenin' I was the same. An' pretty quick I began to get th' point—th' real point—of the change. D'ye see what I mean? F'r more thin thirty years I'd been makin' friends among th' men. I knew every man worth knowin' in th' town. But when it come to women, outside me own family I wasn't sure they was anny.

"An' now—it come over me in a flash—I was due to meet what some joker called th' weaker sex."

"Aha!" laughed Terriss.

"Ye may well say that. It was 'Larry, meet th' wife' from the minute I showed up here. I've met thim all—wives that are, wives that was, wives to be. Would ye believe, now, I have a way with th' ladies?"

"I might."

"They was a bit leery of me at first. They'd been hearin' about me f'r years from men with th' smell of cloves on their breath. Ye can't wonder. But it's nearly two years now, an' they been comin', an' I been servin' 'em. I guess it's me white hair. I notice they never confide in that young helper of mine—Wally Reid, I call him—what th' divvle is his name? But Larry O'Neil! Mr. Terriss, sir, it's th' facts I'm givin' ye—I'm th' friend of every woman in town!"

Terriss threw back his head and laughed loudly. "So that's what you've come to, Larry?"

"It is, indeed. Is there anny little household hint I cud give ye now? D'ye know that oxalic acid will remove an ink spot from a stenographer's blouse? D'ye want th' name of th' Reuton doctor that has th' kindest bedside manner with children?

"Have ye heard that thim French dresses th' Bon Ton store put over last spring was fakes? Th' servant problem is not so bad as it was, they tell me. F'r fresh vegetables ye can't beat th' Reliance Market. That young fellow that come on to teach Latin at th' high school has th' loveliest brown eyes. Bobbed hair's goin' out—'tis too common ——"

"Oh, Larry, Larry!" cried Bill Terriss, setting down his empty glass.

"'Tis true, I don't see so much of th' men anny more," admitted Larry. "An' I miss thim. But I have th' ladies an'—I dinnaw. Things ain't so bad. Sure, I'm younger to-day thin I ever was."

The street door opened, admitting two customers, and Larry moved forward to greet them. Bill Terriss retired to the far end of the counter. He noted that the man who had come in was not much over thirty, good-looking and well-dressed, with a rather nervous and aggressive manner. The woman was young and handsome and intelligent seeming, with a particularly appealing face under a smart little turban.

"Good evening to ye, Mrs. Frear," Larry was saying. "An' have ye brought C. H. in f'r a drink?"

"Against his will," said the woman with a somewhat worried look at her husband. "I'll have one of your specials, Larry."

"Fine! An' you, C. H. ——"

"Nothing for me," growled the man. Larry O'Neil's smile was contagious, but this patron was evidently immune.

Larry busied himself with the special and placed it before the woman. The man gave it one glance. It was, indeed, rather an appalling sight.

"Good Lord, Anne!" he said. "You're not going to eat that?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"It makes me ill just to look at it. Larry, I'll have a glass of water, please." Larry placed it before him. The man's eyes traveled about the room. "Great Scott, what a change!" he said. "We used to have some good times here, eh, Larry? Before this prohibition farce was put over on us. By Gad, I never thought they'd do it."

"So you always said, C. H.," Larry reminded him.

"But they did. After a fashion. Not that there isn't more of the stuff in circulation to-day than there ever was. Prohibition!" He set down his glass and appeared about to deliver an oration. "No little group can dictate to me what I shall or shall not do. I ask you, Larry, is this a free country or ——"

"There's a good film over at the Strand," cut in his wife hastily. "You really ought to see it, Larry. Such a cunning baby in it!"

"Ah, yes, Mrs. Frear. An' how are th' two little darlin's up at yer house, ma'am?"

"They're fine, thanks. Betty has a new bonnet—the cutest thing. I'm going to bring her in some of these days and show you—she was talking about you only to-night, Larry. You and ice cream are all tangled up in her little mind—and she loves you both."

"Is that so? Sure, I'm flattered."

The woman took a ring from her finger and handed it over the counter—a guard ring of emeralds and diamonds, costly and beautiful. "See, Larry. I got that for staying married ten years. Do you like it?"

"It's a beauty, an' no mistake." He handed it back and indicated another ring on one of the fingers of her left hand, a diamond solitaire, a bit old fashioned. "Sure, it seems only yesterday C. H. bought that wan f'r ye," he smiled. "He stopped in here an' showed it to me in its little velvet case.

"In thim days I see all th' engagement rings in town before th' girls they was meant for. 'Will she like it?' says Charlie—I mean C. H.—to me. He was worried, ma'am, he was that. 'Go on with ye,' I says; 'from you she'd take brass, an' be happy.' Was I right?"

"It seems so long ago," the woman said softly. "Do you remember, Charlie?"

"I remember it near broke me," replied the man, standing. "Have you finished that awful thing? How much?" He threw a few coins on the counter. "Good night."

"Good night, Larry," said the woman, and flashed him a tired little smile over her shoulder as she followed her husband to the door.

*She Brought Coffee to Him in the Library, Kissed Him and Left Him to His Thoughts*

Bill Terriss came forward from his semiretirement. "Say, I used to know that fellow. That was Charlie Frear, wasn't it?"

Larry plunged two soiled glasses into a steaming bath, and smiled rather sourly. "Well," he said, "that was C. H.—yes. That was the chief."

"The chief? Chief of what?"

"That's what he likes to have thim call him. Let me see—five years ago—Charlie must have been manager out at th' Burkhardt plant whin ye was here last."

"Yes, he was."

"Thin ye don't know. Old Jim Burkhardt passed out an' th' company incorporated. They was lookin' round f'r a president an' their eye lit on Charlie Frear. A fine, modest boy in thim days, an' a hustler. I was fond of Charlie—like me own son. Well, they made him president. He wasn't quite thirty. Th' youngest corporation president in th' state, I heard some say."

"What happened to him?"

Larry smiled sadly. "Delusions of grandeur, as the fellow said. We was talkin' a minute ago about thim that was big business men as long as th' business was big. That was Charlie. Th' boy wonder—while th' boom lasted. Orders come in faster thin they could be filled, an' Charlie give himself all th' credit. He persuaded th' company to insure his life f'r a hundred thousand dollars, f'r fear he'd be removed untimely an' th' business would smash. He took a suite be th' year in a big New York hotel, an' another wan in Chicago, so rooms would always be ready f'r th' president. Every few minutes he dashed off on a long trip to talk things up—an' he always took his golf sticks along."

"And the directors fell for all that?" smiled Terriss.

"Directors will fall f'r annything so long as th' dividends keep comin'—ye know that, Mr. Terriss. Here in town Charlie set up f'r th' society kid. He put through th' new golf club. Whin prohibition come along he took

it as a personal insult. His vanity was touched. No wan cud tell th' chief what he should do. They's manny like that. He never used to be much of a drinker—mind th' time a small beer was his limit. But now he set out to drink in earnest. They say he has a cupboard in his office that puts me old bar to shame. Out to th' club his locker is th' headquarters f'r all th' rum hounds. His cellar's overflowin' with th' stuff."

"I wonder if he remembers me," mused Terriss.

Larry laughed. "Well, as ye know yerself, th' slump come. Thim that had sense took off their coats an' wint to work. Not C. H. He ordered a new imported car, an' his trips was more frequent. So was his drinks. Talk of retrenchment come up, an' Charlie cut everybody's salary—but his own. To-day, as a business man he's th' joke of th' town. An' everybody knows it but him."

"He's still got his job," Terriss suggested.

"He has—yes. But old Henry Frost, of th' Reuton Trust, has lent Burkhardt's a barrel of money, an' Henry ain't careless with cash. I look f'r a change, an' I'm sorry. Not so sorry f'r Charlie, fond as I was of him once. But th' little woman—th' wife—there's a thoroughbred, Mr. Terriss, sir; an' the blow will fall hard on her. Charlie Frear is a fool. They's times I cud wring his neck."

"Too bad," commented Terriss. "I always liked Charlie in the old days."

"Ah, yes," Larry sighed. "Well, he's like manny another. He was a good fellow—whin he didn't have it." The front door opened, admitting a gay crowd. "Th' trade from th' movies," Larry explained. "Drop in often while ye're here, Mr. Terriss."

And as Terriss passed through the door leading to the lobby he heard Larry's booming inquiry: "Well, young ladies, an' what will it be to-night?"

II

CHARLIE FREAR was driving his high-powered car up Central Avenue, the main residential street of Reuton. He had not spoken since his good night to Larry at the soda fountain. At his side Anne sat, nervously twisting a ring on one of the fingers of her left hand. It was not the new guard ring, but the old-fashioned solitaire that, ten years ago, had won Larry O'Neil's admiration from its bed in the velvet case.

Ten years ago! She glanced at her husband across the gulf that had come unaccountably between them. His hat was pulled low over his eyes, his profile was sullen. She thought of the Charlie Frear who first put that ring on her finger, of his clear eyes, his gentle ways, his laugh that had altered so sadly these last few years. She sighed, and the lights of the avenue began to blur as they flashed by.

Charlie turned into the drive of a big handsome house on the edge of town and halted the car at a side entrance. She waited a moment, but he made no move to help her; so she unfastened the car door herself and stepped out.

One of the maids admitted her to the house. She hurried upstairs, her first thought for her children. She found them sleeping peacefully on top of the covers, in protest against the July night. She drew a sheet over each, while the nurse whose duty this should have been calmly went on with her novel in an adjoining room. For a few minutes longer Anne hovered over the two cribs, then she went to the big room at the front of the house. She threw off her hat, sat down and stared into the mirror. Had she altered so greatly in ten years, she wondered. Was Charlie as uninterested in her as he seemed?

She heard him now downstairs, busy in the dining room, then in the pantry. Presently he came to the foot of the stairs and called loudly, "Anne! Have a little drink?"

She hurried into the hall. "Hush, Charlie hush! You'll wake the children. Nothing for me, thanks."

He mumbled something and returned to his precious sideboard. A few minutes later he passed through the bedroom to his dressing room. Anne saw that he carried a well-filled bottle in his hand.

Sadly she busied herself with her preparations for bed. Her heart was heavy; she was hungry for a word of sentiment, of affection, for a glimpse of the old Charlie she had married ten years before. In the dressing room Charlie was banging about, making a great fuss. She slipped on a negligee and crossed the threshold that divided the two rooms.

"Charlie, dear ——" she began, and stopped. He had his big battered leather bag open on a chair, and was surrounded by piles of clothing. At the moment he was wrapping the big bottle tenderly in underwear. "Another trip?" asked Anne.

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" he growled. He placed his beloved bundle carefully in the bag. "I forgot to tell you—I'm running up to Chicago in the morning."

"Shall you be gone long?"

"How should I know? I'll send you a wire."

"You're away most of the time," she ventured.

"Well, you're married to a successful man. That's the penalty you pay. Rather have a clerk chained to a stool?"

"No, of course not," she answered—but she wondered. She picked up a coat and began to fold it for him. "If I'd known you were going I'd have had your bag packed."

"Here, give me that. I didn't know it myself until this afternoon."

She dropped back and made no further effort to help. How long had it been, she asked herself, since she had had a gentle, kindly word from him? Had Larry's talk about the ring roused no memories in Charlie?

"Is it true, dear?" she began. "What you said—that my engagement ring nearly broke you?"

"You're Away Most of the Time," She Ventured. "Well, You're Married to a Successful Man. That's the Penalty You Pay"

He laughed. "It seemed like a lot of money then. Now of course it wouldn't be chicken feed."

"But you didn't mind, did you?" Her tone was wistful.

"I guess not. Here—let me look at it." He took her hand. "It's a cheap-looking thing, isn't it? I can't afford to have my wife wear that sort of trash. Why don't you put it away, Anne?"

"I've put away—so many things," she answered softly, and left him.

When she was in her bed he appeared in the doorway. "Say, Anne—are my golf clubs downstairs?"

"No—I don't believe they are."

"They're out at the club. I'll have to drive out there before I go to the office in the morning."

He went back and completed the preparations for his business trip. After a time he turned out the lights and sought his bed. In a few minutes he was snoring loudly. For more than an hour Anne lay awake, thinking of many things. Among them, Larry O'Neil.

Three days later Larry had occasion to think of her. It was two o'clock, the noon rush at his counter was over, and only two patrons lingered there. One of them, a long, lean, cold proposition with prominent citizen written all over him, was Henry Frost, president of the Reuton Trust Company. Mr. Frost was toying with his usual frugal repast, a lettuce sandwich and a glass of milk. His companion had evidently been dragged in against his will, for he was a big hearty man who loved to eat and had never found a soda fountain a proper place in which to exercise his talents. His name was Walter Sutcliffe, and he was a director in many companies, among them the Burkhardt Corporation.

Larry O'Neil had never been an eavesdropper, but he was not deaf, and it would have been impossible for him to remain at his post and not overhear snatches of a most interesting conversation.

"He's up in Chicago now, I understand," Sutcliffe was saying.

"Yes." The banker bit into his sandwich suspiciously, as though he had his doubts even of that frail thing. "He's got to use that hotel suite of his up there, I guess. Well, it will mean another big expense account, if nothing else."

"Mason called me up the other day," Sutcliffe went on. "He said that before he went away—er—our friend left orders to renew that insurance policy. You know the one I mean."

Frost nodded and looked worried. "I hope you told him ——"

"I told him to wait until after the annual meeting on Thursday."

"That was right," the banker approved. He laughed—a cackling, mirthless gargle. "A hundred-thousand-dollar policy on the most muddled brain in town. It's one of my favorite jokes. Speaking of the meeting ——"

"Everything is arranged," Sutcliffe assured him. "I've got the votes. I understand you won't renew our notes unless ——"

"Absolutely will not!" The little eyes snapped.

"Well, of course, he's got a contract, but we can fix that. He won't want to stay when he finds out how things are. You know, I'm sorry for him, in a way. I don't believe he has an inkling ——"

"He's a blamed fool," said the banker, fighting for the last drops of milk in his glass. "I've seen a lot like him these last few years. A victim of the times. The world's been somersaulting too fast for 'em. Larry, that pie looks pretty good."

"'Tis delicious, Mr. Frost."

"Well, I—no, no, I mustn't. I wouldn't sleep for a week." He stood up. "Anything more, Walter?"

"No, I guess not."

"Here—give me your check."

Sutcliffe gasped in surprise, and Larry's eyes widened. Mr. Frost obtained both checks and laid a dollar bill on the counter. He waited patiently for his nickel change. When Larry handed it to him he stored it away in a small leather coin purse with the air of a man who expected it to draw six per cent while it was out of his sight.

As the two men walked out Larry heard the banker saying: "Of course I don't presume to dictate, but the man for the job ——" His voice trailed off into silence.

(Continued on Page 121)

# THE PRICE OF PEARLS

## By Sophie Kerr

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IT WOULD have been so simple, so easy for her to leave them to you, Alicia, or to Jean." Mrs. Perrimain's voice was like the inevitable white tulle in the neck of her gown—delicate, frail and distinct.

They had talked of nothing all during dinner but the pearls that Third Cousin Lucretia Perrimain had by her will ordered to be sold, the proceeds to be applied to her favorite charities. "I rather imagine," went on Mrs. Perrimain, "that she was not quite herself during those last years. She was so enthusiastic about things to be done for the poor; it was out of proportion somehow."

Billy Dancy, Jean's husband, kept very still and ate his artichoke. These family dinners were to him part of the high price he paid for marrying his adored wife.

Then Jean, regretfully: "I wish she had left them to me! I'd love pearls!"

"I'll get you some in a year or so, honey," said Billy Dancy in a low voice. Alicia, his sister-in-law, glanced at him with the expression he loathed. Alicia was thirty, dark, thin, high nosed and rapidly turning acid. Her eyes said to Billy, plainly, "Oh, this impossible, crude Dancy person, whom Jean would marry and bring into our sacred, sacrosanct family, where he doesn't belong and never will belong, poor worm!" Aloud Alicia only said, "Pearls would suit you, dear. You really ought to have some. These of Cousin Lucretia's are marvelous."

"Oh, they are!" corroborated Mrs. Perrimain, almost animated. Not quite, Billy Dancy decided. He wondered how his mother-in-law would look if she ever did let herself go. But, Lord, he should worry, when Jean was such a bundle of life. He gazed at her fondly.

Mr. Perrimain, who up to this moment had been engrossed with his artichoke and his claret, took up the tale. At the head of his table he looked a fine old blood, walrus mustached, ruddy. But his appetites had crowded out his intelligence. He lived for his palate, collected recipes and was the acknowledged authority of the Philadelphia Club on vintage wines and game.

"Very handsome pearls," he admitted. "Very handsome. Marty Halstead picked out most of 'em. She used to wear 'em at her dinner parties. I wonder, Millie, what's become of that cook of hers who made that spiced cider jelly to go with roast ham?"

"I don't believe I ever saw them," said Jean, ignoring the cider jelly.

"It's a single string," said Alicia "Perfectly matched of course, graduated, just a hundred pearls. And they're awfully good color. The clasp is a cluster of canary diamonds."

"Oh-h—canary diamonds!" Jean's eyes shone.

"It seems too bad to let them go out of the family," persisted Mrs. Perrimain, harking back to her first motif.

Alicia flicked her poor-worm glance at Billy Dancy once again. A faint smile appeared on her lips. "I understand that Cousin Lucretia directed that the pearls should be offered for sale first of all to the family," she said. "Quite privately, before the public has a chance at them. Mr. McLean, the lawyer, said so. We had a little talk after the funeral. He said a letter would be sent to everyone, in due course."

"McLean—that's the feller who told me he eats baked potatoes and buttermilk every day for luncheon. Gad, I'd rather be dead!" said Mr. Perrimain with simple fervor.

"Well, I don't know who in the family can afford to buy them," offered Mrs. Perrimain thoughtfully. "Of course there's Uncle Rupert. But he wouldn't."

"He's got no one to buy them for," said Jean. "Besides," she laughed, "he hasn't any money when he's paid his income tax."

"There's no one else. Martin Halstead isn't interested in anything but unique single gems for his collection. It isn't as if the pearls were a cheap little ornament—they'll cost frightfully."

"It's a pity," said Alicia softly, "that Billy can't buy them for you, Jean. You ought to have at least one piece of jewelry with real distinction."

"What Right Have You to Keep Me in the Dark About Things—or Try To?"

Billy had given Jean a diamond-and-sapphire wrist watch, a diamond bracelet, a sapphire bracelet, a diamond-and-sapphire engagement ring, a diamond half hoop, a pearl-and-diamond tassel, besides various trinkets of jade and coral and amber and lapis. To hear these items negligently dismissed as lacking distinction was not pleasant. But now he perceived Alicia's purpose. It was she who had brought up the subject of Lucretia's pearls in the first place, and she had artfully worked it around so that she could stick a little snickersnee of spite into Billy. It made him hot and mad and helpless.

"Oh, Alicia!" cried Jean. "After all the wonderful things Billy's given me!"

"They're charming of course," conceded Alicia, her tone driving in her dart and envenoming it. "Quite charming, but a little too much like everyone's else; just a little banal, perhaps. But a string of pearls like this"—she seemed to muse—"oh, one would need nothing else, ever!"

Billy Dancy's temperature increased.

"How much do they want for these pearls?" he asked defiantly.

The thin smile came back to Alicia's lips. "I really haven't an idea," she told him, as if the very thought of price and cost and such sordid things were distasteful to her. "I felt sure that none of us would be interested, and so I made no inquiry."

Her precise and even intonation, like her mother's, save that it carried with it a subtle edge of mockery, always roused his wrath. Of all the Perrimains, Alicia had fought the hardest and given in with least grace when this outer barbarian from north of Market Street had stormed the fastnesses of Rittenhouse Square and demanded the hand and heart of Jean Perrimain. She never lost a chance to belittle and to hurt him. Why couldn't she mind her own business? Why did she have to insinuate, first that he couldn't afford to buy Jean this rotten old string of pearls, and second that Jean didn't have any jewelry fit to wear? Billy longed to tell Alicia that Jean hadn't got any jewelry from the Perrimains—a measly cameo or two and some other old stuff that looked as though it had come out of a junk shop. He wanted to thump on the table and make the ancestral silver dance with his rage.

"Yes, Alicia," he wanted to fling at her, "I know why Jean hadn't anything. You spend too much trying to keep up this rundown old house here in Rittenhouse Square. And then your father eats up another big slice of your diminishing income. He's a walking stomach, that's what he is. As for your mother, she's a shadow, a poor apologetic ghost who lives on such words as 'tradition,' 'aristocracy,' 'good blood,' and spends her time catering to your father and being awfully genteel. As for you, Alicia, you're a sour old maid. You were a sharp-tongued, spiteful girl, and you scared away the few men who might have liked you, and now you've got no beaux and no prospects of marrying, and your whole life's dry rot. You hate to see Jean and me happy, and so you try to spoil it. You're a smart subterranean trouble maker. Lord, what wouldn't I give to get you married off to some strong husky brute who'd beat you up now and then! I know your people made earnest efforts when you were younger. That's another reason why you're all so poor now—they invested a good bit of capital in hunting

a chance at marriage for you—which was entirely useless. By golly, I wish you'd leave me alone! I hate to feel this way toward a woman, and toward Jean's sister in particular. There hasn't been one minute of the time since you first saw me that you haven't made it apparent to me that I'm a rough, low person, a disgraceful shadow on the Perrimain escutcheon, that Jean is everlastingly to be pitied, that everything I do is wrong, that I've no taste nor manners nor anything but a little incomprehensible success in making money. That's you, Alicia."

He had thought so vehemently, so coherently that, as he rounded out his invective, he was surprised that they didn't all hear him. But no. Even Alicia was still intent on the pearls.

"If you're really interested I could arrange for you to see them," she was saying. "Of course I don't imagine they'd like to be bothered to show them just to gratify our curiosity."

There she was again, insinuating that he couldn't buy them, and that he'd have the crust to go and bother folks to show things when he had no idea of really getting them. He thought with satisfaction of the books of the factory and the tidy little surplus they showed, a surplus that he didn't actually need for anything in the world. To be sure, old Beazley, his manager, had urged him to be in readiness if a slump in the silk market came along, but that was a fixed idea of Beazley's, and the silk market showed no more signs of a slump than Alicia showed signs of amiability. No, that surplus was velvet, and if he wanted to buy pearls or peanuts or anything else absolutely valueless to the business he had a right to. And wouldn't he like to show Alicia—just once! And then Jean ——

"Oh, Billy," she cried, "do let's go and look at them! I'm crazy to see them. I wouldn't let you buy them for me, dear, unless they were an enormous bargain, really—but do let's go look at them. I don't care if it does make the people peevish to show them; they'll have to be peevish! How can they expect to sell them unless they show them, I'd like to know?"

"Of course they must show them," conceded Alicia. "I only meant—it seems—you know—such a—well—rather common thing to do—like those dreadful people in the cheap department stores who are always 'just looking,' and spend the day pawing over merchandise and trying on things."

"I didn't know you ever shopped in cheap department stores, Alicia," said Billy dryly. He could not help it.

"My dear Billy, you must remember that we're not awfully wealthy—with factories and things to keep us going." This as they drifted into the library.

Oh, it sounded so harmless, so gentle, Alicia's protest, but it had an undercurrent of clear intimation that factories were terribly vulgar commercial affairs, and that making money was a filthy occupation.

Billy Dancy winced, looked surreptitiously at his watch and began to wonder whether they couldn't get the 9:40. He and Jean lived in a charming little house of gray stone with blue shutters, out on the Main Line, as far removed from Rittenhouse Square as Billy could find and still commute comfortably to business. When they were married the elder Perrimains had suggested that they take the upper floor of the ancestral mansion, but Billy had refused, in a panic at the prospect of such an uncomfortable existence.

Out on the Main Line he could be human and comfortable with chintz and oak and wicker, big fireplaces, a sun room, a garden, an appealing West Highland terrier to stick an affectionate nose under his hand—all new and bright and cheerful, and no ancestral reek on anything. Ancestors—he hated the word!

"Well, when can we see the pearls?" he asked wearily.

"Why not to-morrow?" said Alicia. "I'll telephone to the man who has them—Mr. Godfrey; he's quite the best for disposing of jewels privately, from estates and things like that, Mr. McLean said—and we could meet at his office about teatime, don't you think?"

"That'll be lovely!" cried Jean. "I was coming in town to-morrow anyway. And we'll go out together then, Billy, after we've seen the pearls."

Billy wanted to snatch her up and cuddle her, she looked so dear and adorable, a sprite of a thing in her blue frock, tucked down into the deeps of a big leather—ancestral—chair. But he observed that Alicia fully intended to be one of the party of inspection.

"If you'll give me this fellow Godfrey's address," he suggested, "I'll telephone and save you the bother."

"It's no bother," said Alicia. "If he can't see us I'll telephone you in the morning." She saw Billy's feeble ruse and checkmated him easily. Then, turning to Mr. Perrimain, who was indulging in his usual post-prandial quarter of an hour of satisfied silent repletion, she added brightly, "It will be wonderful, won't it, father, for Jean to have Cousin Lucretia's pearls?" She spoke, Billy reflected, as though the pearls were round Jean's neck and he was signing the check.

"Oh, look here," said Jean, "don't think it's settled. I'm quite sure we oughtn't to afford anything so luxurious as pearls, yet."

Billy regarded her with doting indulgence.

"Honey, if I can possibly buy them for you, any old how, I'm going to. You know it."

After all, there was that surplus. What is the use of having money unless you spend it for something you want? He wanted Jean to have everything she wanted. Jean wanted pearls. And there you are.

*With Jean Opposite Him in a Golden Slip of a Dress—the Bomb Was Thrown. "Did You Leave My Pearls at Boltwell's To-Day?" Asked Jean*

Alicia looked disappointed. She hadn't got him in a corner this time. Not quite. It made him feel triumphant and virile. It nerved him to look openly at his watch.

"Don't you think we might make the 9:40, dear?" he asked.

Mrs. Perrimain had been as silent as her husband ever since dinner, because he preferred that she should be. It helped his digestion if she didn't say anything. The younger generation's chatter he could disregard, but when his wife spoke, as a gentleman he must attend and answer. He was always too full, to put it bluntly, to do this for a short space after meals. So Mrs. Perrimain kept his silence with him. But now she spoke, with real feeling but incomplete understanding.

"I'm so glad it's been settled this way," she said. "I so disliked to see Cousin Lucretia's pearls go out of the family, and yet I'd hardly hoped —— I shall go over to Uncle Rupert's to-morrow and tell him. And the Spruce Street Perrimains. And Lucy Carmichael. And I'll write to Cousin Martin Halstead."

"Do wait until Billy actually buys them, mother dear," said Alicia. It was her final stab at him.

"Don't worry about that," he said rashly, determinedly. "I guess the old bank roll can stand the jolt."

"What an odd idiom!" murmured Alicia. "Where do you get such quaint expressions?"

"I pick them up among the shoppers in cheap department stores," replied Billy agreeably.

This retort buoyed him up through the leave-takings, and the inevitable acceptance of the inevitable invitation to dine with the family on the coming Thursday week. On two Thursdays a month the Perrimains dedicated themselves to these intimate hospitalities, and to Billy they were the utterly black days of his happy existence.

To-night as they came out he squeezed Jean's arm but said no word of the mighty cheers he would have liked to utter at getting away so early. And once in the cab he gave her an unrestrained hug.

"I wish you could see how pretty you look to-night," he said. "I don't know how you do it. You get prettier and prettier all the time. About time you stopped it and settled down into being a plain old married woman. Here we've been married over a year and—look at you! It's not fair."

"Oh, Billy—you're such a darling!" said Jean, leaning to kiss him. "You're the nicest man in the world."

"I fully agree with you, and that makes it unanimous. But, Mrs. Dancy, you forget that there is another motion before the house—viz., to wit, namely—that you stop getting prettier before I get pinched or go crazy or something. How about it?"

"If I am getting prettier," said Jean solemnly, "and there is no corroborative evidence of this statement of yours, it must be because I am so happy. And because you're so good to me. But, Billy—listen. About those pearls. According to all accounts they're awfully valuable, and—and—well—I would like a string of pearls; any woman would. But I'd be perfectly satisfied with one that cost a fourth or a fifth of what Cousin Lucretia's will be."

"For Pete's sake, how much are Cousin Lucretia's crown jewels supposed to be worth, honey? You'll have me scared in a minute."

"Oh—at least sixty or seventy thousand."

Billy Dancy's hair stood on end. "Dollars?" he asked, making a pretense of a joke.

"Yes, of course, funny. And that's why I say it's absurd for us to think of them. If you were going to get me pearls—why, a little string—about eight or ten thousand—would be quite good enough. And then you could add to it from time to time, taking out the little pearls and putting in bigger ones, you know, Christmas and birthdays and anniversaries."

"That's the way they do it, is it?"

He was talking against time. That sixty or seventy thousand dollars had taken away his breath; a devastating depression leaped at him. No wonder Alicia had been sniffy! No wonder she had let him in for this! She wanted to see him tumble from a dizzy height. She'd done it on purpose. Drawn him on—pulled his leg, trapped him tight. He could see her to-morrow, gloating over him. And she'd make a handle of it to taunt him with in her sweet ladylike way for months and months and months.

"Yes—that's the way most women get their pearls. Billy, did you tell Gratton to have the car meet this train?"

"I told him to meet every train after the 9:18, until we came."

"Why, we never get out as early as the 9:18."

"No, but I'm always hoping we will."

The very station looked good to him. And when the respectful Gratton appeared, correct in bearing and attire as only a perfectly correct chauffeur can be, his spirits rose boyishly, as they always did at the evidences of his solid prosperity, his coming up in the world. After all, he was only thirty-one. And he had a solid, thriving business, a smart house on the Main Line, three servants and Gratton the magnificent, a car which enhanced even Gratton's perfection; and added to all this he had the prettiest, the sweetest, the dearest wife in the world. And he'd done it all himself, with his own brains and energy, his own hard work. Pretty nice—all this! He'd say so. Alicia's mockery and Cousin Lucretia's pearls receded into their proper insignificance against such well-being.

The next morning, however, they returned and reminded him that they must be dealt with. Jean, a breakfast-table angel in silky blue and lace with rosebuds, reminded him.

"Don't you think I'd better telephone Alicia that we won't bother to see those pearls, Billy? I don't think I care so much about seeing them."

It brought it all back. How Alicia would smile—the cat that ate the canary. By the jumping Jupiter, he was no yellow-feathered bird to be devoured!

"Now see here, babe, there's no harm in taking a look, even if we don't buy. Let it ride. I'll meet you wherever Alicia says and we'll go to tea afterward if there's time. Right?"

Jean looked at him with an appraising, fond shrewdness. She knew perfectly well that though he loved her dearly he hadn't the least idea of what stuff she was really made of.

"Billy," she said at last, "you won't do anything rash? I don't want things we can't afford—and I'm saying 'afford' in the fullest sense of the word."

He did not have time to do more than laugh. "Darling little thing, I know you don't. There's Gratton. By-by, dear. Listen! You get into town a little early and come down to the factory in a taxi for me, and we'll go together wherever Alicia says. That'll give me a little more time with you. 'By."

He kissed her and was gone. Jean stood very still in the hall where he had left her. She knew very well that she

could not control Billy's swift impetuousness, nor combat his sudden generous decisions. Hitherto she had been content to go along with them, unquestioning. But now she held back. After a moment or two her face cleared. "But he isn't foolish," she told herself, "ever."

Meanwhile Billy, in the train, was hastily running over his day's work; but the pearls were in the back of his head. He was not aware of how far Alicia's sneers and goading had moved him. The feud between them was so long-continued, so deep-seated, that it had come to dominate him, subconsciously, in everything in which she played a part. And like all self-made men Billy Dancy had a good healthy streak of conceit. He didn't take Alicia's snubbing and sneers easily. He resented them. They made him sensitive and ultra-suspicious, and kept him constantly alert for a chance to show Alicia. Even though he kept the hatchet sedulously buried his fingers sometimes itched, in spite of himself, for a good grip on its handle.

He thought back over the long years when he, a lathy boy of fourteen, in his last year in the graded schools, had taken up the burden of caring for his mother. His first job—an errand-office-and-general-odd-job boy for the Gertner Hosiery Company, four dollars a week, long hours, lifting things too heavy, not enough to eat, growing fast, no time to play. But that didn't last. Old man Gertner, who knew every one of his sixty-odd employes by name, noticed and liked him. At seventeen he was head of the packing room.

Then old man Gertner had said, "You petter go to night sghool a vile."

So Billy had gone to night school. Presently, in spite of his youth, he was superintendent, with as much authority as old man Gertner had ever permitted anyone.

His mother died when he was twenty, and old man Gertner, who had no near relatives, took Billy into his house, a queer, badly run bachelor's quarters, but not uncomfortable. The two worked and lived together in a perfect accord that was only emphasized by their frequent clashes in matters of policy. Billy wanted to drop the making of cotton and lisle hose altogether and go in for silk. Old man Gertner shouted in derision.

"D'you think the vimmins have all gone crazy vith extravagunce, yet?" he demanded. "There vill never be a big market here in America for silk stockings."

At which Billy laughed and urged old man Gertner to come out of the woods because moss was growing on him.

Billy was twenty-eight when Gertner died, and when the old man's will was read it was found that he had left his factory—not to Billy outright, but so that he could buy it, paying a fair price to some unknown Gertners, of Munich, the old man's never-quite-forgotten kin of his mother country.

So Billy had seized his big chance. He had taken on the burden of the mortgage, and heaped further debts on himself for new machinery and more of it, another story on the factory, better and more modern arrangements throughout. He had doubled the number of machines and more than doubled the employes. His pay roll was over a thousand a day. He employed salesmen, stopped selling to jobbers, and sought the big retailers. He had paid the bill for his improvements, and begun to amortize his mortgage.

He was not oppressed by his debts. Business was good he was making nothing but silk hose now, of course—he could meet the interest on his mortgage and his notes in bank easily. And there was that lovely little surplus. He experienced the pleasure we all feel when we have a good little hunk of money that won't be needed the first of next month. This wasn't so much, perhaps, viewed against the bulk of what he owed, but it was forty thousand good round iron men, and as such was not without glamour. If that poor old dodo of a Perrimain had that much ready money, reflected Billy cynically, he'd probably eat himself to death within a fortnight.

He went into the factory at his usual quickstep. It was early, a quarter of nine. He used to get there at quarter of eight, but Jean had changed that. At any rate he was in plenty of time to catch Miss Koons, his stenographer, hustling off the cover of her machine.

He ran through the mail and then made his regular trip through the factory. That had been old man Gertner's practice, and Billy found it a good one; and just as Gertner had known all his employes by name, so also did Billy. He liked the people on his pay roll. It pleased him to feel that he had done far more for their comfort than the law required, and that they held no secret grudges against him for small, petty dealing or for gouging. He was fair with them, and conscientious, and he was rewarded by the work they turned out. There was precious little wastage in the Gertner-Dancy concern.

At the semi-inclosed space where Beazley had his desk Billy paused.

"Any signs of that slump in silk yet?" he asked.

Beazley was a thick, astute old man, active and powerful despite his sixty-five years. He grinned at the question.

"There's nothing that you might call anything to hang a real opinion on, I'll admit," he said. "But yet—I kind of feel she's coming, and coming before so very long."

It was his usual answer, and usually Billy dismissed it with a joke. But to-day he lingered and answered seriously:

"You've been saying that a good while, Beazley."

"I suppose I have," the old man admitted, and looked a little confused. "Maybe I'm wrong. I—I've got nothing but my suspicions. You can't get a word out of anybody who's in a position to know, though I've nosed around quite considerable. But—it's in the air somehow."

Returning to his office Billy sat down at his desk and thought the thing out. Heretofore old Beazley had spoken with assurance. Possibly there had been something, some vague hint, some underlying uneasiness that had justified that conviction. If such a slump should come the manufacturer who had a bunch of ready money to buy largely of thread cones would be well heeled for the coming season, would turn a profit sufficiently handsome to tempt the most cautious. But the silk people might have secretly strengthened themselves, got hold of money to tide them over and keep them going. And now Beazley was uncertain—and there wasn't anybody in the business smarter than Beazley. That was strong evidence that there would be no slump. We believe what we want to believe, and so Billy interpreted what Beazley had said. Ergo, following this through, that nice little hunk of surplus was waiting to be spent on something. He was no miser, to let money accumulate unused. Better translate it into some of the many things which his growing imagination told him were desirable. And, if in addition to this, he could put something over on Alicia and the whole Perrimain connection—zip—the money was as good as gone!

He had just reached this point when Alicia's cool clipped voice tinkled toward him from the telephone. Mr. Godfrey was at 1162 Walnut, ninth floor. Very well, he and Jean would be there at quarter of five. Oh, but Alicia had asked Jean particularly to drop in and see her mother before they started. Mother wasn't feeling very well to-day. So Alicia and Jean would meet Billy at Mr. Godfrey's office. Yes, at quarter of five. Very well. Good-by.

Billy gritted his teeth in a gust of youthful anger as he hung up the receiver. Just exactly like Alicia to butt in and break up his plans, his and Jean's! Nobody but a brute—as Alicia well knew—would have insisted that Jean shouldn't go and see her sick mother. He'd be willing to bet a million against a plugged nickel that Mrs. Perrimain wasn't sick at all; just one of Alicia's hateful little schemes to thwart and annoy him.

But presently Jean herself telephoned. "I'm sorry not to come for you, dear," she said, "but Alicia thinks mother's rather miserable, and I don't believe I'll have time to go from there all the way down for you. But I am sorry. You know, Billy"—the words became hesitant—"you know, I like to be with you as much as you like to be with me."

His good little fellow! She restored his morale.

He could work quite happily now. When the afternoon began to wane he became a clock watcher without shame. At half past four he signed his last letter, swept a handful of memoranda into Miss Koons' basket and disappeared.

But it was disconcerting to find that the pearl inspection party had been increased by Mr. and Mrs. Perrimain.

"Father thought he'd like to look at the pearls," explained Jean. "And mother felt so much better that she wanted to come too."

Alicia had arranged it, Billy felt sure. She wanted the whole family there to see him made a fool of. Sixty or seventy thousand! He wondered fleetingly if Godfrey would take the forty thousand cash and his personal note for the rest. Godfrey was a good egg; one glance told that. No cold clammy fish he, but a real fellow. Billy warmed to him, and he, after a comprehensive twinkle at the Perrimains, warmed to Billy, possibly through sympathy.

*(Continued on Page 110*

*The Perrimain Family in the Background Were Registering Well-Bred Displeasure at This Outburst of Emotion Before a Stranger. Alicia Could Not Resist Comment. She Saw a Chance to Redeem Her Spite From Failure*

# WILD GAME—By Forrest Crissey

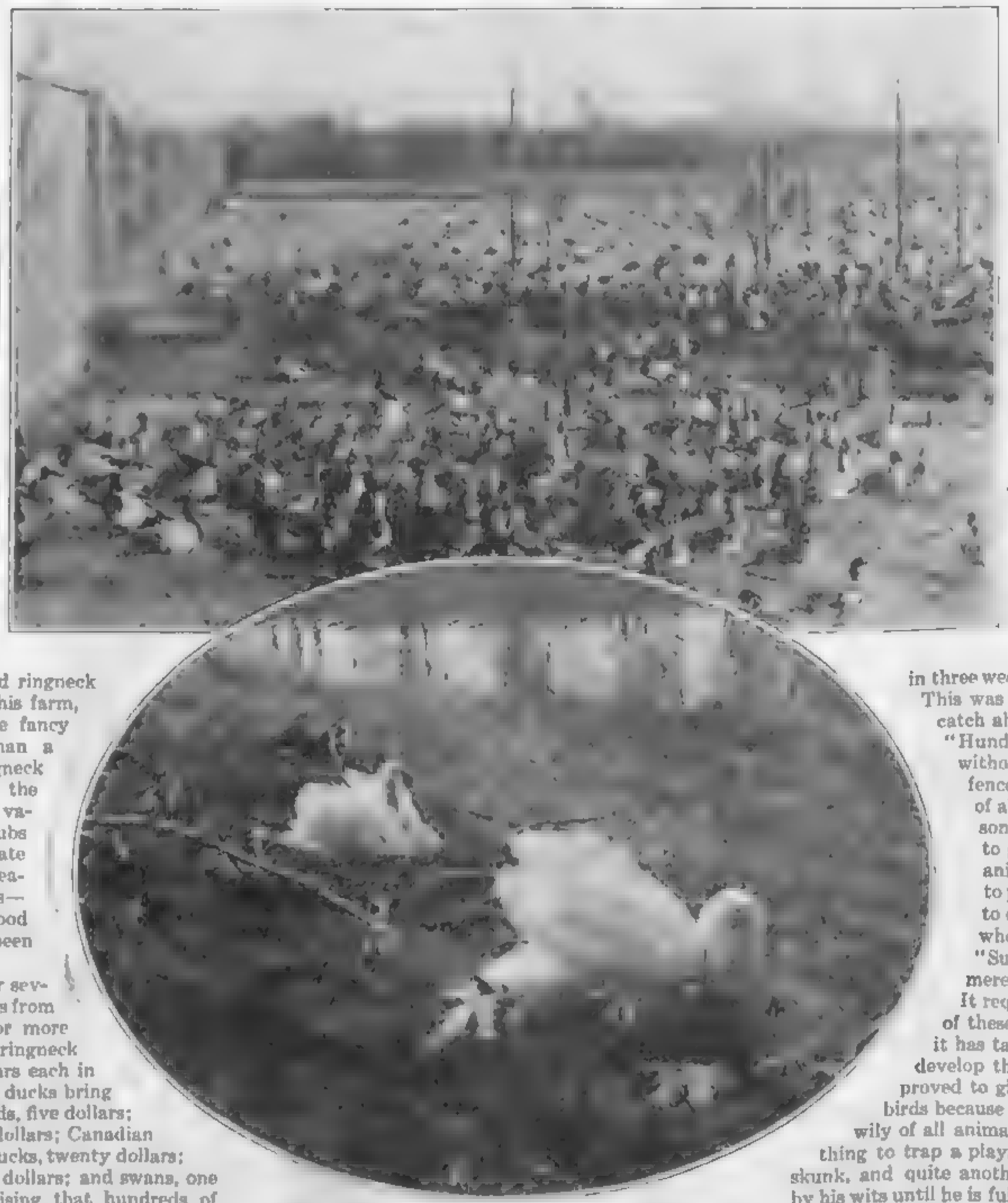
THAT the men of America still retain a keen and primitive interest in hunting wild game needs no better proof than the facts that more than three and a half million hunters' licenses were issued in 1919 and that the sale of these hunting privileges brought in a total of about four and a half million dollars.

If the figures for last year were available they would undoubtedly show that very nearly five million licenses had been issued in the United States.

A visit to the world's largest wild-game farm is certain to leave with every visitor two outstanding impressions: The enormous demand for wild game birds, particularly pheasants, which has developed in this country, and the immense expenditures of money and effort to protect the game birds from the wild creatures that prey upon them.

This year fully fifteen thousand ringneck pheasants have been raised on this farm, and nearly two thousand of the fancy variety of pheasants. More than a hundred and twenty thousand ringneck pheasant eggs were shipped in the past season from this farm to the various states and to sportsmen's clubs and associations as well as to private estates and small breeders. This season more than five thousand ducks—most of them mallards and pure-blood English calls for decoys—have been raised on this farm.

When it is remembered that for several seasons ringneck pheasant eggs from dependable sources have sold for more than thirty cents each and that ringneck pheasants readily bring four dollars each in lots of several thousand, while call ducks bring five to eight dollars a pair; mallards, five dollars; American wood ducks, twenty dollars; Canadian geese, twenty dollars; mandarin ducks, twenty dollars; Australian ruddy sheldrakes, fifty dollars; and swans, one hundred dollars, it is not surprising that hundreds of callers come to this farm fully determined to go into the business and as fully convinced that there is a fortune in it. But as a rule they depart with the conviction that there is another side to the story. This change of attitude invariably takes place after a survey of the expense side of the ledger has been made.



*A Swan Over Her Nest Guarded by a Gander. Above—Fancy Water Fowl Inclosed by the Woven-Wire Fencing*

### *Elaborate Protective Devices*

FOR example, this farm, which contains about five hundred acres, has more than twelve miles of woven-wire fencing seven feet high. This fence requires cedar posts ten feet high, creosoted four feet from the bottom. Attached to a creosoted board or stringer, which is buried about six inches in the ground, is a two-foot width of woven wire of a mesh so small that a weasel cannot go through it. This is sewed with copper wire to the bottom edge of the main expanse of coarser woven wire, which is five feet in width. At the top of the fence is a strand of barbed wire to keep out two-footed climbers. At frequent intervals along the outside of the fences are drop traps very strongly made of heavy woven wire of small square mesh. These will hold any kind of animal, from a weasel to a badger. The cost of manufacturing these traps in wholesale quantities is about ten dollars each, and fully two hundred of them are required to protect the birds on this farm. But this is only a beginning in the expensive equipment required to keep up the incessant warfare against vermin.

The most interesting and expensive traps used on the game farm are known as tunnel traps. As they are sunk below the surface of the ground they are made entirely of structural and sheet iron carefully treated to prevent corrosion. Tunnel traps are mainly used for protection at openings of the walls or dams where a stream enters or leaves the farm. The cost of one of these traps is about seventy-five dollars.

Because this peculiar trap is automatic in its action and of large capacity, big enough to hold quite a menagerie, it often makes some startling revelations.

"After a stormy night," declares the gamekeeper, who devotes most of his time to trapping and shooting vermin, "I have found a mink, a rabbit and a pheasant huddled together. Why didn't the mink follow his natural instinct and kill the rabbit and the pheasant? Because he knew that he was trapped. He was only interested in getting out. Again I've found a cat and rats together, a weasel and pheasants, and a coon and pheasants. In the animal world a common peril will—for the moment, at least—subdue the savage instincts of predatory animals."

A large number of steel traps, about three hundred altogether, are set along fences and on hawk posts, with which the fields of this farm are liberally supplied. Each hawk post must be set with railroad spikes in order to permit the gamekeepers to climb them.

The central prison in which all captive prowlers are confined against the day of their final disposal is a commodious, expensive and highly secure structure of iron and concrete. The woven wire with which this house is walled is so heavy and at the same time of so fine a mesh that a weasel cannot escape through it or a powerful badger break it. All fur animals trapped in the open season are comparatively worthless; held until the coming of cold weather they bring very attractive prices. In this prison are to be seen mink, coons, skunks, muskrats, weasels and occasionally badgers, foxes and 'possums. Though the sale of furs from these captives amounts to several hundred dollars a year, it is only a drop in the bucket compared with the cost of protecting the birds against them.

"No layman can possibly understand," declares the owner of this famous game farm, "how intense and incessant is the fight to protect our birds from their winged and furred enemies. The average person has no idea of the host of prowlers who push along our fences, night after night, for a chance to get at the birds. It costs thousands of dollars a year to keep this animal underworld even partially repressed and reduce its inroads to a reasonable minimum."

### *Marauders*

"REPEATEDLY we have had hundreds of dollars' worth of birds killed by one mink in a single night. And a tiny, slender weasel will suck the blood of scores of young pheasants in a few hours. A band or shoal of weasels once took about twelve hundred young pheasants in one night. We started with three thousand young birds in that field; in three weeks only twelve hundred were left. This was all done by weasels, of which we catch about seventy-five a year.

"Hundreds of visitors come and go here without noticing that this farm is so fenced as to have an outer safety zone of about fifty rods in width. The reason for going to this heavy expense is to give us a second chance at every animal which has been cunning enough to pass the outer line of defense—and to do this before he has penetrated to where the birds are.

"Success in protecting birds is not merely a matter of spending money. It requires a careful study of the habits of these creatures of prey. For example, it has taken me years of careful study to develop the two types of traps which have proved to give the greatest protection to our birds because they will actually catch the most wily of all animals—weasels and mink. It is one thing to trap a playful and inquisitive young coon or skunk, and quite another to land a mink who has lived by his wits until he is full of wisdom and cunning and has escaped more perils than the Apostle Paul. The cost of the ammunition and guns used on this farm for a year is close to five hundred dollars.

"One reason why there are so many predatory birds and animals is that they do not, excepting in rare cases, prey upon each other. A skunk, for example, will not eat a hawk until in the last stages of starvation. An owl will not eat a hawk, or a hawk an owl. In short the meat-eating birds and animals do not prey upon other meat eaters but upon game birds and animals which feed only upon grains, grasses and insects. This gives the predatory creatures a peculiar immunity; man is about the only enemy which they have to reduce their ranks. Otherwise they die of accident or old age.

"On the other hand, the game bird's life is a perpetual hazard from enemies in the air and on the ground. The pheasant, the partridge, prairie chicken and the quail have a score of mortal enemies against which they must guard where the hawk, the owl or the mink has one. It is a marvel to me that so many pheasants survive after liberation, considering the fact that they have been so systematically deprived of their natural defenses. A thick and rather high cover of underbrush is to a covey of quail or partridges what a system of trenches and bombproof dugouts was to men on the fighting line in the late war. Our natural coverts for prairie chickens have virtually disappeared, excepting in the Northwest. The pheasant, however, appears to be better able to take care of himself than any other game bird. Add to this consideration the fact that the pheasant can be raised in captivity, and you have the reason why this splendid bird is bound to become a substitute for some of the game birds of America. It already is the premier game bird of England.

"In fact, the pheasant is the only game bird which can be raised in large numbers in captivity. Other varieties, like grouse, for example, have been raised in captivity on a

laboratory scale and at prohibitive expense. The sportsmen who talk about doing this on a practical scale are misled by their desires or their advisers. It can't be done. But the pheasant can be bred in captivity on a scale which is virtually unlimited."

Now glance at the productive equipment of this mammoth bird farm. It has about one thousand breeding or laying pens, each twelve by sixteen feet and six feet high. These cages are built in units suitable for moving from place to place in order to secure fresh ground. A cock pheasant and five or six females occupy each of these apartments, which cost about sixteen dollars. The annual expense of moving the entire battery of breeding pens to new ground is nearly one thousand dollars.

Of drinking pans and fountains this farm must maintain an outfit of at least three thousand, about equally divided between the field brooders, the breeding and hatching pens and the open fields.

Scattered over the fields of this remarkable game farm are about one thousand brooders, each occupied, in the season, by a domestic hen and a family of pheasant chicks. These brooders are of durable construction, are painted white, and cost about five dollars in large quantities.

The hatching pens are still more elaborate and consist of two parts—a small floorless house and a yard into which the hen can go to dust herself. On the roof of each little hatching house is a rack or indicator, like a miniature of the train indicators in railway train sheds, which gives the complete history of the family or prospective family within. This is to guard against any confusion as a result of having an attendant quit his post in the hatching season. These coops are made in units of four, and cost about three dollars each.

The yards will add about two dollars to this cost.

### *Fine Points in Feeding*

IN THE hatching season the services of five thousand to six thousand domestic hens are in demand to hatch the eggs of wild-game birds and to furnish eggs with which to make the custard required by the chicks. Into this custard and the other feeds also goes the milk of about twenty-five Holstein cows. This farm has its own switch track, over which about twenty carloads of feed are received a year, and many carloads of pheasants and deer are shipped from this siding.

There are four strains of the true or game pheasant and only an expert can tell them apart at a distance. These are the English Ringneck, Black Neck, the Mongolian and the Prince of Wales. By the average sportsman they are all classed as ringnecks.

As a rule a young ringneck hen will lay about sixty-five eggs in a season in captivity. Hens two or three years of age will fall considerably below this quota, sometimes going as low as forty-five. However, an old hen having an ample range—which provides plenty of exercise and insect feed together with a diminishing liability to the ills arising from tainted ground—is likely to furnish more eggs in a season than a young hen confined in a meager run. It is scarcely possible to place too much stress upon the influence of an ample and fresh range. A hundred pheasant hens should not be confined in a range of less than five hundred square rods, excepting, perhaps, for a short time. Birds should never be ranged upon the same ground two seasons in succession. To disregard this rule is to invite almost certain failure. More than one breeder has lost his entire flock and scored a complete failure for no other reason than this.

*Fancy Pheasants in a Variety of Beautifully Colored Plumage*

The period of incubation for true pheasant eggs is twenty-one to twenty-three days. The eggs must receive the moisture of the earth. For this reason the hatching coops in all pheasantries which are conducted upon sound scientific principles have no floors and the eggs are placed in a slight hollow or basin of earth, padded with a scant layer of chaff or chopped hay. The earthwork is built up high enough so that it cannot be flooded by an ordinary rain. If the setting season is extremely dry the little hatching house is flooded with water before the earth nest is built up. This gives the proper amount of moisture.

Before the pheasant chicks are dry from the shell their impulse is to escape. This is because they are hatched under a domestic hen instead of a pheasant, and because their introduction to the light of day is under artificial or captive conditions. The precocity of these tiny striped fledglings is suggested by the fact that it seldom takes them more than twenty-four hours to master a strange language. When they break their shells they are all set to hear and understand the peculiar calls and warnings of the pheasant mother. At the outset of their careers the cluck of a domestic hen means nothing in their young lives. They are being called in a foreign tongue, and their first impulse is to flee from the fussy old stranger who is apparently trying to boss them about. But in less than a day's time they have learned the new tongue and obey their foster parent as if she were their natural mother. There are few if any wild creatures more precocious than a baby pheasant.

No pheasant should be fed until it is at least twelve hours old and it is better to allow them to wait a full day before giving them their first meal—a simple custard made of eggs and milk. On the third day their diet may be altered by introducing pheasant meal, a prepared food somewhat similar to puppy biscuit, into the custard. It is technically known as a drying-out meal. More and more of it should be introduced into the custard each day; the custard should not disappear as an element of the ration until the birds are at least ten days old. At that age they can do nicely without eggs in their feed, but the pheasant meal should still be moistened with scalded milk.

*Fawns Lack Any Sense of Honor When Pheasants' Food Is Lying Around. Above—Taking Down a Hawk From a Pole Trap*

### *Causes of Failure*

IN COMMENTING on the feeding of young pheasants the foremost expert in this peculiar calling in this country and probably in the world said:

"A fertile cause of failure in raising pheasants is feeding mixtures which are too moist. There is just one safe rule to follow: Add enough drying-out meal to make the combination of a consistency described by the term crumbly moist. This means that a handful of this feed leaving the keeper's hand as a ball will break and scatter before it hits the ground. But to go back to the baby chick's ration of custard.

"All chicken eggs used for feeding young pheasants may look alike to you excepting as to size. Anyhow, they do to most persons. But the fact is they're not. You cannot go far in raising pheasants—provided you are reasonably observant—without making the discovery that there is a vast difference between eggs in the matter of their feed value. That difference lies in an element of which few would think. Eggs which are laid by hens having a free and open range have far higher nutritive powers than eggs from hens confined in pens. Why? Because the range hens get more phosphorus-producing feed and consequently put more of that element into their eggs. And phosphorus-bearing feed is what the young pheasants must have to make a quick and healthy growth. Good milk comes next to eggs in supplying phosphorus—or I should say next to eggs from hens having a free range.

"The successful raiser of pheasants must be many kinds of a specialist, but if he is not a practical nutrition expert he is bound to run a great risk of failure. For more than thirty years I have

(Continued on Page 106)

# FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

## Personal Recollections of Our Presidents

### By H. H. KOHLSAAT

VI

EARLY in 1895 Governor and Mrs. McKinley visited Mr. and Mrs. Hanna in Thomasville, Georgia. Mrs. McKinley was always delicate and the cold weather aggravated her illness, so the governor gladly accepted the Hanna invitation, and Mr. and Mrs. Myron T. Herrick, my family and myself, joined them in the hospitable Hanna home. Mr. Hanna sent for a number of the Republican leaders in the Southern States and had them meet McKinley, one or two at a time, in the beautiful sun parlor of the house.

I think, without exception, they were delighted with the governor, and pledged him their support in 1896, and most of them kept their pledge.

The Atlanta Constitution, edited by my good friend Clark Howell, got wind of the visits of the politicians, and Howell had his correspondents sending daily accounts of the meetings. Some of the comments were unfavorable, which was natural in an opposition paper. I wrote Mr. Howell and invited him to come to Thomasville and meet McKinley and Hanna. He did so, and from that day his paper and he personally were extremely kind to the governor without in any way changing the political policy of the paper. The friendship lasted until McKinley's death.

I will depart from the thread of my story to tell of President McKinley's visit to Atlanta in 1898, but let Mr. Howell tell his own story as he wrote it:

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, December 22, 1921.

*My dear Kohlsaat:* The McKinley incident, as I recall it, is as follows.

President McKinley came to Atlanta as the chief guest of honor at a Peace Jubilee banquet given under the auspices of Atlanta business men in the fall following the close of the Spanish-American War in 1898, at which banquet I presided. During the morning of his arrival here his secretary, Mr. Cortelyou, made a call on me at my office, stating that the President wished to see me at the Kimball House.

I went there and was ushered into the private parlor with the statement that "the President is shaving, but he will be glad to see you."

Only President and Mrs. McKinley were in the room when I went in. She was sitting before an open fire with a shawl thrown lightly around her shoulders. The President sat before a glass at a table in the center of the room. A towel was around his neck, his face was lathered, and he was shaving himself.

He welcomed me, stating that he had sent for me to read the address he had prepared to deliver to the General Assembly then in session in Atlanta, before which he had been invited to speak that day at noon.

He handed me the address, which I proceeded to read.

Every once in a while he left his table and walked to the side of his frail wife, solicitously fastening the shawl around her shoulders, patting her on the cheek and returning to his conversation with me.

"The feature of the address that I want you to see," said he, "is the reference to the government care of the Confederate graves," in which he stated, in referring to the complete reconciliation between the sections, that the time had come when the Federal Government should take over the care of the graves of Confederate veterans.

My father, a Confederate veteran, was then a member of the committee that had been appointed by the President to investigate charges growing out of government purchases during the Spanish-American War.

About a month before this, in a letter to my father I had suggested that if President McKinley, who had just accepted the invitation to speak in Atlanta, would make an expression in favor of the Government's caring for Confederate graves, he would strike a very responsive keynote. My father had written me that he had shown my letter to the President, who seemed pleased with the suggestion.

I thought no more of it until the President submitted his address to me.

I went with the President to the joint session of the General Assembly that day. The galleries were crowded and every member of both houses arose as the President was escorted to the speaker's stand. He was given a very cordial ovation, for while differing with him politically the South held McKinley in high personal esteem.

There was nothing unusual about the first few minutes of his address. He was mildly applauded from time to time as he said something that caught his audience.

After a while he reached that part of his address referring to the care of Confederate graves by the Government. He had purposely held it as a climax.

In a minute the audience was in a storm of applause.

I never before witnessed such a scene in our General Assembly. Both the galleries and the floor joined in an uproar of enthusiasm.

Every person in the hall stood and every handkerchief went up into the air.

*William McKinley*

Tears flowed down the cheeks of Confederate veterans, and when the President concluded they particularly made a rush to shake his hand.

He saw instantly that he had caught the heart of his audience and he seemed to be immensely pleased at the result.

As we left he said, "They liked it, didn't they?"

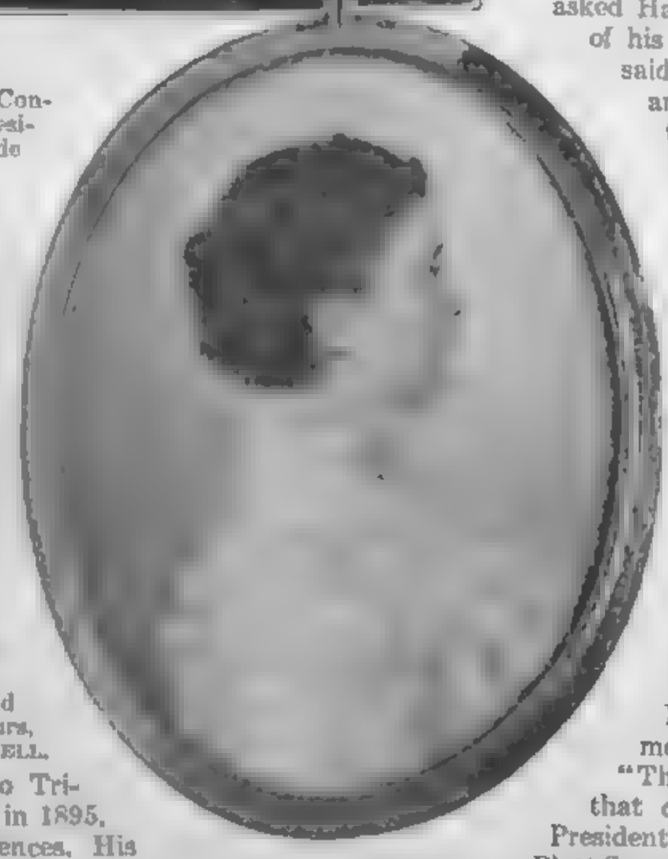
The speech caught the whole South and the next day was the talk of the town.

This covers the incident as I recall it. It was a long time ago, but it is still fresh in my memory.

And the one thing about that day that I will never forget and that has always endeared McKinley's memory to me was the beautiful, sweet solicitude of this strong, manly man to his sweet, frail wife as she sat by the fireside that day.

With cordial personal regards and best wishes, I am Sincerely yours,

(Signed) CLARK HOWELL.



*Mrs. William McKinley*

Joseph Medill, of the Chicago Tribune, was also in Thomasville in 1895, and joined in some of the conferences. His grandson, Medill McCormick, spent a few weeks with him and sent in some of his first efforts as a cub reporter to the Tribune. I think he met his future wife, Miss Ruth Hanna, the idol of Mark Hanna's eye, during this visit. I met them riding in the pine woods many times—the slim dark-eyed Ruth in a trim riding habit, riding astride a high-mettled horse. It was said she could control any of the spirited horses of Thomasville, for which the city was famous.

When McKinley left for Columbus I rode as far as Atlanta with him and visited my friends, Clark Howell, Joel Chandler Harris and Frank L. Stanton for a few days.

"Uncle Remus" invited me to a noon meal at his house in Peachtree Street. When we arrived at the front gate he said in that wonderful musical voice of his, "Mr. Kohlsaat, would you mind our going around to the kitchen gate? A little wren has built her nest in this gatepost, so we boarded it up until the little birds are hatched."

VII

AFTER selling the Inter Ocean, in March, 1894, with my family I spent several months in Europe. On our return we lived in Washington for a few weeks in the fall of 1894, going to Thomasville in the winter of 1895.

While in Washington, in March, 1895, I secured a provisional option on a number of shares of the New York Times from Mr. Charles R. Flint. A block of stock necessary to obtain complete control was not obtainable for some weeks—so the purchase was never completed. During the negotiations for the purchase of the New York Times my boyhood friend, James W. Scott, purchased the Chicago Herald from John R. Walsh, and the Chicago Times from other parties, and merged them into the Chicago Times-Herald. He also bought the Evening Post from Mr. Walsh.

On April 22, 1895, sixty days after he had acquired the papers, Mr. Scott died suddenly in the Holland House, New York. Thirty days later I purchased his holdings in both papers and changed the Times-Herald from a Democratic to a Republican newspaper. The Evening Post was Independent, and remained so.

During the year 1895 there were frequent meetings, held generally in Cleveland, of McKinley, Hanna, Herrick and myself. At one of the gatherings Hanna was asked to go to New York and try to interest Thomas C. Platt, and Matt Quay of Pennsylvania, in McKinley's candidacy. One Sunday some weeks later, in the Hanna home, we were sitting in what Mr. Hanna called his den. After dinner when McKinley asked Hanna what report he had to make of his visit to Platt and Quay, Hanna said, "You can get both New York and Pennsylvania, governor, but there are certain conditions."

McKinley asked, "What are they?"

Hanna replied, "They want a promise that you will appoint Tom Platt Secretary of the Treasury, and they want it in writing! Platt says he has had an experience with one President"—Harrison—"born in Ohio, and he wants no more verbal promises."

McKinley was smoking a cigar. He threw his head back and let the smoke curl up for a moment or so; then got up and paced the little room for a few minutes.

Finally facing Hanna, Herrick and me, he said:

"There are some things in this world that come too high. If I cannot be President without promising to make Tom Platt Secretary of the Treasury, I will never be President."

Hanna remarked, "New York and Pennsylvania will clinch the nomination—with the votes already in sight."

McKinley said, "I can't do it, Mark."

"Well," sighed Hanna, "we have got to work harder to make up that big block of votes, but we will get them!"

At a later meeting, held in the Herrick home in Prospect Street, while we and our wives were at dinner, the maid notified Mr. Herrick that two gentlemen wanted to see him in the parlor. Herrick excused himself. A few

minutes later we heard some loud talk and then a slam of the front door. Herrick, flushed and mad, returned to the dining room. Mark Hanna asked who they were.

Herrick said, "A couple of blackmailers!"

It seems they have a law in Ohio giving half to an informer of securities not listed for taxation. These two men told Herrick he had some loans in his bank, The Society for Savings, on securities that had not been listed. He asked to see the paper containing the names and securities, which he quietly put in his pocket. They raised a row and Herrick put them out. They could see McKinley and Hanna from the hall, and probably thought discretion was the better part of valor.

A little later, when Herrick was not in the room, McKinley said, "You would not think Myron had the nerve to do that, would you?"

But since he notified the German Government in August, 1914, without consulting the State Department at Washington, that every American and his property would be protected in Paris, and stayed at his post and took over the British, Russian and Belgian embassies, as their ministers left hurriedly, anything can be expected of what McKinley called Myron's nerve.

### VIII

IN MAY, 1896, a mutual friend informed me that the policy of the Times-Herald greatly embarrassed Mr. Hanna. The paper continually insisted on a clear declaration for gold at St. Louis.

As the majority of the McKinley delegates were from the Middle West and West, Mr. Hanna was bombarded with the question, "Who represents Mr. McKinley, you or the Times-Herald, on the money question?" I was told that Mr. Hanna replied, "Kohlsaat is a crank and does not represent anybody but himself."

Without any previous understanding Mr. Hanna and I had had no communication for some two months before the convention, which was called for June sixteenth.

Sunday, June seventh, I went to Canton, Ohio, and spent eight hours with McKinley, urging him to declare definitely for gold. He told me that 90 per cent of his correspondence and callers assured him it would defeat him to do so. He said Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York Tribune, had been to see him a few days before on his return from Arizona to New York, and strongly advised against it. Reid said, "If a gold plank is adopted we will not carry a state west of the Mississippi River."

On Mr. Reid's return to New York the Tribune printed the following editorially:

> There is no occasion to maintain that the words "Gold standard" must of necessity be used, because the present Standard is that, and everybody knows it, and so on, and so on.

I received a telegram from Alexander H. Revell, of Chicago, dated St. Louis, June 11, 1896: "If you want to see the word 'gold' in the plank you should come down here." So I left that night, and on arrival, about ten o'clock Friday, the twelfth, I went to the McKinley headquarters. Outside the door I met Raymond Patterson, Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. He said, "Every man that goes into that room for gold comes out for silver."

In the room were Mark Hanna, Myron T. Herrick, Henry C. Payne, Melville E. Stone, ex-Governor Merriam, of Minnesota, and Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont.

Mr. Payne handed me a copy of a plank that had been agreed upon and approved by McKinley.

After leaving Canton the word "gold" had been inserted between "existing" and "standard" and then crossed out again, making it read, "the existing standard must be maintained."

Mr. Hanna explained the plank had been changed because there was strong protest against the word "gold" from Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, Nebraska and other states west of the Mississippi, where the majority of the McKinley delegates were to come from.

I argued it was cowardice not to say "gold" and make the declaration definite; that the plank they had adopted meant gold to the gold man and silver to the silver man. Mr. Hanna insisted it might defeat McKinley's nomination if the word "gold" was put in. We made little headway for an hour or so. Finally Hanna said, "Damn you, Herman, haven't you any compromise in your make-up?"

I replied, "Not on this issue, Mark."

"Well," he said, "I have no more time to waste on a crank," and then he left the room.

About three o'clock, after five hours of argument, the hated word was put between "existing" and "standard." Hanna was sent for and told what had been agreed upon.

*Mark Hanna*

He turned to me and said, "Are you satisfied now, you damned crank?"

I said, "Yes; I don't like the promise to send a commission to Europe to work for bimetallism, but will stand for it."

We then pledged ourselves not to give publicity to the plank, as it would upset the McKinley delegates who were for silver.

After the meeting Mr. Hanna asked me to come to his room, and holding both my hands he said: "You probably have noticed I have dropped you entirely for a couple of months. Well, I want to tell you I am just as strong a gold man as you are, but if I had been as outspoken as you we would not have gotten the votes for McKinley, but I want you to know I love you just as much as ever."

He then told me they had over 530 votes pledged for McKinley, and it took only 463 to nominate him. McKinley actually received 564 in a total of 924 in the convention. The gold plank received 812½ votes, and the silver 110¼.

There has been much discussion as to who wrote the gold plank. It was sent out after its adoption by the convention by the Associated Press and others as "the Kohlsaat plank," but I had nothing whatever to do with writing the plank, except to put the word "gold" between the words "existing" and "standard." Every one of the seven men present was a strong gold advocate, but some feared it would defeat McKinley if the offensive word was put into the platform. With the exception of Senator Proctor, they were all from the Middle West. They had complete control of the convention and could have passed any plank agreed upon. With a few changes in wording and the addition of the word "gold" it was the plank agreed upon by Governor McKinley in Canton ten days before the convention, and was taken to St. Louis by Mark Hanna.

Saturday, the thirteenth, I mailed a copy of the plank to Horace White, editor of the New York Evening Post, and asked him not to publish it, but to wire me if he approved it. Tuesday morning his reply came: "The financial plank is satisfactory to me."

Monday, June fifteenth, I was in Mr. Hanna's room in the Southern Hotel when Senator Lodge, who had arrived in St. Louis Sunday afternoon, came in and walked to the table where Mr. Hanna was reading the speech of the temporary chairman of the convention, Charles W. Fairbanks.

Without any preliminary greeting Mr. Lodge said, "Mr. Hanna, I insist on a positive declaration for a gold-standard plank in the platform."

Hanna looked up and said, "Who in hell are you?"

Lodge answered, "Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts."

"Well, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, you can go plumb to hell. You have nothing to say about it," replied Mr. Hanna.

Lodge said, "All right, sir; I will make my fight on the floor of the convention."

"I don't care a damn where you make your fight," replied Hanna.

After Lodge left the room I said, "Mark, you made a mistake. We don't want a fight

(Continued on Page 120)

STATE OF OHIO

Executive Department

OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR

Columbus, Feb 26/13

Dear Mr Kohlsaat:

The loan will not mature but if you want to use my name for the $5000 for a short time, you can do so. Chicago friends, from time to time, are so kind and thoughtful. This my kind remembrance and blessing. Did you receive my last book, inscribed & how can we ever repay you?

Keep me informed of my health & progress & how I am standing with the people and sympathy and confidence of my friends & their confidence in my integrity & honor me. Love to Mrs Kohlsaat & the children.

Write me fully & tell me all about my business matters & my affairs generally. Let me know the exact amount of my indebtedness & I will be glad to pay it. Some time, I will be able to get a big contract & then I will be able to get a big commission. Chicago friends the warm and loving gratitude of

Yours McKinley

From your sincere friend

Wm McKinley Jr

Mr H H Kohlsaat Chicago Ill

*One of McKinley's Letters of Thanks Following the Payment by Friends of Notes He Indorsed for an Acquaintance*

# THE NUMBER ONE BOY

## By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

III

THE officer who had appeared in The Room of Celestial Bliss was a colonel, Jimmy noticed. He was tall, slender and very erect for his years. He had a hawklike face with deep-set piercing eyes sunk beneath overhanging, almost white eyebrows. He took no notice of Jimmy. His eyes were fastened on the girl of Jimmy's dreams. When he reached her side he seized her by the arm.

"How did you get here?"

Pale and dumb, she only stared at him.

He shook her arm anxiously.

"Betty, are you all right?"

She nodded, still speechless.

"How did you get here?"

She made a visible effort.

"I passed the guard by mistake. Boxers chased me here. I couldn't get back."

"Passed the guard! How could you? What for? Never mind—I'll ask you about it later. You're safe that's the main thing." The hawklike face turned toward Jimmy. Steel-gray gimlets bored into him. "Who is this?"

"Lieutenant Lee—Colonel Bradley."

Jimmy heard the faltered introduction as though the words had been spoken from a great distance. He managed to salute, however.

The salute was returned.

"What are you doing here?" The words were snapped from between thin lips.

"I'm with the relief expedition, sir," Jimmy began to explain. "L Company, Seventeenth Infantry. I "

"I called for help from the window as the troops were passing," the girl broke in. "Lieutenant Lee saw me and ——"

"I'm addressing the lieutenant, my dear."

She flushed and subsided. Jimmy had been relieved of the boring eyes for an instant. Now they returned to him.

"Yes?"

"As Miss er Darrow says, she called from the window. I saw her and came in. I found some German troops looting. I ordered them out. Miss Darrow was alone and unprotected. I remained with her."

"Why didn't you get her back to the legation, lieutenant?"

"There was sniping from the roofs. I was afraid to risk it."

"You left your regiment without orders to do so?"

"Yes, sir."

"But, colonel," she began, and was smitten to silence by a look.

"Who's in command of the American forces?"

"General Andrews, sir."

"Who's in command of the Seventeenth?"

"Colonel Blair, sir."

"Report to Colonel Blair. Say that you've seen me."

A sudden shade of warmth appeared in the grim face. The eyes ceased to bore; they suggested approval. "Tell him I think your conduct has been entirely justifiable."

"Thank you, sir." Jimmy saluted.

"Give Colonel Blair my compliments and tell him that you have been protecting Miss Elizabeth Darrow—my fiancée."

"Fiancée?" Jimmy's lips repeated the word soundlessly. His eyes groped for the face of his dreams—the ivory face with the dark swirl of hair above, for which he had peered all those years. Yes, there it was, pale, quite pale, but there it was. The lips with the little droop at the corners—the warm, moist lips which had clung to his five minutes ago—moved in speech:

"I came to China to marry Colonel Bradley. We expect to be married when ——"

"Not 'when,' my dear." The hawklike face became almost tender. "We'll be married to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she repeated blankly in a whisper.

"Thank you, lieutenant," said the bridegroom-to-be. "Come, my dear." He put his arm about the girl of Jimmy's dreams and led her toward the squad of marines at the entrance. "Do you know my coming to this temple was remarkable? I had no idea where you were. I simply knew you were gone, and yet I came straight here and found you. I don't understand it. It's the most extraordinary ——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the rattle of arms as the marines came to attention and swung briskly into guard formation about their commanding officer and his lady.

*The Somber Eyes of This Unbelievable Servant Flashed Upon Him With the Force of a Blow*

Jimmy found himself presently in The Room of Celestial Bliss in the temple of Gautama Buddha alone.

Yes, that was it—alone! He had never known what it was to be alone before. No one can be really alone, he now discovered, who still has a little hope. Jimmy was without the smallest hope.

He moved to the altar steps where they had sat when he had told her everything. He had forced her to listen. Now he knew why she had seemed like a bird about to take wing. He sank down on the altar steps and covered his face with his hands, pressing his fingers hard against his eyelids. It did not prevent him seeing words, flaming words, written on an oval of black velvet: "The Hawk!" The Chicken Hawk!"—"Fiancée!"—"To-morrow!" He shut his jaws on a groan that tried to burst from his chest.

"You are in trouble?"

Jimmy looked up to see the old Chinaman with the wonderful face and eyes and voice standing beside him.

"I have been sent to comfort you."

"Comfort me?" Jimmy's laugh was not good to hear. "Go away, old man. Let me alone."

The somber eyes looked at him musingly for a moment.

"So speaks blind youth in its folly." The golden voice became suddenly metallic. It had the quality of a bugle. "Rise, young soldier. The brave meet sorrow standing."

Jimmy got to his feet automatically. He saw the light of day glimmering in a far entrance across The Room of Celestial Bliss. The light of day! He must return to it. He hunched his shoulders and set his jaws as though about to face a withering gunfire as he moved toward the glimmer of sunlight.

"Where are you going?"

Jimmy laughed his uncanny laugh.

"To hell—if you must know."

"You are already there."

Jimmy halted and wheeled.

"So you've been listening?"

"Remain a moment longer. Perhaps I can give you hope "

"Hope!" said Jimmy. "That's just a word. There's only one word that has any meaning for me."

"And that word is?"

"To-morrow."

"There are many to-morrows," said Chang Foo Low softly. "They run through all eternity."

"Yes," admitted Jimmy, "but I'll not live them all."

"All!" The golden voice tolled the word like a bell. "That is why I have come to you now. To-day you saved the altar of the Lord Buddha. Now I, Chang Foo Low, servant of his high and holy spirit, tell you that you will be watched over by that spirit—to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow."

"I've had enough of dreams and spirits," cried Jimmy in a sudden passion.

"And I don't want any help from that heathen idol up there. I want "

He broke off suddenly. He had been on the verge of telling this Chinaman that he wanted his girl.

"The maiden who has left you for another" Jimmy quivered at the shock of the words—"saved this worthless body from the bayonet. I have planted her like a rose in my heart.

"With the favor of Buddha you may yet pluck—that rose."

*"Why Should the Great Doctor Mossie, of New York, Waste His Valuable Thoughts on the Ignorant Heathen, Chang Foo Low?"*

Why should his heart start pounding, Jimmy wondered. And yet, why not? Even a preposterous hope was better than none. Already he did not feel so horribly alone. This was no ordinary Chinaman, that was certain. Chang Foo Low! He had heard the name before. It had seemed familiar when she had mentioned it first. What else had she said? Prophet! Of course. Now he remembered. The great prophet of China. Prophecy! Again, why not? He knew, how well he knew, that forces scoffed at by so many had for some hidden reason first controlled and then destroyed him. He stretched out his hand to a reed, an invisible reed, but all there was at which to grasp.

"Prophets are a joke where I come from. But if you tell me that some day, somewhere, she and I will be together I'll take a chance on you."

"Then know," said Chang suddenly, "that this is written on the wheel: In the blackest hour your lives will ever know, you will be together."

"Thanks," said Jimmy. He turned, walked rapidly to the nearest entrance and out into the sunlight.

Chang Foo Low raised his eyes to the high dim ceiling of The Room of Celestial Bliss and returned to his own beloved Chinese.

'O thou above me, I see but faintly through the curtain. Why should the innocent suffer that the guilty may atone?"

*IV*

THE home of Colonel Bradley, of the American Legation Guard, was situated to the rear of and in the shadow of the legation proper. A small, by no means imposing structure, it was still like no other residence to be observed in any land. Chinese masons and carpenters had followed the plans of a Chicago architect in its building. The result was as though the seed of a California bungalow had been planted in this alien spot. Its walls had sprouted along true bungalow lines; as they lifted higher, however, and looked with astonishment at their surroundings, they made a growing effort to conform to the accepted mode of their strange neighbors. When the roof flowered at last, its fluted tiles and fussy square of cupola were almost the orthodox covering for a small pagoda.

The interior of the house had been supplied by the American Government, along strictly regulation lines, with the itemized furnishings required for nine rooms and kitchen to be occupied by one colonel and family at a minor post. That had been ten years before. In those ten years China, insidious China, had crept into the house and begun the slow but inexorable process of overwhelming the symbols of a new and distressing civilization. The process was not yet completed. It was in a chaotic middle stage. The result to an esthetic eye was appalling.

The living room, for example, which was the heart of the house, had doors, real doors, that shut and locked, that swung firmly open or as firmly closed at the turning of door knobs. But the door knobs no longer stared boldly into the room; their unwinking gaze was thwarted by tall black-and-gold screens set for the most part directly before them.

A bay window bulged from one side of the room like thousands of bay windows in residential districts of the North American continent. The true lines of the room were partially restored in this case by long curtains of orange crêpe stamped with light-blue plum trees. A leather couch, supported by uncompromisingly square legs, faced a stained oak mantel designed and manufactured in South Bend, Indiana. The couch was hidden, forgotten, lost below a flaming crimson silk cover on which a silk-threaded needle, held by patient Chinese fingers, had wrought a symphony in storks and flowers. As for the mantel, though it bore in the place of honor at the center a photograph in a gold frame, this was flanked on either side by a row of vases made decorative by the indifferent drawing and marvelous composition and color of the land that fashioned them.

And so it went. Grand Rapids chairs of cherry and imitation walnut; a carved teakwood seat in the bay window. A cold green carpet from the machine looms of Brussels, dotted with mellow, hand-woven prayer rugs from the province of Szechuen. A desk in the exact center of the room was boldly plain and serviceable. On its side, however, hung a small brass gong rimmed by inevitable dragons; and the lamp standing on the desk was an urn-like affair of bronze upheld by three solemn mandarins.

If the living room showed the East and West engaged in silent combat, its immediate outlook suggested anything but strife. A wide doorway at the side of the room broken by the bay window led abruptly into a garden inclosed by a rambling, inconsequential wall which separated it from the grounds of the legation.

It was a small garden, which artfully contrived to suggest larger things. A garden in which one became delightfully aware that the tiny pool of water in the center was a huge calm lake; that the infinitesimal streamlet dribbling therefrom was a serenely flowing river; that the ridiculous bridge crossing the streamlet had the pompous arch of a mighty span. Having noted these things it became easy to see that the winding narrow paths, flanked on both sides by shrubbery, were broad fair roads which ran through frowning forests to far places of mystery and charm. It was, in a word, a Chinese garden, untroubled by a troubled world, as chaste, as lovely as the great round moon climbing the sky above the garden's wall.

Colonel William S. Bradley was not looking at the garden. His back was toward the open door leading into its soothing calm. He was writing at the desk in the center of the room. His face suggested the clashing of his immediate surroundings. Always that face had been hard; now it was also haggard. It had lost a little of its hawklike appearance. Hawks, aware of their ability to strike, are assured. This dazed and bewildered old hawk had lost some of his assurance.

"Don't Come Near Me! Don't Come Near Me!"

He signed the last of a number of communications to various commanders of the allied forces, checked over a requisition on the American baggage trains for supplies, changed the item "as much condensed milk as can be spared" to "condensed milk, tins, 5000," addressed the requisition and struck the gong on the desk.

A Chinese servant appeared.

"Takee orderly. Come this side," said Colonel Bradley, in the customary pidgin which serves as a slender bridge across which a little understanding may pass between those of English speech and the menials of China.

A moment later a sergeant of marines entered the room, crossed to the desk, halted and removed his hat. The sergeant's face was deeply seamed. He was grizzled at the temples and his close-cropped mustache was the color of an ancient badger. But his blue eyes held the twinkling youthfulness of his race—which was Celtic and he stood, like his commanding officer, as straight as a sapling.

He had served that officer for twenty-five years, first as striker and later as respectful confidant and friend.

"Yis, sorr," he said.

"For Colonel Chabrillane, French Headquarters; for General Modida, Japanese Headquarters; for General Andrews deliver this first."

"Yis, sorr." The sergeant looked meditatively at the letters in his hand. "And how's Miss Betty, sorr? You'll excuse me for callin' her that. I can't twist me tongue to the new name yit, sorr."

"She's still—indisposed, Tim."

"Bad luck to the yella bellies that give her such a fright. Will ye give her a bit of a message from me, sorr? Tell her the old orderly that's waited twinty years for a missus takes joy in paying his respects to her."

The eyes of the two men met and held for an instant.

The opinion of others had rarely interested the hawk. He had ignored them and the subtleties of life as well. He could ignore the latter no longer. His marriage four days before had plunged him into a growing cloud of doubts and fears.

He had married a child—the one member of her sex who had reason to be grateful to him. Until the day before their marriage she had seemed grateful. She had been dutiful, friendly, affectionate even. Since then —— Of course she had had a frightful experience with those Boxers; nervous shock might account for her desire to remain alone in her room for a time. But four days had passed. And why did she suggest a rat in a trap if he so much as opened her door? He had a sudden desire for an outside opinion of his marriage. The best, perhaps the only friend he had on earth was this Irish noncom standing before him.

"Then you approve of my marriage, eh, Tim? It doesn't—surprise you?"

(Continued on Page 89

# THE MERRY WIVES

## By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

"He's a Genius, I Tell You," She Reiterated. "He Leads People; He Doesn't Follow Them"

MY YOUNG nephew, George Coventry, has caused me many an anxious moment. The fact that he himself, no matter how grave the outlook, never seems to share my anxiety serves in no way to minimize it. He is wont to sail gayly and serenely ahead up to the very edge of the rocks, and then, by some inspiration or luck, shift his helm and bring his ship about, quivering but safe.

I know of no youth who enjoys meddling in the affairs of others more than George. He is incessantly bringing people together or separating them, luring them into matrimony—not with himself, of course—or driving them away from it. He fancies himself immensely, I am forced to believe, in the rôle of *deus ex machina*.

A good-looking, clean-looking, innocent-looking boy, George is; cheerful, insouciant, casual, with a sense of the ludicrous which I, belonging to an older generation, am often at a loss to comprehend. He is rich and an orphan and a bachelor. I am his guardian. Hence, as Horace—or was it Terence?—says, these tears.

The episode which I am about to relate occurred during the summer—the summer that my stepsister, Mary McKnight, took a house for herself and her daughter, Annabel, at Fool Harbor. My stepsister is a voluminous woman with the intellect of a moron. I say this at once and shamelessly, but I shall have occasion later to refer again to the magnitude of her body and the parvitude of her brain. Annabel, however, is radiantly different. She is slim and blond and calm, and her mentality seems to be superior to that enjoyed by most women who have beauty. For Annabel is very beautiful in a decent, decorous way. Her beauty, I suppose, was in a great measure responsible for what came to pass that summer.

Primarily it was George's fault, for George had introduced the splendid Robert Gregory to Annabel, a thing that he might not have done had he been able to foresee the consequences. That George knew Gregory was in no way surprising, for George knew a great many people, and people, too, of all classes of society—pugilists, bookmakers, ex-bartenders, professors, actors, rich men, poor men, beggarmen and thieves.

"That actor fellow, Gregory," George had said to Annabel. "Like me to bring him around some day? He seems all right except that his nails are too pink. However, I don't suppose women object to that as much as men. How about it?"

"Robert Gregory!" Annabel exclaimed, with as much of a flutter in her voice as I have ever heard in it. "Robert Gregory!"

"Dear me, yes!" George assured her with a wink in my direction. "Gregory the Magnificent. Young girls cry for him."

"How do you happen to know him?"

"Oh," said George carelessly, "he's not so hard to know. In fact, he's quite eager to associate with what he calls smart people. He's even gone so far as to invent ancestors for himself, and I've heard him say that he wished more well-born people would take up the stage as a career."

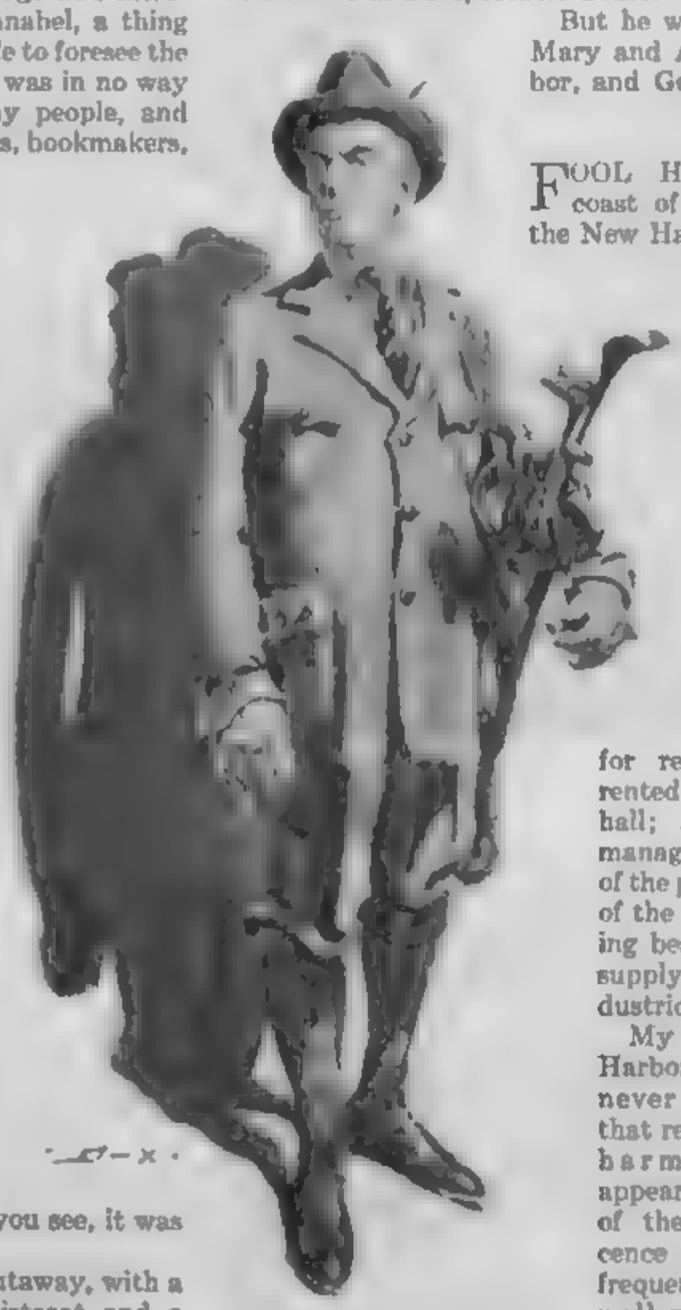
"Well," observed Annabel, "you must admit that he's one of the few American actors that can play the part of a gentleman."

"That's just what I do admit," agreed George promptly. "He plays the part of a gentleman very well. He's always playing it."

"Bring him in to tea," said Annabel, "and let me know in advance."

So that was the beginning of it; and, as you see, it was really George's fault.

Gregory came to tea in a top hat and a cutaway, with a white slip edging the opening of his waistcoat and a gardenia in his lapel. He had an imposing chest which he expanded gorgeously; he was almost six feet tall; his hair was curly and shiny and gray at the temples; and he had a cleft in his chin. In short, he was well-nigh irresistible.



Gregory Came Stamping Out to the Veranda, Looking Irritated But Majestic

If he had come but once I don't think that any of us would have worried; but he came often during that winter and spring. Annabel liked him—she said so frankly; and Mary, my stepsister, fairly worshiped him. He had the women at his patent-leather feet.

It was not surprising then that he was invited to visit them at Fool Harbor that next summer. It was not surprising; but it was distressing to both George and myself, for I need not explain that we had soon found his charms rather cloying—a little too sugared for the male palate.

"Ointment on his hair and cologne all over him," George pointed out.

"He has his initials on everything that he owns," I added.

"You're correcter than you think, Uncle Foster. He has R. G. neatly embroidered even on his underwear. I know, for I was once in his dressing room."

"That is contemptible," I said severely. "He shouldn't be allowed in a respectable house."

But he was. He went to visit Mary and Annabel at Fool Harbor, and George and I went too.

### II

FOOL HARBOR is on the coast of Maine not far from the New Hampshire line. It possesses all the necessary equipment of an American summer resort—a country club with tennis courts and golf links; a reading room with private lockers and plenty of fruit and cracked ice; a large, ugly hotel; a wayside inn that caters to tourists; a few soiled boarding houses; a quantity of cottages for rent—and usually all rented; a post office; a town hall; a store or two, ably managed by the descendants of the pirates and buccaneers of the Maine coast; a bathing beach and an adequate supply of indefatigable, industrious young girls.

My stepsister chose Fool Harbor to economize. She never chose it again for that reason. And yet it is a harmless, innocent-appearing village, with none of the deliberate magnificence of Newport. It is frequented mainly by nice, well-mannered people—many of them educated—who are neither ashamed if they are poor nor vainglorious if they are rich.

When George and I arrived at Mary's cottage we found Robert Gregory already in comfortable, complacent possession. His personality—that famous personality about which women of all ages became almost frenzied—dominated the place. You felt immediately that he was the center around which all activity, either mental or physical, revolved. The afternoon's sport, the topic of conversation, the hour for luncheon, all were determined by him; and even Annabel, I was amazed to note, seemed pliable and passive to his influence. Mary fluttered about him like an elderly excited dove.

"I am indeed delighted, Mr. Langley," he greeted me in his resonant, unctuous voice. "And George, too—how fares it with our George?"

"I'm all right," answered my nephew briefly, resenting, I could see, the patronage conveyed in "our George."

"Annabel and I are whacking the elusive golf ball about this afternoon," Gregory resumed. "Why don't you two have a round? It's an admirable little course—admirable."

"Don't worry about us," I said. "We'll find trouble of some sort."

"The devil finds work for idle hands to do," observed Gregory with his rich, deep laugh. The man was always quoting, I found, and generally inaccurately.

"I am motoring," announced Mary, who doubtless thought it was her turn to say something. "Anybody is welcome to come with me—or not, just as they please. This is Liberty Hall, you know. There, that's a bromide, isn't it?"

"It is," said Annabel decisively.

"Dear lady," Gregory interposed, "what is true is seldom new. The great truths have all been said, and it remains, even for the most brilliant of us, only to embroider them as gracefully as we may—to add the thread of gold here and the hint of silver there. But the pattern remains the same through the ages—the eternal, immutable pattern that is truth."

George, at this magniloquence, left the room abruptly, remarking that he would unpack.

"It is nearly time for the morning bath," said Gregory, consulting his magnificent initialed watch. "We bathe promptly at noon."

"Must we?" I ventured.

"Oh, positively!" said Gregory. "I never miss my bath. If I did I should have no appetite for lunch; and if I ate no lunch I should faint away on the links. Yes, indeed, we all bathe promptly at noon."

"Yes, indeed," said Mary, and I thought it wise to say nothing further. I inferred that if Gregory bathed at noon the whole household was expected to do likewise.

On the way to the beach I had an opportunity to upbraid George severely for having stood sponsor for a man such as Robert Gregory.

"What do you know about him?" I demanded. "He's a matinée idol—granted. But what else do you know? You were mad, I think, to have introduced him to Annabel and your Aunt Mary. You know what women are—at least, if you don't, it's time you began to learn. Women are completely incapable of judging a man. In fact, it is probable that certain traits which we should consider contemptible in a man would be considered by them as added attractions. The affected *poseur*, for example; the effeminate, chinless, spineless ballroom expert; the misunderstood criminal. Who is it that sends the roses to the cells of murderers? Women, I tell you! Question any bigamist's wife, and she'll say that her resentment is not against the bigamist but against his other wives. A woman admires the man who dupes her, and especially the man who dupes other women."

"Heavens, Uncle Foster," exclaimed George, "what have you been doing all your life to know so much?"

"I have kept my eyes open," I said severely. "Now take Annabel. It is apparent that she is greatly attracted by this Gregory person, whereas you and I are repelled by him. At best, he is a bounder; at worst, he may be—well, almost anything. In any case he is not the kind of person I should like to see Annabel marry."

"The Lord forbid!" said George. "You don't really think it's gone that far, do you?"

"I don't know, but I'm afraid. And I'm extremely fond of Annabel."

George nodded. "Of course," he said. "I'll think about it overnight—get the old brain working again."

"Do that," I said, "and for once I shall be glad to see you meddle in an affair which I suppose is, after all, not exactly your business."

"I'll make it my business," observed my nephew cheerily.

III

I HAVE no doubt that George racked his brain assiduously in an endeavor to hit upon a plan to thwart the illustrious Robert Gregory; but for two days at least there sprang no flower even from George's brain—a brain which I had always found fertile enough—and Gregory made even greater strides in his advance toward Annabel's favor.

At dinner, or on any occasion for that matter, he monopolized the conversation with the ease and the perfect confidence that mark those accustomed to public speaking—actors, bishops, congressmen and others. He had a peculiarly irritating way of annexing anybody else's remarks to his own use, and of contradicting them; or, at the mildest, of elaborating them into what became a monologue by Robert Gregory. And always he talked of himself. I have never before heard a man employ the pronoun of the first person so frequently in my life. Himself and his art.

On the first evening of our visit he read aloud extracts from Hamlet by William Shakspere, with critical comments by Robert Gregory. He sat, I remember, in the most comfortable chair in the house, and we formed what should have been—and in the case of Mary and Annabel was—a hushed, adoring audience about him. His dinner clothes were, as George observed, elegant—a shirt so minutely plaited that it gave the effect of ruffles; a broad black stock with an edging of white above it; a single *cabochon* sapphire stud about the diameter of a dime; and braid at the seams of his trousers. I have often wondered why actors don't as a rule dress like gentlemen.

*"To be, or not to be: that is the question:*
*Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer*
*The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,*
*Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,*
*And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep:*
*No more ——"*

Here he paused so long that I hoped that in truth there might be no more vouchsafed us. He fixed his lustrous large eyes on the chandelier and, his lips slightly apart, shook his head slowly as if in sorrow. Then almost in a whisper he repeated, "'To die: to sleep: no more.'" And presently he added: "It is too beautiful! Mark the simplicity of it, the simple grandeur, the working up to the terrific climax! 'No more!' It is everything, and yet it is nothing. Ah, dear lady"—here he turned to Mary—"the import of those two simple words is overpowering, transcendent.

"I recollect well the day I was presented to Irving. I was a mere lad, a youth just testing my wings for the great flight, and he was even then an old man; a wonderful old man, a glorious old man," he added generously. "But I had the confidence that goes with youth; the confidence which, alas, ebbs from me with every year of my career on the stage, and I recited to Sir Henry this soliloquy of Hamlet.

"I shall never forget his expression when I had finished. Never! It is one of my proudest memories. And the words of encouragement that he gave me—he, the gray-haired veteran who had run his race, and I, the stripling toeing the mark! He said, I remember—and you will pardon my seeming lack of modesty in quoting it, for I do so only to exemplify the amazing penetration of the magnificent old man—he said, with a fatherly hand on my shoulder, 'Young man, yours is the most astounding interpretation of Hamlet I have ever heard.' Then he smiled and turned away without another word; but it was apparent that he was greatly moved."

I confess that I myself was greatly moved at this ambiguous tribute, and George was restraining his facial muscles with difficulty. But, as George put it, Mary and Annabel ate it alive. That Mary should have evinced such *naïveté* did not surprise me, for my stepsister had never been endowed with a trace of humor; but Annabel—that was a different matter.

"When a woman's in love," George explained later from the depths of his infinite wisdom—"when a woman's in love she'll fall for anything; and Annabel's in love with that ham actor or I miss my guess."

That she was in love with Gregory, or in a fair way to so being, she proved to me even more conclusively when I first had an opportunity of talking to her privately. Annabel was—and heaven knows is—habitually a serene, cheerful and frank young woman, not given to hysteria or even to overmuch introspection. She was accustomed to accept life as it was dealt out to her, rejoicing in the good days and making the best of the bad ones. I have seldom seen her cry and less seldom seen her lose her temper. But she came near to doing both when I ventured to remonstrate with her in regard to this Robert Gregory person.

It was on the bathing beach, the second day after our arrival; a brilliantly clear day such as Fool Harbor can produce so often in August. Somehow or other I had managed to extricate Annabel from the company of Gregory and had led her up the white sand to a secluded spot where the beach narrows to nothing and the rocks drop abruptly into the sea. In the distance we could observe my stepsister bounding up and down in the mild little breakers that ambled up leisurely to the shore; and some distance out I fancied I discerned the black-rubber skullcap of Gregory as he plowed about with a great waving of arms and splashing of water. George was passing the time pleasantly and not unprofitably, perhaps, conversing with five—I counted them carefully—five young members of the less timid sex; but even as I looked he unchivalrously abandoned them for an informal game of baseball that was being held on the hard damp sand. George likes pretty girls, but he seems to have other interests as well, and this unfortunate lack of concentration leads me to believe he will never marry. At his age neither baseball nor wild horses would have dragged me away from those five silk-clad daughters of Nereus.

Satisfied that I was secure, then, from immediate interruption, I seated myself beside Annabel.

"Well?" she inquired, clasping her white arms about her black-silk knees. "I infer you are about to tell me that you disapprove of Bob Gregory."

Annabel is intuitive and abrupt. Taken by surprise, I fiddled about with my toes in the sand and sought for adequate words.

"What have you against him?" she inquired.

"Nothing definite," said I. "But what do you know about him? Is he a gentleman?"

"Isn't he?" She was assuming the offensive.

"I don't like his clothes," I said firmly.

She turned to survey me long and leisurely, and I was immediately conscious that I was wearing a rented bathing suit—a gray affair two sizes too large for my rather lean figure. She laughed, but did not press her advantage.

"Uncle Foster," she said, "you're ridiculous. He's a genius, and geniuses can dress any way they please."

"He's selfish; he's an egoist," I observed.

"He's a genius, I tell you," she reiterated. "He leads people; he doesn't follow them. All great men are egoists or they wouldn't be great. Napoleon was an egoist—and Robespierre, and Cromwell, and Byron ——"

"Yes," I interrupted, "but I shouldn't care to have you marry Napoleon or Robespierre or Cromwell or Byron. That's one thing about geniuses—the less intimately you know them the more you can admire them."

"The right woman," she replied sagely, "can do anything she wants with any man. It's simply a question of management. You know as well as I that if you put the right man at the head of a business he'll make a success of it, where the wrong man, with equal opportunity, would land it on the rocks. Well, if you put the right woman at the head of a man she'll make a success of the job, otherwise not. It's only a question of management, I tell you."

"And you're convinced that you're the right woman to manage Gregory?"

She hesitated a space, leaned over and picked up a stone and hurled it deftly into the sea.

Then she said, "When I'm convinced I'll marry him."

"I don't doubt it," I said, "and I warn you that if you do you'll spend most of your life listening to him talk about himself, and the rest of it embroidering monograms on his underwear."

(Continued on Page 53)

*Gregory Sat Down Very Slowly, Staring at Amelia With Wide, Bewildered Eyes*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Bolivia, Colombia, Cuba, Costa Rica, Dominican Republic Ecuador Honduras Mexico, Nicaragua Salvador Panama and Peru $2.50 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 27, 1922


## Cutting the Canyon Forests

WE HAVE just received the following resolution, which we are glad to publish:

FLAGSTAFF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

The following resolution is respectfully submitted by the Flagstaff Chamber of Commerce:

*Whereas*, Agitation has been raised in an attempt to prevent the sale of a large tract of timber in the Tusayan National Forest, on the basis that the cutting of this timber will detract from the scenic beauty of the Grand Canyon; and

*Whereas*, No timber will be cut close to the highways leading to the Park, and, furthermore, since the timber along Desert View road is not included in the sale area and only mature timber will be removed, allowing the thrifty young trees to remain as a basis for a second crop of timber; and

*Whereas*, The sale of this timber will mean a direct return in receipts to Coconino County of some $80,000.00 in addition to other returns resulting from the manufacture of at least $4,000,000.00 worth of lumber;

*Therefore*, Be it resolved that the Chamber of Commerce of Flagstaff go on record as opposing all efforts made to prevent the sale of this tract of timber and heartily endorsing the sale thereof.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA
By T. A. STAHL, *President*.

The forest referred to in this resolution is the first of those adjacent to the Grand Canyon to be marked for the ax. But the others will follow in the natural course of events, including the magnificent woodland on the north rim, which Emerson Hough has advocated setting aside in perpetuity as the President's Forest. So strong has been the pressure of local interests with eyes on this timber that the bill providing for setting aside the President's Forest covers only one-third of the desired area, and even this has small chance of passing.

Apparently eighty thousand dollars looks big at this time, but we believe the sum to be an insignificant fraction of what the timber lying adjacent to the Grand Canyon is worth, standing, to Coconino County. We sympathize with the desire of our Western States properly to develop their resources for the benefit of their residents, but anything affecting the Grand Canyon is bigger than Flagstaff, bigger than Coconino County and bigger than Arizona. It is a national, not a local matter.

One of the great charms of the Grand Canyon is its setting of beautiful green forests interspersed with lovely little open parks. To put the ax to these trees at this time, when the real possibilities of the Grand Canyon as a great national playground are just beginning to be realized, is, in our opinion and with due respect to the Flagstaff Chamber of Commerce, the height of shortsighted folly.

## Open Season for Americans

EUROPE was never more eager than now for the American tourist trade, but her people are making a very foolish bid for our business. Hotel men, restaurant managers, government officials, taxicab drivers, retail shopkeepers and indeed almost every purveyor with whom the traveling American is likely to come into contact has grossly overestimated what the traffic will bear; and when knowledge of this becomes common it will keep thousands of vacation tourists on their own side of the Atlantic until present conditions undergo a decided change for the better.

Complaints of extortionate charges, minor graft and barefaced impudence are well-nigh universal among returning tourists. They are not confined to professional penny pinchers or to frugal students of art and music and school-teachers of modest means. Those who speak with most bitterness of the way in which Americans are treated in Europe are well-to-do men of affairs, travelers for business or pleasure, who spend their money freely when at work and lavishly when at play, but who nevertheless resent being trimmed and gouged and stung at every turn.

From one end of his journey to the other the tourist who goes to Continental Europe under present conditions is in the clutches of a money-extracting machine that works with merciless efficiency. He must disgorge passport or visa fees not only at home but in every country he visits. Often these charges are only ten dollars, but Germany has lately been talking of raising visa fees for Americans to one hundred dollars. The tourist's steamship tickets will cost him rather more than double what he would have paid before the war, though as a rule the service is not so good as it was in 1914 and the tips range higher. Railway travel on the Continent is everywhere costly, usually uncomfortable and often insanitary. There are a few trains de luxe that are clean, fast and comfortable; but such transportation is the exception and not the rule.

Outside of Italy hotel rates are likely to be found high and going higher. A self-respecting Parisian would sleep on a park bench rather than pay the prices that are charged at some of the big hotels on the boulevards that are frequented by Americans. Short-change workers, baggage thieves and sellers of fake antiques abound, and they have acquired a skill and technic that are marvelous. Art objects of every sort that our people are likely to buy are counterfeited and multiplied to meet the demands of American tourist trade.

At every frontier the American traveler is likely to be subjected to inconvenience, to personal indignity or to both. In many parts of Europe Americans are treated with open contempt and must put up with insolence that they are powerless to resent.

Europe has no scenery, no architecture, no examples of art or craft that can wholly counterbalance or atone for the unnecessary vexations by which the American tourist is beset.

Experienced travelers who speak the language of the countries they visit, who know the ropes and who patronize the smaller hotels and restaurants, will avoid many of these inconveniences; but even they will not travel under prewar conditions.

Nothing will improve conditions in Europe more quickly than cutting off for a time the summer stream of American gold that every year floods her capitals.

## "Our Colonies in America"

THERE are occasional newspaper references to the widespread Teutonic societies—said to trace back to the gifted Herr Stinnes—one of whose functions is the systematic gathering of American trade information for transmission to Germany. Greek, Balkan, Japanese and Middle European propaganda have long since been recognized as permanent institutions. The more significant fact that we have not yet come to realize is the attitude of some of the governments of Continental Europe toward their nationals in this country. We may regard them as tolerated racial groups that we shall one day assimilate if they do not, in the meantime, reverse the process and assimilate us; but Old World nations think of them in different terms.

With rare skill and foresight Europe, as far as circumstances will permit, ships overseas her least desirable citizens. Once on American soil they become the objects of a systematic campaign to make them useful to the home country. She profits by the savings they send across the water. She encourages their frequent return in order that they may be freshly imbued with a sense of their old nationality and that they may be impressed with the duty of loyalty to the land of their birth.

Obviously we have nothing to fear from the activity of alien blocs in the immediate future; but if this policy is pursued for twenty or thirty years, a mere day as the lives of nations are reckoned, it will inevitably bear fruit that the American palate will find about as agreeable as an unripe persimmon.

Racial blocs acting in concert for the furtherance of their local interests can make trouble enough. They may constitute a far graver menace if they labor in the service of overseas masters. We have tasted similar medicine before now, and we have not found it to our liking.

## Useless Inventions

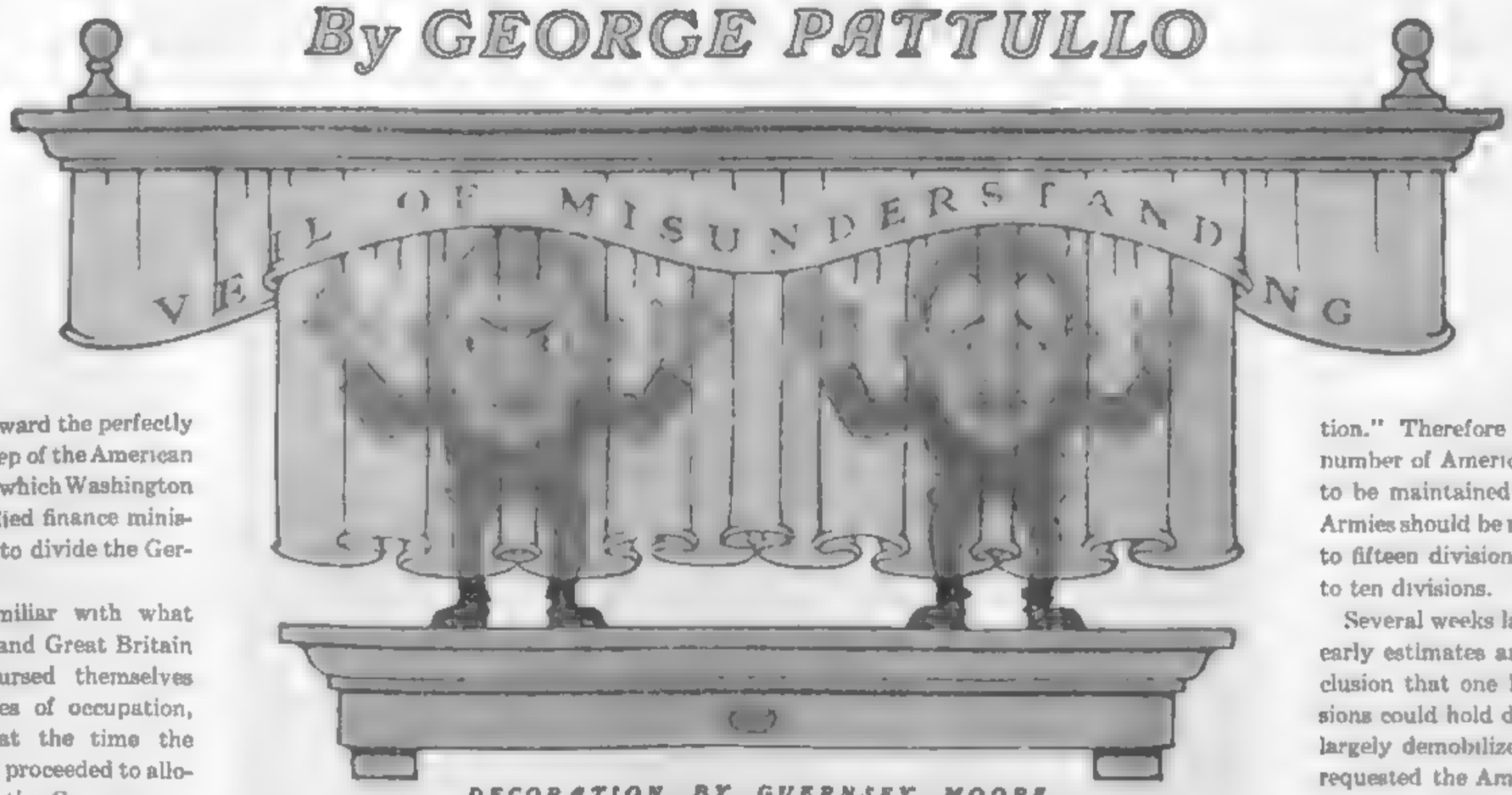
THE annual output of all the gold, silver and diamond mines in the world does not equal in value the yearly profits derived from American inventions. This is one reason why the subject of patents holds a decided fascination for the average person. Almost everyone is familiar with the life stories of Edison, Bell, and other great American inventors whose experimental work has made them world-famous. A lot of folks know that the inventor of a rubber button for garter fasteners earned more than a million dollars. The originator of a new insulating material also received more than a million dollars for the exclusive right to handle this material in only one country. Another man designed a new style of suspender and netted half a million dollars in profits. The designer of a new style of shoe laces received more than two million dollars as a reward for his ingenuity, while a college professor received several hundred thousand dollars for his improvements in telephone apparatus. Large fortunes were obtained by the inventors of a collar button that turns down at the back, a steel pen for shading drawings, a new method for boiling sugar, and hundreds of other new ideas and useful devices.

But alongside this satisfactory picture is another phase of the subject with which the public should be familiar. This less favorable side of the question is aptly described by the saying, "The patent office is the graveyard of buried hopes." Though millions of dollars have been earned by inventors and by investors in patents, huge sums are lost each year by people who have pinned their faith to impractical dreams or false beliefs. The chief cause of the failure of so many patents is the lack of careful consideration most inventors give to the commercial element, which is the essential factor in the promotion of a new idea

Everyone should remember that the patent office is compelled to issue a patent to an inventor for any really novel device that is not inoperative on its face. Therefore, the patent-office seal of approval of any idea is in no sense a criterion of commercial value. As a general rule, the more fantastic the device the easier it is to secure a patent on it. The field for improvement in practical profitable lines of endeavor, where the methods and machines used are widely known and well tried, is much more restricted than in comparatively new and more or less theoretical fields of enterprise. Too much importance is usually attached to a set of patent papers. Perhaps in no other line of activity is it so easy to use the unfair presentation of the truth for purposes of fraud as in the exploitation of a perfectly valid but wholly useless patent.

# The Inside Story of the A. E. F.

## By GEORGE PATTULLO




DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

TO THOSE cognizant of French demands in 1919 for strong American forces in the armies of occupation to insure enforcement of the peace terms, there is a certain grim humor in the 1922 attitude of French officials and press toward the perfectly just bill for the upkeep of the American Army of Occupation which Washington presented to the Allied finance ministers when they met to divide the German payments.

Everybody is familiar with what happened. France and Great Britain had already reimbursed themselves for their own armies of occupation, but they ignored at the time the American claim, and proceeded to allocate the balance of the German payments to themselves as reparations.

This attitude on the part of our late Allies proved a shock to the majority of Americans. They were surprised when the Paris press and prominent spokesmen among the French demanded to know what the American Army was doing on the Rhine anyhow, and when they told us we ought to collect payment for ourselves, inasmuch as the United States did not join in the peace treaty. Some of the spokesmen who had been most insistent on the retention of large American forces in Europe to back France up in all peace settlements were now the noisiest in their queries as to why the United States kept troops in Germany at all.

To stay-at-home Americans, the French viewpoint doubtless remains a matter of wonder, and it is hard for them to comprehend how so sane a people could entertain such expectations of us. That they should try to utilize our forces for their own armies was comprehensible, but that they should look to us now to make them an outright gift of the huge loans they contracted, and should also have asked for the use of our soldiers to work as laborers in restoring the devastated regions—to the average American mind, demands like those are inexplicable.

### Opposing Viewpoints

HOWEVER, our views on the war and our reluctance to enter it are doubtless just as puzzling to the French. It is all a matter of what a people has been taught. One thinks according to the information in his possession; and so national opinion is molded by propaganda. All national differences go back to propaganda, either printed or by word of mouth.

Each side in the struggle clamored that they fought for justice and human liberty, and consequently neither of them could regard a neutral's aloofness as being based on anything but cowardice. Now, the United States as a whole did not regard the war from that standpoint in 1914–15–16; and when we finally went in our soldiers went overseas with the feeling that they were going to somebody's rescue. That the United States was in danger from Germany, not one American in a thousand actually believed.

On the other hand, the French were persuaded we ought to have been in the war long ago, that we were late, that for three years they had been fighting our battles. They felt the same way toward the British in '14 and '15 when the British military strength was slow in making itself felt.

Convinced they had been fighting for us all along, what more natural than that the French should look to us to share their burdens? It would be only right that we should, if we admitted the premise that in fighting the Germans in 1914–15–16, they were also fighting the battles of the United States. Few Americans will admit that, however.

Victory seemed to have the effect on the Allies which sudden, unexpected success so often produces in the individual. It completely turned the French head. And in the scramble for the spoils of war they forgot how there happened to be any. Ensued a diplomatic struggle with Great Britain, a struggle involving military operations under various guises, and the threat of more.

Immediately after the armistice Marshal Foch began to assume a high tone. All the problems confronting the Allies he attacked from a purely French standpoint, whilst commanding Allied resources to make his settlements effective.

The armistice went into effect on November eleventh and Pershing immediately tackled the job of returning the American troops home with all possible speed. It became necessary to take up with the Allied commander in chief the question of how many American divisions would have to be retained in Europe until peace was signed. Pershing could see no real need for anything but a small force, a sort of nominal representation by the United States.

Marshal Foch thought differently; under date of November twenty-ninth he declared it was impossible to diminish the strength of the American effectives in France below thirty divisions—about 900,000 men—and if General Pershing wished for the departure of the Ninety-second Division—a colored division which had been ordered home by the War Department -he was at liberty to plan for it, provided he could maintain the total number of divisions agreed upon by replacing the Ninety-second with a white division.

On December twenty-fourth the Allied commander in chief set forth the minimum forces each of the Allies should furnish for the Zone of the Armies—in other words, armies held to apply the peace terms—and the American Army's quota was fixed at from twenty-two to twenty-five divisions of infantry. After the signing of the preliminaries of peace a total of thirty-two Allied divisions would be sufficient, Foch stated in this note, and the Americans would furnish six of these.

In reply Pershing pointed out that "our problem of repatriation of troops and their demobilization was quite different from that of France or Great Britain. On account of our long line of communications in France and the time consumed by the ocean voyage and travel in the United States, even with the maximum employment of our then available transportation, at least a year must elapse before we could complete our demobilization." Therefore he proposed that the number of American combat divisions to be maintained in the Zone of the Armies should be reduced on April first to fifteen divisions, and on May first to ten divisions.

Several weeks later Foch revised his early estimates and came to the conclusion that one hundred Allied divisions could hold down the broken and largely demobilized Germans, and he requested the American Army to furnish fifteen divisions—more than 450,000 men. As the rate at which we could return our troops home necessarily left more than that number of divisions in France, any promise along this line was superfluous.

"We were, therefore, able to keep our available ships filled," says Pershing in his report, "and by May 19 all combat divisions, except 5 still in the Army of Occupation, were under orders to proceed to ports of embarkation."

It is clear why we kept troops in the Army of Occupation at French solicitation, and that their numbers would have been greatly reduced had the French not objected.

### The Restored Provinces

OWING to their propinquity to the lost provinces and the part they had played in their liberation, the American forces entertained the hope of making formal entry into some of the cities they had helped to free from the German armies—Sedan, Metz, and so on. For sentimental and political reasons the French desired to make these entries with their own armies. As it would strengthen their prestige in the restored territory, and these provinces had not long since been French, this desire was only natural and everybody was agreeable to the arrangement. The American command readily met French wishes in this respect, but when the Allied commander in chief displayed a purpose to impress the Germans in the same fashion by mixing American forces with the French armies of occupation, Pershing flatly objected.

On November twenty-eighth he wrote to Marshal Foch: "After very careful study I feel that it is most advisable that during the occupation of German territory there be no mixture of units.

"Many perplexing problems concerning our relations with the civil authorities and with the inhabitants of the occupied countries are certain to arise. In dealing with these problems, the troops of each nation must act in accordance with the laws and customs of their own country. It is as inadmissible that a French commander should act under the laws and customs of America as that an American commander should have to carry out instructions relative to German citizens, emanating from any source not directly responsible to his own Government.

"My Government holds me responsible for the relations of American troops with the German inhabitants, and it also holds me responsible for all such relations within the American Zone. I must therefore request you to modify so much of your instructions concerning the occupation of

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# SINGLE, DOUBLE, TROUBLE

## By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Dis world of sin I craves to leave:
De angels sing an' do not grieve.
I craves to jine 'em, hand to hand,
An' neveh leave dat heavenly band.

THE Wildcat, feeble with leg misery and ailing mightily, moaned his plaint to an indifferent world. Over in another corner of Captain Jack's woodshed, Demmy, the sawed-off member of the duet whose mutual friendship had been cemented with a flood of sticky molasses, pried the mascot goat's mouth ajar with a stick of kindling wood and propped it open with a clothespin.

"Reveal yo'self, fool, an' stay revealed. Go blattin' round here f'm eatin' pork'pine bushes! Stan' still. Mebbe dis learns you neveh to relish dese thistle bushes."

Demmy picked the stickers out of Lily's mouth to an accompaniment of song from the Wildcat, prone on his pallet in the corner of the woodshed.

*Heah I is, Lawd, wid my breas' plate on;*
*Sweep me up on high.*
*W'aitin', Lawd, wid my breas' plate on;*
*Honin' fo' my home on high.*

"You gits on high afteh de front seats is filled. Wilecat, how come you is so soggy-minded? Lawd don't crave no sweepin's. Lawd sweep you up wid a club. Preacher say think befo' you jumps. 'Member dat nex' time when you starts flyin' an' finishes muscle-bound."

"Gwine to be no nex' time. Neveh gwine leap no mo'."

"Serve you right did yo' neck git busted 'stead of only strainin' yo' legs. Heah you 'dulges yo'self in a night prowl an' gits chased. Den whut happens? You climbs a fence—sudden. Thinks you knowed de lay of de lan'. Thinks you knows yo' own alley. All I sez, serves you right."

"Demmy, how I know dem neighbors was diggin' dat deep pit fo' dat 'cinerator thing? Las' hund'd yeahs dey hauls garbage. How come dis 'cinerator pit rage so sudden? How come dat pit right whah I aimed to land? Naw, suh! Ol' Lady Luck los' my name, else she wait wid a helpin' han' when I fell. Devil yell, 'Pick yo' podneh!' an' Ol' Man Trouble pick me."

"Serve you right. How come you night prowl anyhow? Some woman some place, seems like to me."

"Demmy, you wrongs me. Ain't no woman. Whut fo' I go prowlin' afteh some woman? Got me single troubles enough now widout hitchin' on any double extry."

"Dat's whut dey all say. I speck to see you hog-tied in madrimony any day now since de word went round you had money."

"Ain't got money. 'Vested it wid dat back-pay man whut is gittin' us army boys de boonus."

"You says. I strains to b'lieve you. Naw, suh, Wilecat. You is sho' backslid on de sin road. All I knows is, once you an' dis goat was upright. Den you gits de night prowls, loses yo' money, like to busts yo' legs gittin' loose f'm whut chased you, an' de goat takes to nibblin' thistles an' pork'pine vines. Yo' misery is richly deserved. Richly deserved an' not half plenty. Heah I stays by de house close, like de town marshal knowed my name, an' all I gits is a added burden to bend my back. You ain't done nothin' 'cept lay down. How dem legs? Ain't you able to wrassle dat jag of fancy washin' de cap'n's wife is sendin' to de French laundry?"

"Speck I kin, Demmy. See kin I."

Groaning plenty with every move, the Wildcat tried his legs and found them better than he wanted them to be. When work crowded down heavy a good pair of sprained legs were pretty handy to have. They had served as a shield between him and hard work for four days, and now it appeared that the time had come when Demmy would be relieved of some of the heavy running round.

"Whuf! Dat right leg feels kinda gentle. Lef' one is able to stan' up. Whah dem clo'es?"

"Time you was askin' whah de work is. You been askin' whah it ain't long enough. I gits de clo'es an' fetches 'em heah. You lugs 'em to de laun'ry. Rise up an' walk."

*The Veiled Stranger Plowed Halfway Into the Mass of Perspiring Dancers to Meet the Enraged Magnezia*

With this parting admonition the sawed-off Demmy left the woodshed and meandered up the path toward Captain Jack's house, where on the back veranda rested a bundle of feminine wearing apparel whose fabric had seemed too delicate to be intrusted to the rough-and-ready attentions of Captain Jack's Amazon laundress.

The Wildcat stepped gentle as if time had suddenly booned him with a premium of bone spavin. He hobbled to the corner of the woodshed where the mascot goat was trying her teeth on an old rubber boot.

"Lay off dat boot! How come you git yo' face full of thistle bristles? Ain't you learned whut is delicate an' whut ain't? Stan' roun' heah!"

With a length of clothesline in his hand, the Wildcat relayed the abusive and critical language which Demmy had showered down on him during the last four days. "Goat—one mo' step on de sin road an' you gits de hot end of dis rope. Stan' still!"

Lily stood still. About her neck the Wildcat looped the thin rope. He fixed it in position with a series of loose knots, and presently the mascot was meshed in a complicated net of harness from which trailed a jerk line and a pair of free ends.

"Back up!" Lily was boosted to position fronting a broken-down baby carriage that stood against the wall of the woodshed. "Goat, halt! Quit eatin' dat rope befo' I hangs you wid it!" A few more clumsy knots and Lily was hitched.

"Dah you is! Dah you stays—in de harness! Ponder on gee-haw an' ponder which is which. F'm now on whilst mah legs is ailin' all de heavy haulin' is done by a four-leg varmint whut ain't got betteh sense dan to eat briers. Serves you right."

Demmy appeared in the doorway with the bag of laundry.

"How come de hitched-up goat? Dis washin' weighs light."

"Goat does de haulin'. Starts dat mascot wid light washin' an' finish wid pig iron befo' Ise through. Learn dat goat. Whah de cap'n say take dem raiment? Which French laun'ry?"

"Speckle-face woman by de tanyard. Same as las' time when you was laid up wid chills an' de cook took it. Woman name Magnezia Bunny. Ain't neveh seed her. Cook say she light built an' spin'lin'."

Demmy dropped the bundle of clothes in the baby carriage.

"Git goin', an' come back soon. De kindlin' hatchet needs trainin'. Ise busy wid de coal bin f'm now till suppeh. On yo' way!"

The mantle of command which the Wildcat had worn at Captain Jack's home seemed suddenly to have been transferred to Demmy's narrow shoulders, but in his solid friendship for his diminutive companion the Wildcat found nothing of resentment at Demmy's assumption of authority. On the contrary, he seemed to relish the new business of being bossed around.

"Ise gwine, Demmy. Don't be so temp'rary wid me an' Lily. Us is ailin'."

"You be ailin' worse 'less you gits in de high. Git goin' an' git comin' back. Don't delay wid dat spindlin' Magnezia woman whut runs de fancy laun'ry. Neveh seed her, but de cook says she been hitched twice an' aims to repeat."

"Aim lots, does she crave. Ise aim proof. Lots has aimed, but none is pulled de triggeh." The Wildcat growled his marching orders at the mascot. "Git goin', Lily! Hit de collar!"

"Neveh mind how aim proof you is." Demmy called a parting word of advice. "When de you-an'-me talk begins you grunt. Grunt an' come back single 'stead of double wid trouble. Don't say no social words to no yallah widdahs whut has French laun'ry blood in 'em. See you at suppeh time."

The Wildcat and Lily, convoying their cargo of laundry, limped their slow way down the length of the alley. Where the alley met the wide street they swung to the left. About here, without knowing it, they parted company with Lady Luck.

II

SIX feet high, young, skinny and cinnamon-faced, Magnezia Bunny had chased one forgotten husband into the sanctuary of a penitentiary, killed a second by the slow process of renting him out as a field hand, and was just now engaged in looking for a third victim. The French laundry brought in a living without much work. When her business associates in Memphis were clearing two dollars a day Magnezia paraded her technical superiority and killed

(Continued on Page 26)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

# Slip this in your outing pack!

Time to eat and Campbell's Beans are mighty good when you're tired and hungry! Just get a whiff of these tempting, savory beans and their tomato sauce. Your appetite will go for them like a trout for the fly. They're easily carried, already cooked and the best kind of good, solid, substantial food.

Serve hot **12 cents a can** Serve cold

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

**Campbell's BEANS**

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

competition. She left the parade in possession of a reputation for being the best laundress on fine work for miles around. "Exclusive," that was her motto. Folks had to be somebody before they attracted her professional attention. Being somebody in her mind meant a commercial rating first of all, no matter what the social register might have to say.

"Folks thinks if things cost twice as much dey's twice as fine. I learn dat when I seed my fust man relish a nickel cigar whut de saloon man put in de ten-cent box. Ise learned lots since den, but it stays de truth. Folks pays big money to be fooled. I fools 'em. Cost mo' to have me wash an' iron a pair of silk stockin's dan whut de stockin's deyselves used to cost. S'clusive—dat's me."

Toward this exclusive establishment, riding herd on the hitched-up mascot goat and leaning lightly on the handle of the baby carriage, limped the Wildcat.

"G'long, Lily, gittin' late. Don't crave to miss no rations, an' dese legs ain't 'quipped wid much speed dis aftehnoon. Git 'long dah!"

"Bla-a-a!" Lily receipted for the message, and then, her mouth still sore from an overindulgence in nettles, she held her lower jaw at a cross between ah and parade rest.

The Wildcat asked his way. "Whah at de Bunny woman live? I means de washlady woman."

"Nex' do' de grocery at de co'neh. De yaller-do' house."

"Lily, git in dat collah! Step wide!"

In front of the yellow-door house the parade halted long enough for the Wildcat to restrain Lily with a few turns of rope around one of the pickets of the fence. This accomplished, he mounted the narrow porch and rapped loudly on the panels of the yellow door. On the instant the lifted edge of an upstairs lace curtain fell to place and the Wildcat heard a patter of slippers on a stairway. Then his ears were seduced with two gentle syllables cooed in the sundown tone of a turtle dove.

"Enter."

"Huh?"

Again the soft voice from within the house, "Please come in."

"Who—me?"

A boy never could be too careful, responding to these trap voices. Maybe nobody had said nothing. Sounded some like spirits. Best thing to do was to step down off the porch where Lily and the laundry were real and tangible. The Wildcat retreated one step to the rear, stumbled and got a red-hot reaction out of his sprained knee.

"Hot dam! Oh, Lawdy an' vinegar wid de shootin' blaze in mah laig! Oof!"

The door opened to emit a blast of guinea-hen language in which the dove accents were completely lost.

"Hush yo' mouth, nigger! Hush yo' yellin' befo' dis lef' wing unkinks a transfer and knocks you f'm heah to whah yo' face is a dimple. Shut up!"

This was something that could be understood.

"Yassum! 'Scuse de ruckus talk. I brung de washin' f'm Cap'n Jack's lady."

"Bring it down de side path. Front do' ain't no laun'ry entrance."

"Yassum!"

Lily was cast loose from her moorings and hazed through the narrow gate and around the house. At the far end of the pathway a wide expanse of clothes-lines, half of them draped with silk and fine linen, met the Wildcat's eye. Laces too delicate to be warped by clothespins lay around in the sunlight, supported on a series of white wood frames a foot from the ground.

"Tie up dat goat an' fetch dat laun'ry inside!"

"Yassum!" Here was a regular industry. No wash lady's establishment had ever been like this. Here was a superior organization, and the boss of it was giving orders. The Wildcat tied Lily to a clothes pole and groaned a little for effect when he stooped over to lift the ten-pound bundle of clothes out of the baby carriage. "Whuf! Dem wounds sho' is ragin'."

"Bring it in dis do'."

"Yassum. Lawdy, but mah wounds pain me!"

"Whut wounds? White man wound you close to a hen house?"

"Mis' Bunny, you flails de mo'tal flesh wid dem words. Dese is wah wounds I 'cumulates back in France."

"In de back, you say? Long time ago, seems like—dat wah."

"Dese is long-time wounds. Bay'nits, pistil shots, cannon balls, shaprel—one an' all I met an' konkered. Lef' me feeble."

The veteran modulated his voice to a tremolo to fit his recital. Inside the kitchen his eyes fell on half a boiled ham, resting at ease on a platter. He resumed his wild recital of his A. E. F. ordeal, winding up with a burst of criticism directed at the mess sergeant of his outfit.

"Boy neveh fed us a-tall. Sold de rations an' drunk hisself to de fo'gettin' point wid de money ev'ey month. Ain't got mo' dan half caught up wid mah rations in goin' on two yeahs steady eatin'. Seems like mah wounds an' dem wah 'flictions lef' me wid de perm'nent craves in mah stummick. Ise a Wilecat fo' ham."

He looked directly and fixedly at the ham.

"Set down 'till I gits you a ham san'wich."

The day was won.

"Woman, whet de blade! Omit out de san'wich part. Don't aim to let no bread clutter up mah neck whilst de ham lasts. Plain ham. Bread I tolerates when dey ain't nuthin' else."

"Ham yo'self whilst I gits de coffee hot."

Half an hour later the ham had sunk without a trace in a dozen cups of coffee.

"Whuff! Magnezia, spec' heaven is a ham island in a coffee lake, wid you wettin' a whetstone whilst I swings de ham knife. Nobles' rations I eveh et!"

"G'long wid yo' plag'in' talk. You sez dat!"

"Ise a bullet fo' ham, whinin' soft an' bitin' heavy. Ain't no mo', is dey? Dat's whut sez! You sho' is de ham-cookin'ist woman Ise eveh knowed!"

"Wilecat, go 'long! You cuts yo' words to de pattern an' us all wimmin gits de same dress."

"Ain't so. Means it. Always thought how gran' ham was, wid a woman whut really knowed ham cookin'."

"Wilecat!"

"Magnezia!"

The Wildcat was slipping and he knew it. He recovered and buzzed loudly in the web.

"Got to be goin' now befo' Cap'n Jack lets go de bloodhoun's."

"How much yo' white folks boon you in wages? Seems like you is mighty anxious to git back."

"Depen's. Git none lately. Ain't spoke money talk since Cap'n Jack boon me wid de blue suit an' de yaller shoes. Gran' shoes."

"Wilecat, put on dat raiment an' tend de party to-night at Sis' 'Liza's house. Woman wid de husban' in heaven—o' elsewhah. Gran' time, with an' includin' all de 'Liza gin you kin drink. You an' me. Us goes double."

"Whah de place?"

"Fo' gates f'm de Black Beauty Livery—you know de place."

"I knows. I comes an' meets you accidental. Dat's de bes' way."

"Whut makes you so hangin' back? You ain't double is you, an' deceivin'?"

"'Clares not. Tol' you once. No tag on me 'cept de Lawd's breas'plate. Neveh doubled none. Got plenty trouble widout doublin'."

"You sho' you comes—ain't deceivin'?"

"Ain't no deceiveh. Got de Lawd's breas'plate on. Sees you dis night. Got to beat de bloodhoun's now gittin' back."

Stoop-shouldered with his cargo of hope and ham, the Wildcat staggered to his feet and hobbled to the kitchen door. At the door he paused a moment for the final syllables of a farewell in which were mingled thanks for the ham and prayers for the future. The tenor of his gratitude inspired a reply from the widow, and in her words again sounded the cooing-dove notes which had first greeted him through the front door of the house.

"Aw, honey, hush."

Honey hushed, having nothing better to do, and his embarrassed eyes, seeking escape from the widow's saccharine glances, traveled to the silk-and-lace mosaic of feminine apparel that mottled the back yard. For a moment thereafter his vision failed to register. Then he gulped twice and batted his eyes. He closed his eyes tight, as if to blot the scene from his mind. Then his lips framed his mascot's name. Three times he tried to call to the goat, but no sound came until a length of nervous tongue moistened enough of his dry lips to permit speech.

"Lily!"

His voice was pitched low. Thereafter, as loud as he could yell, he fired a volley of commands at the goat, and in his words was battle.

Lily, nibbling delicately on what had been a lace collar worth ten times its weight in gold, answered sweetly, "Ba-a-a!"

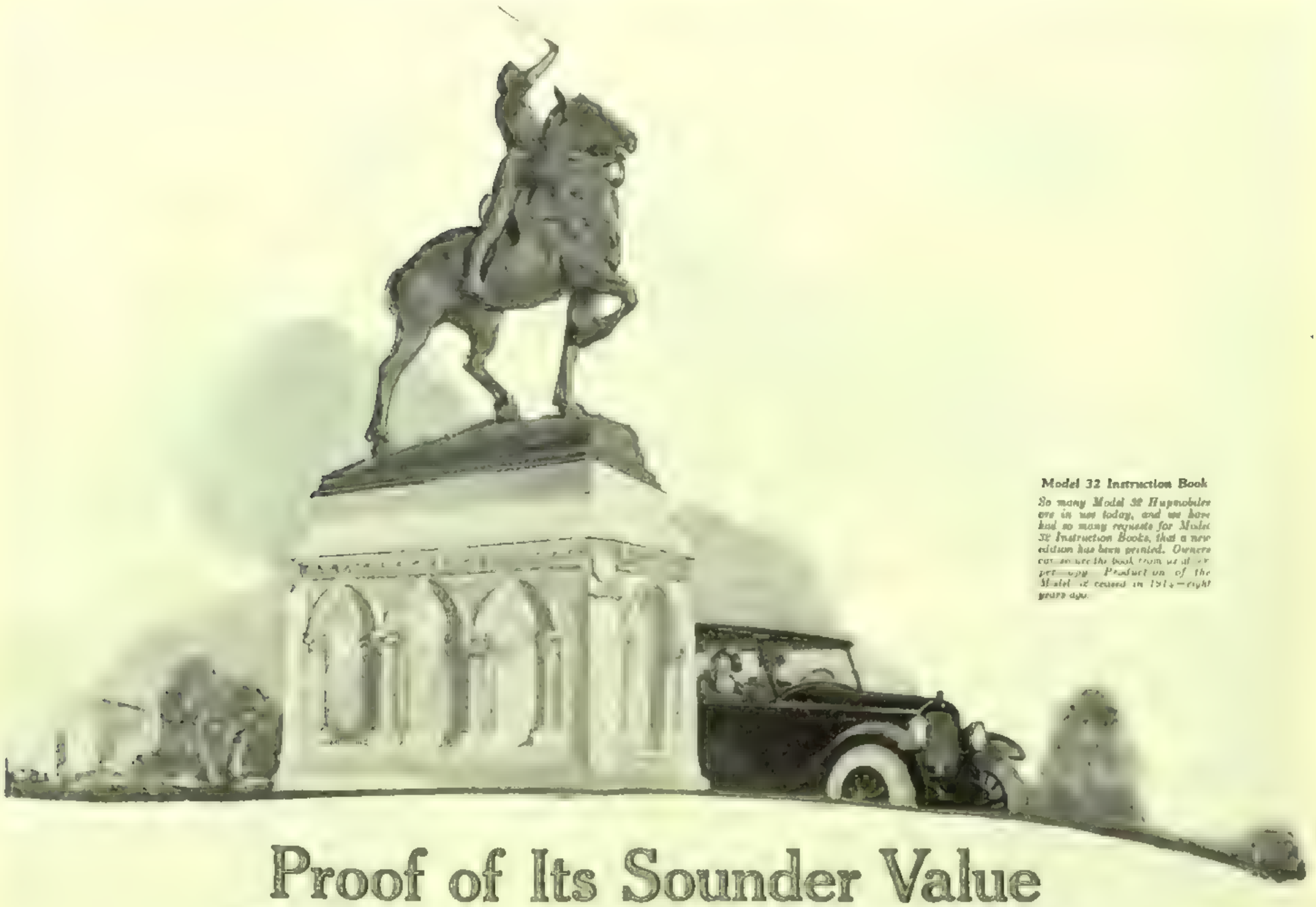
The startled widow, looking over the Wildcat's shoulder, saw a wide new channel in the sea of silk and linen. The channel was three feet wide, and it began at the place where Lily had chewed her hitching rope in two. It meandered along for fifty feet to where the mascot goat returned the Wildcat's hail as best she could with a stomach gorged with lace and grass and silk.

"Ba-a-a!"

Action followed the Wildcat's words, and it was Magnezia who acted. A broom, launched at Lily, stripped a ten-foot length of clothesline of its cargo. The handle of a clothes

(Continued on Page 28)

"Wilecat, Honey, I Does. I Takes You, Betteh or Worser. I 'Cepts Yo' Pleadin' fo' Mah Hand in Wedlock"



**Model 32 Instruction Book**

*So many Model 32 Hupmobiles are in use today, and we have had so many requests for Model 32 Instruction Books, that a new edition has been printed. Owners can secure the book from us at 25 per copy. Production of the Model 32 ceased in 1924—eight years ago.*

# Proof of Its Sounder Value Found In the Years Behind It

It is not strange that the Hupmobile this year should be shattering all of its previous high sales records.

Buyers today are scrupulously seeking out value, particularly among motor cars. They are giving outspoken and positive preference to products whose worth is familiarly known to everyone.

For nearly 14 years people everywhere have been saying good things about the Hupmobile.

### *All Sales Records Are Being Shattered*

Everywhere it has long been spoken of as an unusually good car. It has made a brilliant name for economy and reliability and long life.

People who have never owned it, regard it almost as highly as those who drive it every day.

Our January sales this year far outstripped any previous January. February registered another smashing increase.

March not only surpassed February, but registered such vast strides that the record of our largest previous quarter went to pieces.

The quarter's increase over the same period in 1921 was 172 per cent; and April showed a still greater proportionate gain over the first three months of the year.

Hupmobile owners, as a rule, are not one-time buyers. They come back for another Hupmobile. A great proportion of our annual production is regularly taken by those who know how much it means—in savings, in continuous convenience, and in peace of mind—to drive a car like the Hupmobile.

So it was inevitable that in times like these, such a reputation and such a record should stand out sharp and clear, and attract new buyers by the hundreds and the thousands.

### *Hupmobile Owner-History Foretells Owner-Future*

The years of owner-satisfaction back of the Hupmobile are founded on the good qualities which it is proving every day all over the world—real economy, in low upkeep and infrequent repairs; clock-like reliability; surpassing performance; length of life and high re-sale value that are decidedly unusual.

They foretell what the new owner can count upon when he buys a Hupmobile.

*Touring Car, $1250; Roadster, $1250; Roadster Coupé, $1435; Coupé, $1435; Sedan, $1935. Cord Tires on all models. Prices F. O. B. Detroit—Revenue Tax Extra*

**Hupp Motor Car Corporation**
Detroit, Michigan

# Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 26)

wringer, twisting through its trajectory, reaped a harvest of lingerie three feet to the right of the goat. Lily, with a look of injured innocence shining virtuously from her eyes, asked one question in goat language before she was lifted high above her banquet table by her master's arms.

"Lily, fo' less dan money you gits sold to de slaughter-house. Dis time you is et yo'self to de edge of yo' grave. Lay dere, varmint, till I axes whah de road to de butcher's!"

The Wildcat slammed the goat down into the baby carriage to which the mascot had so lately been hitched.

"Lay still! Repent an' 'wait de minnit of sacrifice!" He turned to the war-dancing widow. "Magnezia, all I sez fo' de present is words, an' dem words is whut de judge says when de jury sez 'Guilty.' Dis de las' time Lily pesters you wid ——"

The double widow, looking at the cringing form in the baby carriage, was suddenly reminded of the fact that heaven disguises its blessings every so often.

"Wilecat, shower down mercy!" In her mind, superior to her rage, flashed a scheme whose success would substitute the word Marsden for the Bunny part of her name. "Dat goat has et de profits of a year's work, but she didn't know no better. Fo'give de transgressor an' judge not les' ye be penned up wid hoss thieves. De Lawd gives an' hauls back. Ise only a lone an' downtrod widdah, a clingin' vine wid nobody laborin' in de vineyard; but Ise willin' to fo'get an' fo'give dat li'l' goat."

The nobility of Mis' Bunny's words was all gummed up with sobs and blind gestures. She groped feebly through her tears and encountered the Wildcat's arm.

"Magnezia, dry dem tears. Ain't nuthin' los' but laun'ry."

Sympathy! Quicksand!

Ten seconds later, far from feeble, Magnezia Bunny had embraced the Wildcat in a drowning clinch that felt like a session with a cinnamon bear. In his babble of comforting words the Wildcat had spoken no verbal options, but a moment after his last eloquent and soothing phrases had ceased the widow answered him, and her reply was an acceptance of various unoffered things, including one husband.

"Wilecat, honey, I does. I takes you, betteh or worser. I 'cepts yo' pleadin' fo' mah hand in wedlock. Sho' do, an' to-night at de party us 'nounces our impendin' weddin' festivities."

Over the widow's shoulder, his hands hanging hopeless and heavy at his side while he breathed with difficulty in the bear-trap clasp of his impetuous fiancée, the Wildcat gulped convulsively at his sudden fate. He batted his eyes. The eye batting slowed down and the lids stayed put, a curtain between the fearful present and a future compared to which the present was a steam-heated paradise. Whichever way he looked he saw a barbed-wire trouble fence too high to be scaled.

"Honey, you is so cold. How come you so calm an' steady when Ise all flustered wid de beatin' of my heart? You deceives me. I bet you is a ol' hand wid de flame of love; bet you could build a June-love bonfire in de April rain. Why is you deceivin' so?"

"Ain't no deceiveh. Tol' you once. When is dese heah weddin' calamities happen you speaks about?"

"'Gagement is broadcasted to-night at Sis' Liza's party. De eleet folks gin'ally holds de weddin' f'm five to seven days afteh dey tells de worl' 'bout de 'gagement. Dis is Monday. 'Nounces to-night an' nex' Monday us gits de preacheh. High noon. Aftehnoon hack drive. Aw, Wilecat, honey! Lawd, how de time do drag!"

The Wildcat saw a temporary out.

"Ain't draggin' now. Release go dem twinin' arms an' I gits back an' 'dorns me wid de blue pants and dem yaller shoes so's folks sees me prancin' when dis 'gagement bizniss is told to-night."

The victim sought freedom that he might be alone in his misery. He squirmed loose, and a moment later, wheeling Lily along at a four-mile pace that indicated a sudden and complete cure of the leg feebles, he was on his way to Captain Jack's woodshed, where Demmy awaited him. He relied on Demmy. He bore down heavy on Demmy, trusting that diminutive genius in this hour of peril.

"Dat boy is little, but his head part is all whale meat, like I tol' him afteh dat prize fight wid dat Haiti boy. Huh! Demmy learn dis Magnezia woman whah to go wid dat hitchin'-bizness talk. Boy git me out of dis like in dat prize fight whah I starts wid one second an' winds up wid ten. Tells Demmy an' lays back whilst he 'ranges me loose f'm dis home-cravin' widdah. When dey is six gallopers in a crap game I gits double-hitched—mebbe. Only two dice now, an' dey is worked to death makin' a livin' fo' me, let alone some lazy manager you is doubled with. Dis heah Demmy 'ranges me free. Tell Demmy how come. Demmy fix it."

He tried to dismiss the subject from his mind and to dwell upon the happy single past instead of his doubtful double future.

The mascot goat, sogged down in the cramped interior of the baby carriage, knowing full well that her stock was under par for the moment, took advantage of a cobbled strip of street to change her bouncing position until her front feet lolled over the front rim of the vehicle. Thereafter, sitting pretty, Lily enjoyed the business of being transported without personal exertion. She voiced her satisfaction in a gentle bleat which served to start another cycle of brooding in the Wildcat's brain.

"Goat, shut yo' face! Heah I is, thinkin' of all dem good times us had in de wah, an' you blats in wid yo' say-so and brings me back to trompled laun'ry an' dat home-cravin' Magnezia. One mo' blaa f'm you an' us goes fust to whah dey sells goats fo' slaughterhouse purposes."

Lily was silent thereafter—silent with a fixed purpose that indicated her understanding of the Wildcat's words. Until she stretched her legs and trotted around in the freedom of the woodshed back of Captain Jack's house no sound cluttered up her face. That she spent the rest of the ride gnawing at a rattan spiral ornamenting the starboard quarter of the baby carriage may have inspired her silence, but this the Wildcat overlooked, attributing her obedience to the perfection of her training.

For once in his life the Wildcat encountered a supper hour filled with a subject more important than rations. It was six o'clock when the return journey ended, and sixty minutes of life and freedom intervened between the foot-loose present and the moment when, at Sis' Eliza's party, his entanglement with the tall and spindlin' Magnezia Bunny would be released to the listening local world.

"Don't crave no suppeh. Craves to tell Demmy—craves to share my woe. Got me a load of grief too heavy fo' one boy. Mebbe Demmy kin lift de heavy end like he always done. Demmy!" No voice answered him. "Demmy, whah at is you?"

Demmy, at the moment, was busy in the house. The Wildcat guessed the truth, and with a brief order to the mascot he walked out of the shed and up the narrow brick pathway to the back steps of Captain Jack's house. Light from the kitchen gleamed through the screened door. Half afraid that some malignant turn of Lady Luck's hand might whisk his helper from the scene at this critical eleventh hour, the Wildcat lifted his despairing gaze to the chair at the kitchen table where the sawed-off Demmy was wont to perform his prodigious feats with food.

Demmy was nowhere to be seen. The chair was empty. Except for the fat cook kneeling before the open oven of the long range there was no one in the kitchen.

"Whah Demmy?" The Wildcat's voice was husky with despair.

"Settin' de table. Whah you been? Git in heah an' git to work. Spec' you let Cap'n Jack eat alone without help. You gits mo' trifiin' eve'y day! Git dem plates in de hot oven. Git yo' white coat befo' ——"

"Woman, git plassified! Lissen to whut I ——"

The Wildcat was interrupted by the entrance of Demmy. He broke off his oration to the cook and in three steps was at the side of the diminutive brunet.

"Demmy, Ise in trouble—bad. Ain't no worse kind." His whisper rose to a croak. "Ise got ketched—like you said. Come out heah wid me whilst I tells you."

Demmy sensed the emergency, and the pair retreated into the night, followed by the cook's loud statements of what she aimed to do to both of them.

"Stay calm, woman! Us comes back in no time."

"Less you does I scalds you red wid dis bilin' kittle an' ——"

"Demmy, don't lissen to dat woman. Don't neveh lissen to no woman. Just like you said, de you-an'-me talk begins at de washlady's, an' us gits 'gaged to git hitched. Party to-night, an' Magnezia tells de world. All come f'm dat goat. Lily et me into dis woe. Preacheh puffo'ms his duty nex' week—den Ise done!"

Demmy was silent for ten seconds, but his twisting face was an index of the intensity of his mental effort.

"Dis takes speed, Wilecat. Leave me think some mo'!"

Another forty seconds of brain work, with closed eyes. Consecutive steps of the tentative solution were ticked off on the fingers of Demmy's left hand. He opened his eyes.

"Might work. Ain't sayin' sho' risky fo' me. Seems like eve'ything I does is risky. Git out of my way! You keep dat cook woman in de kitchen an' don't let her git neah her own room till after I gits back. Wait de table fo' Cap'n Jack. Meets you in de woodshed at eight o'clock wid de news. Keep dat cook in de kitchen—dat's all."

The Wildcat's imperfect service at Captain Jack's table that night and his various sudden attacks of dish trembles served to keep the cook in the kitchen. When the Wildcat dropped a platter on which was arranged a squad of candied sweet potatoes the cook's apprehensive mood gave way to one of undiluted abuse. From then on she was too busy showering down vitriolic language on the offender's bowed head to think about leaving the kitchen. On the part of the victim, he was too far away mentally to be affected by anything the cook might say, except that now and then at the apex of her eloquent flights he stored away a choice phrase for use on the mascot goat when the time for real language should be ripe. In his dazed mind the Wildcat sought to follow the course and actions of the absent Demmy, striving to picture each succeeding phase of the night's drama until the curtain might fall with the crown of victory resting on Demmy's brow. But each time, at the point where Demmy encountered Mis' Magnezia Bunny, the picture faded and in its stead was a tableau of retreat. The retreater was the Wildcat himself, closely pursued by a galloping and skinny brunette in whose upraised hand waved a meat ax labeled, "Vitus Marsden—Rush."

At the meat-ax stage he batted his eyes and shook his head in a convulsive attempt to clear his brain of the vision of disaster. At one of these shaking points he collided with the framing of the pantry door and spilled the candied sweet potatoes.

"Neveh mind, dey ain't lost. I eats dem yams. I sweeps up dem yams."

"You eats dem yams!" Hatred and scorn sounded in the accented you. "Sweeps dem yams up, does you?" Bam! The Wildcat dodged a hurled stove lid, only to encounter the mop end of a swinging mop. "You eats mud! Git dis hot bread to dat table befo' I loses my temper an' kills me a fumblin' fool!"

"Ise gwine! Yassum!"

Through the craven's mind flitted the thought that unless the night marked Demmy's success all the future would be one long business of dodging stove lids. The thought tamed him. Bitter replies were choked down before they were uttered. For the time being, where normally he might have exchanged compliments, he was lamblike and humble to a degree that threatened to destroy the masterful control and fireside prestige which he had established in the home circle.

"Ise hustlin', honey. Gimme dat bread!"

"Don't honey me! Git goin' befo' I knocks you loose f'm yo' gizzard!"

"Yassum! I is!"

He was, and while the Wildcat was ambling along three jumps ahead of the cook's slightest wish Demmy was running a personal race with Old Man Trouble.

Before he had left Captain Jack's house Demmy executed a quick piece of prowling and emerged from the room which was normally occupied by the cook, carrying under each arm a loose and obstinate bundle of feminine raiment. In the sanctuary of the dark woodshed he laid down his bundles. Then, startled by a slight noise in the far corner of his retreat, he turned to face a pair of phosphorescent green eyes.

"Whuf!" He controlled his feet. "Lawd, Lily, when I gits back I beats you to death fo' lookin' like a ghost! How come yo' eyes so green?"

Lily answered with an apology for her resemblance to a ghost; but Demmy, busy with a lantern, was suddenly deaf to the goat's explanations. Just then more serious business than listening to a goat filled his mind. In the dim light of the lantern he stooped and picked up a bright yellow waist adorned with diagonal black stripes. A voluminous checked shirt, gaudy with squares of purple and orange, came next, followed by a wide-and-drooping felt hat from which exploded a pair of massive red plumes the like of which no modest ostrich could have endured. A yellow veil netted in the open spaces between a pattern of sprawling purple spiders, and finally a wide blue sash. Demmy lashed the sash about his waist, looping wide folds of the flowing skirt under the sash, and tied it in place with a square knot that supported a butterfly finish as big as a dishpan.

"Sho' is awkward! Feels like a fish in a net."

Without fully realizing it at the moment, but laboring under a suspicion which approximated the truth, Demmy resembled a fish in a net as closely as anything could that did not have fins and gills. About the fish's form was draped a ponderous plush cloak. Then, into the night and forward to the battlefield! The sawed-off hero blew out the lantern, showered down a parting curse on Lily and was on his way.

### III

A SOUND of revelry by seven o'clock at Sis Eliza's house. A trombone acrobat on a dais of soap boxes to give him arm room on the long notes, a hyena saxophone, a demon drummer boy who had trained over a Hamburger-steak chopping block, a foot-patting fiddler who could drink his likker in action without missing a note, and in a room sixteen by twenty, milling about the flowing punch pan, dancing without visible foot movement, and perspiring freely, forty of the shaded élite of Memphis.

Head and shoulders above the milling mob, stepping fancy from the knees up, Mis' Magnezia Bunny maintained a strategic position against an inner wall whence she could observe the front door and the entrance of all comers. A knock at the door, distinct under the Mournin' Blues, and the announcer's voice, baying high above the music:

"Mist' Punic Brawley an' his manager!"

Mist' Brawley, followed by his wife, plowed his way through the press in the wake of his hostess and halted in front of a wide tin dishpan filled with Sis' Eliza gin.

"Whuf yo'self an' git tromplin'!"

(Continued on Page 61)

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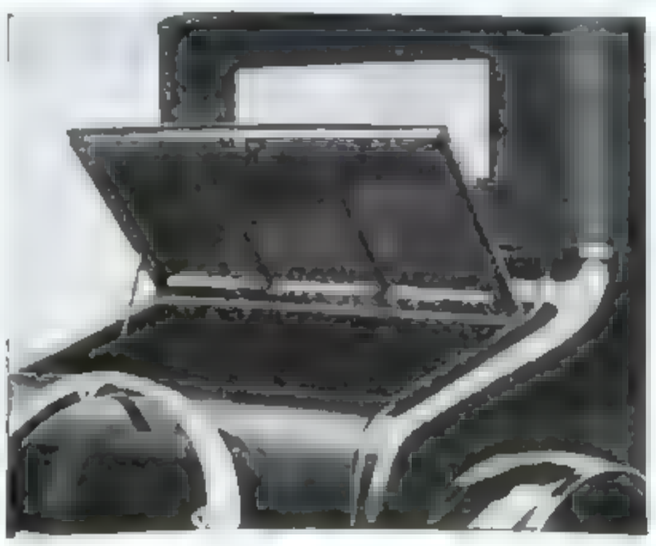

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**Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers in territory not adequately covered**

# A SENSATIONAL DISCLOSURE

## By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHEWS

"I Want You to Think of Just One Thing, Cal," Said Lucy—"the Pockets of the People"

THE catastrophe was wholly unforeseen. Some three weeks before his scheduled departure for the national convention Maj. Mortimer G. Lane left River City, and with his daughter Lucy at his side, with his flashy red roadster clutched loosely in one hand, he corkscrewed up the side of Peveril Peak Mountain until he reached his summer home, Hawks Nest claimed by the major's dearest enemies to be well named - an aerie clinging to the side of solid rock. Let into the wide wall of its living room was a plate-glass observation window commanding an unobstructed view of all the world that lay beneath. To Major Lane this observation window was as the telescopic eye of a bird that circles high in air.

The major badly needed rest. More, he had to have perspective. Seated in his observation window at Hawks Nest, he could think. There, toward the southeast, some fifty miles away, lay Wall Street. Toward the south, five times as far again, lay Washington, D. C. In his mind's eye Major Lane could see them; he could feel their subtle pull.

Seated there the major drew a deep, deep sigh of victorious relief. By gosh, one fight was over. His delegates were picked—hand picked by him—and every mother's son of 'em unpledged. Unpledged, that is, except to do what Major Lane would tell them, three weeks from now, to do.

The telephone bell rang. Lucy started violently; weeks after the tragedy she recalled its ominous tone. Its summons did not disturb the major in the least. There was but one wire at Hawks Nest—a private wire connecting this retreat with the major's private office at headquarters some forty miles away.

"It will be Cal Ingersoll," said the major, taking his time to light a mild cigar.

Lucy answered the telephone; she flung a young woman's badinage over the wire. At the other end was Cal. She told her father so.

"Cal's terribly worried," she whispered to the major; "I can tell it by his voice."

Her anxious note brought the major up all standing. He caught the receiver from her hand.

"Cal," he grunted into the transmitter, "I told you not—unless ——"

Cal's young voice, tremulous with the excitement of the moment, shouted the unwelcome message into the major's ear.

"Worse than unless!" cried Cal over the wire. "Your Mongol friend is going to run for President."

Major Lane stiffened with momentary shock. "Say that again—and say it slow," he yelled.

Cal said it again. "You see," said Cal, "he waited until your back was turned; that's the way he works."

Major Lane was silent. He was letting it soak in.

Cal's voice was insistent. "Instructions?" he demanded.

"None," roared the major. "Get this, Cal. I'll be in River City in an even hour from now."

He jerked the receiver violently into place. He turned to his daughter. She was standing quivering by his side.

"Lucy," he cried, gone tremulous with rage, "there's not an instant to be lost. That wall-eyed Chinaman is going to run for President of the United States."

Lucy indulged in no woman's protest. She stood ready, anxious, willing. She knew there was no time to lose. He was her father's archenemy, this wall-eyed Chinaman. He was something else. To her this wall-eyed Chinaman once had been an idol, an ideal. Once he had been to her as he now was to the people. But long ago she had discovered that her idol's feet were clay, that the rest of him was mud. Lucy didn't hate him as her father did—she detested him; all River County knew that she regarded him with undisguised contempt.

"Let's go," she echoed.

And they went. The red roadster took the narrow treacherous mountain path like a wildcat; she had a wildcat at her wheel. Maj. Mortimer G. Lane, in spite of a certain physical deficiency, was the speediest of speed maniacs. His red roadster and his wind-tossed shock of snow-white hair were infamous on three thousand miles of commonwealth highway. Nothing ever happened, it is true. The major was violating daily every traffic regulation known to God and man. This time he went the limit - there was no time to spare. The wall-eyed Chinaman was at the other end of a forty-mile run. The major threw discretion to the winds. His usual luck was with him. He reached the foot of the mountain safely. He swung very swiftly, on two wheels, into the Medway Turnpike. He was fairly on his way.

It was barely dusk when they rounded a sharp turn and caught sight of the khaki uniform of a state motor cop. The state motor cop, very much on the qui vive, saw them first. He leaped into his saddle and started in pursuit.

The major chuckled. No speed officer had ever caught him yet; this time it was imperative that he be not caught. With a wicked smile upon his lips the major crooned to his little clever car; he crowded her judiciously with all the gas that she could stand. In ordinary circumstances it would have been safe recklessness. The major knew this highway. There was a straight road ahead of him for twenty miles—usually straight, that is. Straight now, but for one thing. That one thing the major had forgotten—the detour just the other side of Black Oak Bridge. Now it flashed upon him suddenly, that deadly pile of crushed rock and sand ahead. The main road was barred; a death trap barred it. He caught sight of it too late. For the fraction of a second the major hesitated he was lost. His swift swerve to the right resulted in a head-on plunge into the ditch. The red roadster turned one somersault, was still.

Slowly and painfully Lucy gathered herself together. Stunned for the moment, the girl found that she herself had been tossed to one side, somehow miraculously unhurt. The next instant, whimpering, she was frantically tugging at the battered car, trying with might and main to drag it from the mangled thing that lay there, underneath. She wasn't strong enough; she couldn't move the car an inch. Her woman's wail of helplessness rose on the night air just as the speed cop snorted into view. He dashed into immediate action. By dint of some superhuman trick he succeeded finally; he rolled the car upon its side.

"My father—Major Lane," gasped the girl, with horror in her voice.

The speed cop fumbled with a flask of whisky; he poured a goodly portion of its content down the victim's throat. There was a long wait. Their agonizing patience was rewarded. Suddenly the major's eyelids fluttered, his face twitched. The stump of his right arm waved wildly, as though once more it held a sword.

"Lucy," he cried, "you tell 'em—Cal must carry on. That—wall-eyed Chinaman. Cal must—carry on."

And then the major died.

Years before that, on a certain memorable day, a day to be marked by the blackest of black stones, a one-armed man was ushered into the private offices of Jonathan Swift, editor in chief of the Dalton Daily Times. The sudden advent of this one-armed man occasioned considerable suppressed excitement. A cub reporter from the big room caught a passing glimpse of him, knew him for the man he was, and sneaked in to the sporting editor, his eyes bulging from his head. The sporting editor, emotional at all times, was unusually moved.

"I'm on!" he whispered hoarsely to the cub reporter. "Find out if he's got a horsewhip on him anywhere."

The one-armed man didn't have a horsewhip on him anywhere. He was, however, not alone. With him was a winsome seventeen-year-old girl. Side by side this one-armed man and this young girl moved into the presence of the personality that was foreordained to turn state politics inside out and upside down and make it dance a never-ending jig.

The one-armed man stepped briskly up to the desk of the editor in chief of the Dalton Daily Times.

(Continued on Page 33)

# One way to save money

PERHAPS you have never looked at your oil bill in just this way:

Correct oil is not an expense—it is a saving. Oil is the one motoring supply you buy that has a direct effect on the entire operating cost of your car.

Good tires wear longer; good gasoline gives greater mileage. But they are both straight expense. They have no direct effect on the other operating expenses of your car.

Lubrication is conservation—the prevention of wear, the saving of undue expense, the lengthening of the life of your car.

## *How it saves*

Incorrect oil *adds to* the operating expense of your car; the correct oil *saves* operating expense. Here are some of the ways in which it saves:

*Reduces fuel consumption*—because the correct oil seals the piston clearance and reduces waste of fuel into the crank-case.

*Reduces oil consumption*—because the correct oil does not "use up" as rapidly as incorrect or poor quality oil.

*Reduces repair bills*—because the correct oil protects the moving parts from wear. 50% of all engine troubles are due to faulty lubrication.

Add to these typical savings the satisfaction of driving a car that is delivering full power and for which the yearly maintenance costs are only nominal—and then you realize that correct oil is not an expense, but a real saving.

## *Not a gasoline by-product*

Nine out of ten lubricating oils on the market are simply by-products in the manufacture of gasoline.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is *not* a by-product.

It is produced by lubrication specialists who are recognized the world over as leaders in lubricating practice. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured from crude oil chosen for its *lubricating* quality—not for its gasoline content. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured by processes designed to bring out the highest *lubricating* value—not the greatest gallonage of gasoline.

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Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle

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## Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

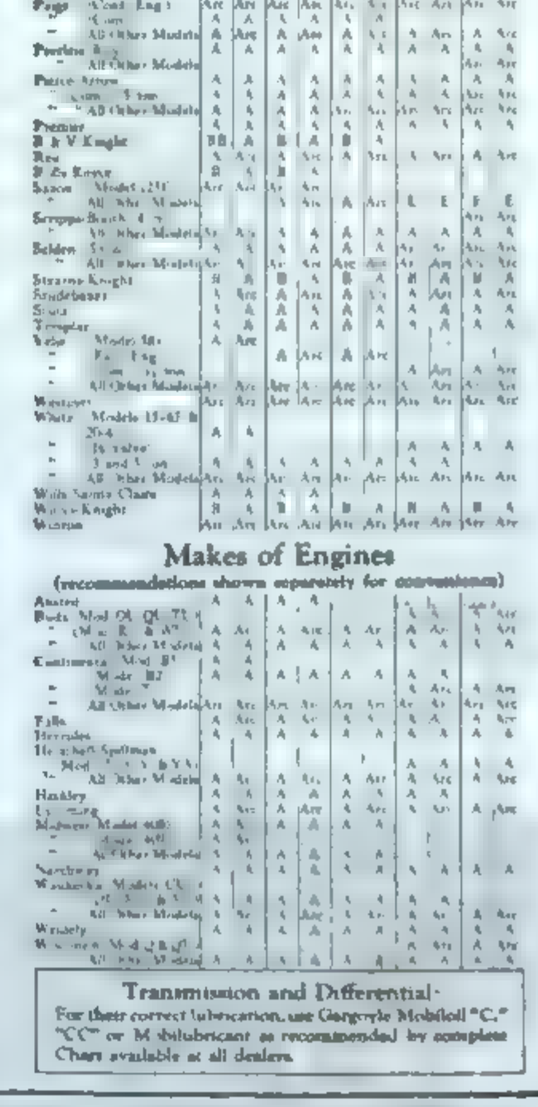
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Charts:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the autumn period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.


AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS
Makes of Engines
(recommendations shown separately for convenience)
Transmission and Differential
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

# VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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EDISON

MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 30)

"Swift," he began, "I've got a bone to pick with you."

Jonathan Swift, of the Dalton Daily Times, possessed the poker face of a mandarin of very high degree. But he showed plainly on this poker face of his that his caller's method of addressing him was distasteful in the extreme; it was more than he could stomach. He held up the forefinger of an editor accustomed to punch holes in everything and everybody—the arbitrary, peremptory gesture of an opinionated man.

"Mister Swift," he corrected.

"Ah," went on the one-armed man, "I'm Lane, of River County. This is my daughter Lucy. One of your great admirers—wanted to look at you. Brought her along."

The girl, embarrassed by her father's speech, flushed but immediately pulled herself together. She bowed prettily; she was decidedly graceful in her manner. Jonathan Swift, of the Dalton Daily Times, did her the passing honor to give her what is technically known as the once-over. The girl was by no means a beauty, that was clear. But she was attractive in a measure. She had her father's high color, and that toned up her face. She had her father's eyes, which counted more than all.

Another man sitting at the editor's desk would have risen to his feet. Not so Jonathan Swift, of the Dalton Daily Times. To him this girl was an adjunct of Lane, of River County—the daughter of a man to whom he gave no quarter. After his first brief glance at the girl he ignored her.

He didn't realize what manner of young woman was standing here before him. For she was still standing; the editor had made no effort to accommodate her with a seat. Here was a girl who wore her heart upon her sleeve. There was something in her eyes that her father wholly lacked—sensitiveness, idealism. She was a hero worshiper by nature. And she showed it. Hers was no poker face.

In tendering her this silent insult Jonathan Swift, of the Dalton Daily Times, was making a mistake. For as time went on this seemingly innocuous young lady was destined to play considerable part in the career of this poker-faced mandarin—more than he bargained for. The thin edge of the wedge consisted in the fact—subsequently as important as it was disturbing—that this girl was sole witness to the conversation that ensued.

Without being invited Lane, of River County, placed a chair for his daughter and drew up another for himself. He took his seat, and with admirable composure he stared frankly into the face of Jonathan Swift. He wanted to get used to Jonathan Swift's face. So far he didn't like this face; chiefly, perhaps, because he was unschooled in faces of that type. Major Lane had read a multitude of faces in his day. It was his business to read faces. But here was the highly educated face of a highly educated man. It had him buffaloed.

"He's a wall-eyed Chinaman," thought the major to himself.

But none the less as the major sat there he was thoroughly imbued with the idea that he had before him the makings of a great national statesman. He couldn't know that he was gazing merely at the greatest embryo politician of the age.

Jonathan Swift was cool as a cucumber. "Major Lane," he said at length, "you have come, I take it, to bring me to task for the attention I have paid you in my editorials in the Dalton Daily Times."

"Haven't read 'em," said the major. "It's against my rule to read anything derogatory to myself. It cramps my style. I haven't come here, Mr. Swift, to bring you to task for anything you've written or anything you've done."

The major lighted a cigar and took a puff or two.

"I'm here to make you governor," said Major Lane.

Jonathan Swift's poker face became momentarily distorted with genuine surprise.

"To make—me—governor!" he gasped.

The shock was swift, severe; but plainly pleasurable. But the editor made a neat and quick recover. Then he smiled that now historic, damnably disconcerting smile of his.

"Major Lane," returned the editor frigidly, "it is very clear to me that you're here to buy me off."

Major Lane snorted in derision. "Mr. Swift," he said firmly, "make no mistake. You overestimate the importance of your opposition to me. I've been the target for vituperation all my political life. You can keep on smashing me for twenty years."

The editor's eyes glowed as they always glowed when he took in hand his pen. "Twenty years," echoed Jonathan Swift loftily. "I'll keep on for forty years, without fear, without reward or hope thereof, if I can crush the thing you stand for."

The girl's face shone, the girl's eyes danced. She was happy now. These were the phrases she had come so far to hear.

Without fear, without reward or hope thereof—these were the stalwart editorial sentences that thrilled her.

"Go as far as you like," retorted the major with a grin.

Jonathan Swift came off his high horse; he saw he wasn't getting anywhere at all.

"At any rate," he went on slowly, for he, too, was puzzled, "I can sense your underlying motive."

"It's more than a motive," retorted Major Lane. "I've got a hunch. I got it from my daughter Lucy here. She picks winners for me, Mr. Swift. She knows something about men that I don't know. Instinct—somehow she's always got her finger on the public pulse. She knows, somehow, when the styles are going to change. She eats up everything you write. She's listened to your speeches. She's dinned you into my ears morning, noon and night. She says the public as a mass has become intelligent. She says it will listen to argument, to theory, to reason. She's hypnotized me into believing that the time is ripe."

"Ripe—for what?" interposed the editor eagerly.

"For you," returned the major with enthusiasm. "Dinged if I don't believe she's right! If you tell it to 'em straight, dinged if I don't think the people will believe that you're an honest man."

"I am an honest man!" cried Jonathan Swift, the white light of holiness upon his face.

Major Lane, of River County, slapped his thigh. "Gosh, Swift," he cried, "that's what I'm looking for! I want to see a man like you tear this state wide open—on a party platform—telling the proletariat that you're an honest man. Telling 'em that you're the only honest man."

Jonathan Swift thought it over for a moment. A cynical smile played round his mouth. "Major Lane," he nodded easily, "from what you say I gather that the Republican Party in this state is driven to put forth a man like me."

"Shucks!" cried the major. "The Republican Party in this state can pick any man for governor and win. You know that. We can shove through any man we pick. This is a personal matter with me. I take pride in filling offices with crackajacks. I give the people a run for their money: I hand 'em the kind of officeholders that they ought to have. If I didn't I couldn't keep my job. But it isn't that. I want to pick this man myself. I want to discover him—for practical political purposes—for a practical political career. I want to make you governor—and more: I, personally, want to make a man."

Jonathan Swift was forced to believe the major. Here was no bluff, no chicanery. The major had laid his cards upon the table. His great ambition as a political manager was at the bottom of it all. The editor of the Dalton Daily Times had had a chip on his shoulder. He brushed it off. But he still retained his mask. One thing was to him absolutely clear: Here was his only opportunity. He might write himself black in the face with scathing editorials; he could die of writer's cramp. But never in this life would he have this golden chance again.

He cast the die. Without the flicker of an eyelid he got down to the merits of the matter.

"Major Lane," he said, "let me understand your proposition. In the event of your electing me governor of this state, just what—would you expect?"

"That's commonsense," returned the major, "and I'll meet you fair and square. In the first place, when you run you'll be expected to subscribe to the party platform in this state. In the second place, let me remind you that as River County votes, so votes the state. River County will elect you governor. I must remind you, too, that I am River County. When you are governor I should expect to have a voice in the matter of your appointments in the state."

"A—controlling voice?" queried the editor.

"Well—yes," returned the major, blinking.

Jonathan Swift rose—rose to his full height. His was an artistic, striking figure; he was patrician in appearance.

For ten full minutes he paced up and down the floor, as a tiger cat might pace. As suddenly as he had risen he returned to his desk. He faced the major and looked him squarely in the eye.

"I accept your terms," he said.

In these plain, brief, simple words the deal was closed. There could be no doubt about conditions—on Jonathan Swift's part this thing meant absolute surrender.

On the way back to River City the major chuckled to himself.

"They're all alike," he said to Lucy. "By gosh, I knew he'd come to heel."

Lucy's face was white with shock. "Father," she gasped forlornly, as though this disgrace were

"My Starting Point is Sheriff Joseph Stamler, Who Sits There"

all her own, "the man's a traitor! He's a renegade! A fraud!"

The major kept on chuckling. "He's a Chinaman," he responded cheerfully; "but you were right, Lucy. The man's a winner. He's a great man as he stands. But by gosh, I'll make him a greater man than he ever hoped to be."

The major knew his business. He started out to make Swift governor. The Old Guard protested, stormed. Here was a candidate with no following; a man who couldn't run for constable and get away with it. Major Lane, of River County, let them rave. Then he got down to cases; he got votes. Votes were Major Lane's ruling passion. The secret of his tremendous power lay in the fact that he knew how to get out the vote. He rounded up all his committeemen who particularly owed him favors—all who could be persuaded, bullied, hypnotized. And in the final showdown, in the face of all the bluster and the storm of protest, the Republican county committee of River County indorsed this candidate for governor—because the major had the votes.

This was only half the battle. There remained the tussle with the state committee. River County held the whip hand, it is true. Still, there was a horde of disappointed candidates to be considered. The major made no attempt to placate any of these men or any of their friends. He contented himself with buttonholing single members of committees, one at a time; letting them understand very clearly what would happen to them, one by one, if they failed to vote right. He broke up a powerful opposition into its component parts. One by one the major gobbled up the parts.

And then he put his man upon the stump. Jonathan Swift was an orator of parts. The major's candidate stormed up and down the state, appealing to the proletariat, flaunting his integrity, his own unblemished character in the face of the electorate in such a raw and flagrant manner that Lucy almost hid her head for very shame. With the steady, practiced hand of Major Lane, of River County, directing every move, with the tremendous power of the Republican organization behind him, this candidate for governor proclaimed the fact, day after day, that he was the people's champion, only the people's champion; that if elected he would be no party's man and no man's man. He kept Major Lane chuckling at his convincing chicanery. He was elected by an overwhelming majority; elected by an enthusiastic populace that regarded him as the great white hope.

As a matter of fact Jonathan Swift was elected governor because Major Lane, of River County, from the start to the finish of his fight, man by man, ballot by ballot, had gotten out the vote.

When Jonathan Swift went to bed at five-thirty on the morning succeeding the election with the big returns all in, he knew what ten thousand politicians knew—that he had been nominated and elected solely by a man and a machine. For years last past he had blackguarded that man and that machine for nefarious practices that smelled to heaven. During his campaign for governor Jonathan Swift had taken advantage of all the nefarious practices, of all the questionable operations of that man and that machine. They had done him yeoman's service. Without them Jonathan Swift would still have been merely the first-class editor of a second-class newspaper in a third-class city of the state. But for the grace of Major Lane, of River County, he would have been, forever and a day, politically a cipher.

What was the answer? Politically speaking, there was but one. It was for him now to carry out to the letter the terms of his agreement with that party and that man. He did it as no man had ever done the thing before. Once he had taken his oath of office, once he had installed himself in the gubernatorial chair, Governor Jonathan Swift paid them back in his own sweet way. He did it with three distinctive, comprehensive gestures. His first act was to sweep the Republican state platform into the discard. His next was to turn his back on River County. His third was to kick Major Lane, of River County—figuratively speaking—swiftly, squarely in the face.

In the light of subsequent events it became clear that there was but one reason for this action on the governor's part. He would have no further use for the ladder by means of which he had scaled the heights. He was the man of the hour. He had ordained himself to be the autocrat of the people's breakfast table. He had arrived.

Confronted with this outrage the major's white hair turned whiter yet; the major's heart stood still.

"The yellow—wall-eyed—Chinaman!" gasped the major in fine frenzy.

He was flabbergasted; he knew not what to do. In the history of state politics this thing had never happened; there was no precedent to go by. There was no formula to follow. Governor Jonathan Swift, with a turn of the wrist, with a flick of the forefinger, had committed the unspeakable, unpardonable crime; he was guilty of the basest of base political ingratitude.

Major Lane had been responsible for the catastrophe. By his own act in standing sponsor for this wall-eyed Chinaman he had robbed River County of the power and the glory that were hers. The Republican machine in River County was a wreck. For the first time in his career the major was a fizzle. His own committeemen, gnashing their teeth, at first denounced him. Then they derided him.

It was their derision that brought him to himself: that and his daughter Lucy Lane. Lucy's one-time idol was built of yellow mud. He had never been anything but yellow mud. She knew it now. Of the two, her father was by far the better man; of the two, this Jonathan Swift was by far the baser politician.

It was Lucy's ire that roused once more the major's fighting blood. Her anger and offense, the blazing wrath in Lucy's eyes, strengthened him, stiffened his backbone. With the laughter of his own people ringing in his ears he called his clans together. He hoped to face them down—to smother insubordination, to quell incipient mutiny. Mutiny was justified. The master of the ship had scuttled her; his crew felt it had the right to make him walk the plank.

The major called his special meeting of the county committee, called it while the fit was on him. From the start the meeting was a riot. The major's strident voice could not be heard.

Then something happened. The major's daughter Lucy entered the arena of events. She glided swiftly past the doorkeepers; she sped swiftly up a side aisle of the committee room, bent for one instant over the shoulder of Jack Dovell, the committee's secretary. She shouted something in his ear. Jack started up; with his expressive forefinger beckoned to one of the major's staunch supporters. That member sprang to Lucy's standard, led her to the rostrum and held up his hand.

His motion was unnecessary; the presence of the girl occasioned instant silence. The riot died. This irregularity interested the onlookers.

"I move," nodded the friendly member to the chairman, "that this young lady be accorded the privilege of the floor."

The motion was immediately seconded, wonderingly passed. Lucy seized the opportunity. And while Jack Dovell took down in stenographic notes her statement she told the story, word for word, of the base compact made between Major Lane and Jonathan Swift in Dalton some seven months before.

"I have never forgotten that conversation," exclaimed Lucy. "I shall take the witness stand and tell it at any time. I am telling you the truth."

She didn't have to assure them. Her face, her voice, her manner carried conviction. They had half doubted the major, but her corroboration clinched his account of the affair. When she had finished her story she stood, uncertain for a moment.

"Can I speak a moment more?" she asked.

"Go on," cried friendly voices.

Lucy went on falteringly, yet fearlessly. She had come there, not to help her father but to let them know what kind of man this man Jonathan Swift was. She had worshiped at his shrine; she had a schoolgirl's great ideals; she told them so. And his ideals had fitted in with hers. And now—this. And it was time to let the people know.

The people knew. This kind of thing was news. Jack Dovell scattered his flimsy carbon copies broadcast. The press ate it up. They did more than that—they clustered about the governor's desk in the governor's *sanctum sanctorum* in the state house, and exhibited to him Lucy Lane's statement. The governor declined to look. In fact he had taken a leaf out of Major Lane's book. He refused to read anything derogatory to himself; it crimped his form.

"Gentlemen," he told them, "my record as the people's governor of this state will speak for itself. Keep your eyes on me. For the people's sake I am about to drive Wall Street from our midst."

He did not deny the story that Lucy Lane had told the Republican county committee on that night. But every time it was brought to his attention a cynical smile played about the corners of his mouth. His face was as the face of a cat that had swallowed a canary. At any rate, he had done for the canary. Almost done for it, but not quite; for Lucy Lane's story had accomplished one glorious result on that committee-meeting night. The instant she had finished, a friendly member sprang to his feet and moved a vote of confidence in Major Lane. The motion was seconded by twenty friendly voices, was immediately put and carried. To clear the air and clarify the situation the vote of confidence was made unanimous. No man, however great his acumen, it was agreed, could have foreseen the treachery of the governor.

Major Lane, his feet hobbled, it is true, still retained his grip on River County. Almost he came once more into his own.

Three years of the governor's four-year term passed eventfully. During those three years Governor Jonathan Swift instituted popular reforms to his heart's content; he played to the galleries to the top of his bent. But the major wasn't worried, now that the end was in sight. He had seen reformers come; he had seen reformers go. And he made up his mind firmly that this man was to go. The major once more girded up his loins, once more prepared for a campaign for governor. Unfortunately for himself the major failed to give his enemy all the credit that was due. The governor had spent sleepless nights—not tossing in his bed. In his political laboratory he had spent his sleepless nights. With a scientific stickpin he had impaled the astral body of the major; had dissected him, had found him good. He had learned his tricks and manners, was making them his own. He did other things; he spent his time annihilating a machine, scrapping it. Then he built it up afresh. It was a new machine, but it was in no sense automatic. It needed a highly specialized engineer to run it. That engineer was Jonathan Swift; as a matter of fact, he was the machine itself.

During all this careful preparation he had learned one vital principle. This also was a leaf taken from the major's book. Jonathan Swift imbued himself with the importance of getting out the vote. He realized that a state majority of fifteen thousand meant fifteen thousand single ballots. The people must vote one by one and vote right; or all was lost.

The governor bided his time. Suddenly, at the close of his third year, he thrust forth his hand; lightning flashed from it. He raised his voice; thunder bellowed forth. A bolt from the blue, this—he announced that he had become a candidate, not for governor, but for senator of the United States.

"Over my dead body!" cried the major, gritting his teeth. "As River County goes, so goes the state."

Tooth and nail the major fought this renegade. The major left no stone unturned to beat the man. And River County, too, was with him; it was mad with hunger. For three long years River County had not been fed. Patronage, the food and drink of the machine, had been withheld, and by a single powerful hand—the hand of Jonathan Swift. So River County and the major fought; fought, alas, too well. When the battle smoke had cleared it was very plain that River County had smitten Jonathan Swift hip and thigh. No doubt about that. But when the vote was counted and all returns were in, it was discovered, unfortunately, that more Republican ballots had been cast in River County than there were men and women, cats and dogs in its confines. Major Lane and River County for once had overreached themselves.

And all to no purpose. The major's ready slogan was as a hissing and a byword now.

"As River County goes, so goes the state," had once been gospel. Now it was not even apocrypha. It was piffle. For in this instance the state went as River County didn't go. The state, by a small but very sure majority, wrapped the senatorial toga about the lean form of Jonathan Swift. Jonathan Swift thrust his right hand and his long, lean, gristly nose into Federal affairs. With both feet he entered the arena of national events.

The River County vote was more than a local scandal. It caused a countryside snigger, a nation-wide chuckle. Senator-elect Swift shook his shoulders, bared his long teeth, indulged himself in a horse laugh, silent, long drawn out. "My dear friend Major Lane is in a hole," he said.

Major Lane was in a hole. He was in a hole of his own digging. The River County prosecutor was a Swift appointee. To the prosecutor here was too flagrant a violation of law to be ignored. A wiser man, functioning under a less venomous leader, might have let the matter drop. Major Lane, politically, was dying. It would have been well to let him die. Not so.

"Crush him," commanded the senator-elect.

With this ferocious end in view the county prosecutor called into his private office his first assistant. Upon the shoulders of this first assistant rested the burden of the prosecutor's office. The prosecutor was a corporation lawyer, with a huge private practice of his own. He could afford to draw his salary, but he could not afford to do the prosecutor's work. He tried the big, the flashy cases; won them on the careful preparation of his first assistant. This assistant was a youthful River County lawyer of some professional repute—with a record that was clean. The name of this assistant was Calvin Ingersoll. He was known to his intimates as Cal.

Cal was a thoroughgoing Jonathan Swift man. Imbued with the great leader's published sentiments, Cal set his face against political organizations. He hated the Republican machine in River County.

His chief, the county prosecutor, took the first step. He strode into the private chambers of a local judge, also a Swift appointee. In his hand the prosecutor held a list of Jonathan Swift men. With a scratch of the pen the court countersigned this list. The court called in his secretary, handed him the list.

"Hand this to the sheriff," he commanded. "Tell him those are the names of the special grand jury to be called."

On the first Monday of the month this fairly chosen body met in solemn conclave and indicted Maj. Mortimer G. Lane. And Cal Ingersoll enthusiastically prepared the case for trial.

When the scheduled date for trial was a month away something happened. The prosecutor, winking the other eye at Cal, ushered into Cal's office a young woman whom Cal had never seen.

"Cal," said the prosecutor, "this young lady has a bone to pick with you," and left.

Cal placed a chair for his young visitor.

"I'm Major Lane's daughter, Lucy Lane," explained the girl.

Cal, flustered, rose once more and bowed. His heart was in his throat. Literally he didn't know which way to turn.

"You know, I'm sorry," spluttered Cal.

The girl held up her hand; she indicated thus that no apology was needed. She drew her chair closer, faced Cal very anxiously, and placed a well-rounded arm upon his desk.

"I can't tell you," she faltered, "how very important it is to me to have you fully understand that I'm just here on my own. My father doesn't know. Please believe that, Mr. Ingersoll."

"I'll believe anything you tell me," nodded Cal. "Go on."

"Well," said Lucy Lane uncertainly, "I don't know just how to go on."

"Take your time, Miss Lane," said Cal gently.

He swung about in his swivel chair and looked out of the window while the girl composed herself. She felt instinctively that this man was one of her own kind. Knowing that, her fear slipped from her. Cal, looking out of the window, mentally cursed the hour that had made him assistant prosecutor, cursed all the circumstances, large and small, that had compelled him to give a girl like this one instant's worry. There was no help for it; he had a duty to perform—a duty toward society, toward his chief, and, more than all, toward his great leader, Jonathan Swift.

"I know," said the girl softly, as though speaking to herself; "I have been a hero worshiper myself."

Cal started. She had read his inmost thoughts. Somehow or other she had followed the train of his meditation step by step.

"Oh!" cried Cal, flustered once again.

(Continued on Page 36)

*This house won the recent competition held under the auspices of The House Beautiful magazine. It was selected by a jury of architects from sixty-five drawings of unusual merit.*

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THE extra cost of Johns-Manville Flexstone Asbestos Shingles (slate-surfaced) on such a house as this is but $15 more than ordinary composition shingles. Think what this means.

It means that for this slight extra cost your new house is protected with asbestos rock fibre.

It means that you need never fear the danger of wind-blown sparks, because Flexstone Shingles have the same asbestos fire-safety that the law requires in theatre curtains. That is why they are given the highest rating in their class by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

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**This chart will help you decide**

| Kind of Building | Type of Asbestos Roofing | Brand or Trade Name |
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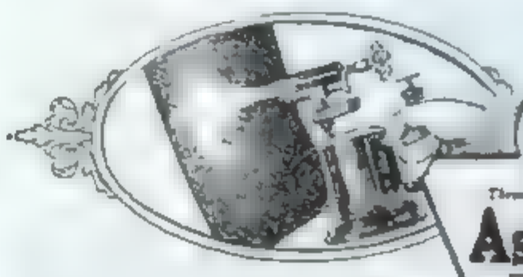
| Dwellings $3,000–$7,000 | Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles or rigid asbestos shingles | Flexstone—red or green; rigid—red, brown or gray |
| Dwellings $7,000–$25,000 | Rigid asbestos shingles | Standard or extra thick—red, brown, gray or blended |
| Dwellings $25,000 upwards | Rigid asbestos shingles | Colorblende—fire-tone, brown with or without red or gray accent tones |
| Factories, shops and mills—Monitor and Sawtooth roofs* | 3 or 4 ply ready roofing | Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing |
| Flat roofs—all buildings* | Built-up roofing | Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing |
| Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions* | Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement | Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing |
| Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions* | Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement | Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Wood Roofing |

**Note*—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.



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# JOHNS-MANVILLE Asbestos Shingles

Jim Henry's Column

# 99% Sales

One of the first great truths I learned in selling was that a 99% sale was not productive of commissions.

Selling is like a bull fight, the preliminaries of which are spectacular and exciting but don't mean anything. The whole show is really concentrated in one quick thrust with a short sword.

Now, I am a pretty fast worker when it comes to closing a sale with a man I can talk to, but I am frank to admit that this job of giving absent treatment to a couple of million men every week presents difficulties which I don't understand.

Take your own case as an example. Haven't you, once or twice, felt yourself weakening after reading one of my obviously sincere statements regarding the amazing virtue of Mennen Shaving Cream? Hasn't it come to you in a flash that I really must have a great product to believe in it so fully? Haven't you firmly resolved to give Mennen's a trial?

That was a 99% sale. But have you bought?

The secret about selling is that the buyer supplies the 1% which brings the sale up to par. All I can do is to raise a doubt in your mind—to make you wonder whether you are missing a lot of great shaves by failing to learn about Mennen's.

My sales are all closed in a bathroom. I count you a customer only when you have actually built up a Mennen lather and have slipped your razor through the softest, tamest beard you ever mowed.

So, please send 10 cents for my demonstrator tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. I may show a generous streak and throw in a sample of Mennen Talcum for Men—a strictly male powder for after shaving and bathing. It doesn't show.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

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The girl nodded. "I was thinking of him too," she said.

"Your father?" returned Cal.

She shook her head. "The other man," she said. "You told me you would believe anything I told you. I didn't come here to keep you from doing your plain duty; I'm not going to try to swerve you from it. But I did come here to let you understand something of my father's motives. Personally, Mr. Ingersoll, I believe him guilty."

"Your belief doesn't happen to be evidence," smiled Cal. "If it were I might have to use it against you. You are, perhaps, a bit too frank."

Despite the warning the girl kept right on. "Mr. Ingersoll," she went on, "my father has one rule of thumb: The end always justifies the means. It is not a safe rule, is it? But it sometimes is effective. It should have been effective in this case. Jonathan Swift should have been defeated, Mr. Ingersoll. By any means he should have been defeated. By any means his career should have been ended. But he wasn't defeated; and his career hasn't been ended. I'm afraid he's only just begun."

Cal was relieved. So long as he could keep her off the subject of her father he was satisfied. Besides that, he was young; so was the girl. She was opinionated; perhaps a bit conceited. He didn't mind. He was opinionated and conceited too. He smiled at her assurance.

"Why should Senator Swift have been defeated?" he demanded.

"Because," returned the girl evenly, "Senator Swift is a traitor."

"To his party, possibly," conceded Cal.

"To his people," said the girl.

Cal settled down into his chair. Here he was in his element. He read all the Jonathan Swift newspapers and he knew all about Jonathan Swift that there was to know. At least Cal thought he did. Unknown to himself a jolt was in store for this young man; immediately so. Before him, purposely facing him down, was a young woman who knew. No excuses are here made for Lucy Lane—except that she was young. She was too young; the world was on her shoulders. It is fair to say that her conversation would have bored ninety-nine women out of a hundred; it might have made old men very, very tired. As a matter of fact, Lucy was just a bit too insistent, a bit too raw.

But over against that were her youth and her youthful magnetism. A few years more and she would mellow into a bewildering young woman. Still, just as she was, she dazzled Cal.

"I think," said Cal, not unsympathetically, but still antagonistically, "that I'll hear you on the proposition that Jonathan Swift is a traitor to the people."

The girl squared herself. "I have always had an idea," she started in bravely, "that the nearest and the dearest thing to the people is the people's pocketbook."

"We'll start there," nodded Cal.

"We'll start," said Lucy, "with the pocketbook of the individual man—a man married and with a family, we'll say."

"Or without," interposed Cal. "Take me."

"You are a taxpayer?" she inquired.

"I am," said Cal.

"Equal taxation," smiled Lucy Lane, opening up her subject.

"A great reform," said Cal.

"A newspaper phrase," insisted the girl, "intending to indicate that the big corporations, who had paid low taxes, should have their taxes raised so that they bore their full share of the burden—and that the individual, whose burden had been, under a machine-made government, unusually heavy, should have it materially lightened, and his taxes materially lowered."

"Exactly," nodded Cal. "A great reform."

"You are a taxpayer," went on the girl, "an individual taxpayer. You are the man for whom this legislation was designed. How do you explain that the instant this radical law went into effect—how do you explain that your tax bills went sky-high?"

She stopped talking. She let that fact sink in. What she said was true. For three years now equal taxation had been in force; the fact was that it had increased the burden of the common people. Why? The people didn't know. They still clung to a fine phrase uttered by the lips of a fine man. A sure-fire vote getter, this fine phrase. Was the law a mere shell—had the executive ignored it after getting it put through? Was the law an abortive attempt to make good this fine phrase? Was it a blind, behind which the executive and the corporations were shaking hands? It made no difference. The thing hadn't worked out—that was all. And from the lips of this girl Cal Ingersoll got it first, and got it hard.

"How do you explain it?" asked the girl.

Cal gulped. "Go on," he commanded. "I like to hear you talk."

Lucy went on; she was there for that purpose. "Mr. Ingersoll," she persisted, "when Governor Jonathan Swift entered the campaign for the United States senatorship he went in with a slogan: 'I have driven Wall Street from your midst.' I'm going to ask you a question, Mr. Ingersoll: What did Governor Jonathan Swift mean?"

"What he said," returned Cal. "He did drive Wall Street from our midst."

The girl smiled. "Back in the 'nineties, Mr. Ingersoll," she said, "my father saw that there was an easy way for this state to make big money. Big money for the state, low tax bills for the people. He threw the state wide open to the big New York corporations, Mr. Ingersoll. He gave them easier terms than any other state offered. The big New York corporations organized in this state. They paid us millions in franchise taxes. We didn't pay them money, Mr. Ingersoll; they paid us money. Wall Street never got anything out of us; we got something out of Wall Street. And by the sum of the taxes they paid us, by that exact amount the pockets of the people were spared. Do you follow me, Mr. Ingersoll?"

"I'm listening," said Cal. He was not only listening; he was much perturbed.

"Drive Wall Street from our midst—that was Governor Swift's slogan. His promise to his people. A fine phrase to catch votes. What did it mean? It meant that Governor Swift procured the repeal of all my father's corporation legislation; in its place and stead he put a law upon the statute books, a law that makes this state no longer an attractive abiding place. He taxed Wall Street so excessively that Wall Street has gone to Maine and Delaware. The result is that our annual income is depleted by millions of easy dollars. The people have to pay just so much more. The people do not know it, Mr. Ingersoll. They mouth an editorial phrase: He drove Wall Street from our midst. It listens well to them. But their pocketbooks have been depleted; they have been robbed while they listened and looked on. Will you explain why he did this to his people?"

"Go on," said Cal.

She went on. "Mr. Ingersoll," she said, "my father has been a political boss for many years. I hate a boss; I like my father. I have found out why my father has held his leadership for so many years. Frankly I don't know how much of the people's money went into his pockets. I do know what was done with the bulk of the people's money. I know that good roads were built with it, that good schoolhouses were erected everywhere. My father gave the people a run for their money. He did things for their profit, even though he did things for his own. Graft, maybe. But in the end, a good schoolhouse, a good hospital, a good road. Listen, Mr. Ingersoll. How many good things have been done for the people in the past three years? What kind of a run have the people had for their money? I'll tell you, Mr. Ingersoll. During the first year of his term as governor Jonathan Swift created seventeen hundred new offices in this state and filled those offices with his friends. That meant three million dollars a year in salaries; three million dollars extra. With Wall Street out. Millions less each year in income—millions more in outgo. Why? Seventeen hundred officeholders mean seventeen hundred families, thousands of relatives, hundreds of thousands of friends. Hundreds of thousands of people all over the state polling for the Hon. Jonathan Swift—singing his praises, chanting his phrases. Why? I'll tell you, Mr. Ingersoll, why he has done all this. He has taken more than Wall Street out of state politics. He has taken the political machine out of state politics."

"Ah," said Cal, "now you're talking! Go ahead."

"He has taken the machine out of state politics," smiled Lucy Lane, "and in its place he has set up an emperor—a czar."

That was all she had to say. She was through. Without another word—but with a bewildering smile, a dazzling flash of eyes—she left the room.

She left Cal stunned. He knew instinctively, as in a flash, that all these things were true. Lucy Lane had accomplished well her purpose. In that brief hour she had done to Calvin Ingersoll what Jonathan Swift in one brief hour had done to her. She had shattered Cal's idol; she had shaken Cal's faith in the everlasting righteousness of his cause. Unknown to herself she was a canny politician. She had made no appeal to him to save her father.

Cal couldn't save her father. Her father was guilty. No man can vote all the men and women, cats and dogs in the community and get away with it. The man had been indicted; he had pleaded not guilty. He must stand trial. He must be convicted. He must be sentenced.

"Make no mistake," the county prosecutor said to Cal. "Swift says we've got to railroad Major Lane."

Cal left no stone unturned; he worked his fingers to the bone. Day after day and well into each night he sat at his desk interviewing witnesses. He kept the highways hot with his machine, saw people at their homes, held conclaves in saloons.

Two days before the trial Senator Swift, quite unannounced, glided gently up to Cal's desk.

"I have come to see," he said, "what progress you have made."

Cal handed to the senator a bushel basketful of depositions.

"I have sweat blood over this thing," Cal assured him.

The senator's eyes narrowed. "All well enough to sweat blood," he returned coldly, "but what kind of evidence have you got?"

In a few brief words Cal set forth the total strength of his position; he hit the high spots, making it clear how high they were. When Cal was through the senator slowly shook his head.

"Counselor," he said, "you haven't come within a mile of making out a case. Remember, you are charging this one man with crime. Not anybody else."

Cal shrugged his shoulders. His eyes were feverish, his bones were tired.

"Senator," he said wearily, "I have obtained all the evidence there is."

"Not near enough," said Jonathan Swift.

"It's all there is," said Cal.

The senator rose and crossed the room and closed the door. Then he came back to Cal.

"Ingersoll," he said, "this man must be crushed!"

Once more Cal shrugged his shoulders. "He can't be crushed without evidence," he answered; "evidence incriminating him. I tell you positively, senator, there's all the evidence we have."

"Ingersoll," nodded the senator, "one of this man's mottoes is that the end justifies the means. You and I agree that the man must be crushed. The people's interest demands it. I demand it. He must be crushed by fair means—or by foul. If you haven't got the evidence—then get it anyway."

Cal stared at him. "You mean—manufacture it?" gasped Cal.

"I mean exactly that," said Senator Swift.

"You want me," went on Cal slowly, "to convict this man on perjured testimony? Not in ten thousand years!"

The senator went to the prosecutor. The prosecutor saw Cal in person.

"Cal," he whispered, "this is a very special case. We've got to stretch a point for Swift."

"Not in ten thousand years!" reiterated Cal.

It was the prosecutor's turn to shrug his shoulders. "Very well," he said to Cal: "if you won't stretch a point for Swift—I'm very much afraid that Swift will get someone who will."

Fortunately Cal resigned his office then and there. Had he failed so to do he would have been removed for insubordination. Senator Swift was a rapid worker. He pressed into service a man from his own county who would do Jonathan Swift's bidding.

This man rushed in boldly where Cal had declined to tread.

The case came on for trial. The manufactured evidence, damnably convincing, was produced. A River County jury listened calmly to this evidence, chewed gum imperturbably throughout the case. Imperturbably the jury strung along into the jury room to consider of its verdict. Half an hour later it strung back into the courtroom nonchalantly, and announced it.

(Continued on Page 38)

**FIRESTONE CORDS**

*Firestone Cord tubes have given unusual mileage records. Supplies of these famous Firestone Cords are limited. To avoid disappointment, we urge you to place your order at once. Equipped with Firestone Cords, your car will be a thoroughly dependable motor car. Prices are subject to change without notice. Size for size, Firestone Cords are the lowest priced cords on the market.*

30 x 3½, $17.50 31 x 4½, $42.85
32 x 4, $32.40 33 x 5, $52.15

# The Sources of Extra Mileage

IT is natural that the car owner should assume, in buying Firestone Cords, that he will get extra mileage at no additional cost. He has been pledged Most Miles per Dollar by an organization of the highest responsibility.

Were he a tire expert watching Firestone production he would quickly see how Firestone is able to give so much.

He would recognize in such processes as air-bag cure, rubber blending, double gum-dipping and calendering of cords, as Firestone has evolved it, the practical sources of extra mileage.

And in the vast, smoothly operating Firestone plants he would discover the system, the elimination of waste and the efficiency that reduces Firestone production costs.

It requires not only determination but unusual facilities and ability to build tires that set a new standard for quality and mileage at the lowest prices in history.

## Most Miles per Dollar

# Firestone

**$11.65**

*Tells the extra size non-skid that has set known life records for thousands of miles. Owners report from 8000 and even 10,000 miles. Sold at the lowest price on record. The same extraordinary value at all Firestone dealers.*

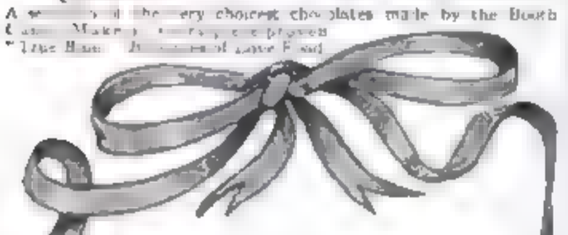
**$9.99**

*Oldfield "999"—guaranteed—a full size 30x3½ anti-skid tire. Built with four ply long staple fabric. In 30x3 size at $9.99. Prices that cannot be equalled for a reputable, well-known tire of trustworthy quality. Sold by Firestone dealers.*

Booth's CHOCOLATES

True Blue Chocolates

A [illegible] the very choicest chocolates made by the Booth Candy Makers [illegible]
"True Blue" [illegible] of pure Food



Made For Candy Lovers

For twenty-seven years our constant thought and endeavor has been to make Booth's Chocolates the finest in taste and purity. The cream which goes into them is fresh daily from the Booth Dairy Farms. The butter is the finest creamery brand. The fruit centers are of ripe fruit—the nuts carefully selected. Every possible care is taken in the preparation to make Booth's Chocolates absolutely perfect in every way. Booth's Chocolates come in many assortments. All are delicious—the packages attractive.

If you fail to obtain Booth's Chocolates from your dealer, send his name and address and we will supply you by mail postpaid, upon receipt of the following prices: True Blue Chocolates, 20 oz., $2.00; Butter Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.50; Esther Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.25; Billy Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.00. Other sizes in proportion.

**Leading Confectioners and Druggists** in certain localities, can still obtain our Special Agency Proposition for their stores. Write for particulars on your business letterhead; state principal lines of candies now handled.

**Booth's Chocolates, Elmira, N. Y.**

*Gifts for Graduates*

**Booth's Butter Chocolates:** Centers made with pure creamery butter and fresh cream, also fruits, nuts and other delicious combinations, all covered with rich delicious milk chocolate. A wonderful gift package.

**Booth's Billy Chocolates:** Their memories linger. Popular with all. The perfection of candy delight.

**Booth's Esther Chocolates:** You are sure to like them. Each piece is a candy surprise. Covered with Dark Smooth Vanilla Chocolate.


*(Continued from Page 36)*

It found the major not guilty on every count charged in the indictment. It whitewashed the major until he was as white as his snow-white hair—whiter.

It was all over—just like that. Jonathan Swift should have foreseen it. A defendant brought to trial upon charges of political corruption is a hero. Major Lane was River County's martyr. He was beloved of every man and woman, cat and dog in River County. Long, long ago River County had convicted Major Lane, in its own mind, of many more heinous crimes than this charged in the indictment. It had forgiven him. It loved him as deeply as it hated Jonathan Swift.

The gum-chewing jury merely winked the other eye, and did the rest.

In other words, it was to laugh. It was a scream, and Senator Swift knew it for the thing it was. The senator gnashed his teeth; he gritted them. He cast about him for something upon which to vent his spleen. The major was beyond his reach. But Cal was not. He charged Cal publicly with having sold out to the major. He covered Cal with slime.

Cal, discredited, in the depths of despair, met Lucy Lane one day upon the street. She carried him home with her in her runabout.

"You're a life saver," said Cal. "I've got to talk things over."

He did, and at great length and to his own great relief. Lucy was a very feminine young person; she comforted him and petted him; she put new life into him. And before the talk was over the major intervened. Lucy introduced her father; it was the first time that Cal had ever met the major face to face. The major shook hands with Cal, donned his house jacket, produced some smokes, settled into the depths of his easy-chair, got Cal to stay to dinner. And at dinner the major looked across the table at his daughter and asked her a single question with his eyes.

"Is this—another hunch?" he queried silently.

"I don't know—but what he is," said Lucy, silently as well.

Cal was. When he left the major's house at midnight two things had happened. When Cal strode down the street he fairly reeled. He was drunk with the major's magnetism; he was permanently hypnotized by the major's powerful personality. So much for Cal. On his own part the major was no less excited. Cal was of the new school; he was young, he was resourceful. He was a man who concentrated on his job. More than all, Cal was an idealist, and the major was not. Cal saw visions, the major didn't even dream dreams. The major needed Cal; he had been looking for a man like Cal for years. Here was a man without a poker face; a man the major could know, could feel. At four o'clock in the morning the major drew a long sigh of relief and went to sleep. For at four o'clock in the morning Cal, all unknown to himself, had been irrevocably picked to be Major Lane's right-hand man.

Cal succumbed. He had to. He was no match for the major. Lucy helped, reluctantly enough—but helped nevertheless. She was sorry afterward she did. Her father's will was paramount. He never issued orders; he indulged in mesmerism. Against her better judgment she helped her father round up Cal. Why not? They had a common cause, these three. With widely varied motives they were out for blood—the blood of Senator Swift.

Cal succumbed. Inside of a twelvemonth the major had taught Cal all his tricks; inside of two years Cal had become something more than an understudy. He had all the makings of a newfangled, up-to-the-minute political boss, next year's model. He had concentrated on his job until the time came when he saw nothing, thought nothing, dreamed of nothing but one-man power. Power—he was steeped in it. He was gloriously drunk with power.

In the midst of it all, another presidential year. And in the midst of this, with the major gone upon a brief vacation, Senator Jonathan Swift flung his hat into the ring. He made his bold, unlooked-for announcement that he was out to win the Presidency of the United States. Jonathan Swift's political successes had all been based upon a series of impudent claims. This was something more than impudence: it was a personal insult flung swiftly at Major Lane's neck while the major's back was turned. It stung the major to instant action; it was for him to strike the first fierce blow. He gathered himself together for the spring—and then he died.

Lucy wasted no time. She was still under the hypnotic influence of her father, and she knew it. She knew also that other folks must be. The day after the funeral she summoned to her home the seventeen ward leaders of the city, the big men in the committee. She told them of the manner of her father's death; told them how his words were ringing in her ears:

"You tell 'em Cal must carry on."

She was striking while the iron was hot. They caught her spirit, felt the urge. They called a special meeting. Cal was chosen in the major's place—to carry on.

Cal carried on. Senator Jonathan Swift, with his state delegates in his pocket, with the prestige of all his sensational political record to back him up, went to the convention with head in air. He was state leader; there was no Major Lane to say him nay. The news of his candidacy had been flung far and wide. He was, once more, the people's candidate; and once more he trod upon the people's platform: Drive Wall Street out of Washington. He was handsome, picturesque—he always got a hearing. In the convention hall, under the most auspicious circumstances, he was introduced to all the people of the nation.

Aside from that he had a secret ally. Wall Street backed him to the limit. Wall Street was perfectly willing to be driven out of Washington provided it could be left to its own devices in New York.

This was the condition that confronted Cal. He went to the convention to fight a losing battle. But he went there prepared; he had concentrated on this job. He was ready, fully ready, for the slaughter. He would give them a run for their money. He had much backing too. The major's sword was in his hand. A woman's kiss was on his lips. He went forth to do or die.

He didn't die. He dragged the state delegates out of Jonathan Swift's vest pocket. No matter how he did it, it was done. For six long days he hammered at them, traded with them, bartered to the top of his bent. He had an ax to grind; he ground it. He stole his way into the grace of other leaders. He learned the secret of the forces that, once put into play, would automatically nominate the successful candidate. With all the major's instincts and his own to guide him, he picked the dark horse destined to win. For that man and that man alone he polled; for that man he fought tooth and nail. And for that man he forced most of his state delegates to vote. That man was nominated. Cal's cleverness in picking that man in the first instance, in tying up to him, in fighting for him did one tremendous thing for Cal. In all the dispatches sent out from the convention hall to the press of the nation Cal was mentioned as one of the five great leaders who had accomplished the result.

That Jonathan Swift was defeated was a detail. On the final ballot the senator received a total of seven and a half votes. A slap in the face, these seven and a half votes. They roused him to the realization that he had a new antagonist worthy of his steel—worthy of his worst tricks and manners. Wrath-bitten and vengeful, Jonathan Swift went back to his desk in the Senate of the United States; went back to bide his time.

Cal went back to River County. A howling delegation met him at the station, almost carried him upon their shoulders. Cal could have anything he wanted now. He was the idol of the hour.

Flushed with success, Cal sought Lucy Lane. He did now what, for many reasons, he had never done before. He asked her, point-blank, to marry him.

But Lucy, a little weary with it all, merely shook her head.

"I can't do it, Cal," she said. "I'm through."

"Through," Cal cried, "with me?"

There was trouble, deep trouble, in her eyes.

"Cal," she said, "I can't help it. A girl who'd had a drunkard for her father—that girl won't marry another drunkard, no matter how much she loves him. She knows too well what it means. Cal, I'm sick to death of living with a boss. Sick of the bluffing, the wire pulling, the whispered conferences, the knives in the back. I can't help it, Cal. I won't go through the swindle of it, the disgrace of it; not again—not for any man."

"But I'm not a swindler," pleaded Cal, wondering; "I don't stick knives in people's backs."

"You will," she said, still wearily. "You can't help it. You've got the habit. My father taught you. And now it's got you. I didn't realize. I helped—helped the thing to get you. I know the signs. You're getting worse and worse. You're getting to the point where, by hook or crook, you're determined that your will, and no one else's, shall be law. You are drunk, dead drunk, with power. The dickens of it is," said Lucy Lane, "I love you, Cal—I do."

Cal caught her in his arms. He was a great lover, was Cal Ingersoll. He brought all his gentleness, his tenderness, his eagerness to bear upon her. She felt the pull of his magnetism. But she only shook her head and sighed. There was no moving her.

"But," pleaded Cal, "are we to go on—always—just like this?"

There was a little of the devil in Lucy Lane. Somehow she knew always just what she was about. She shook her head again.

"Cal," she said, "I'm going to live some kind of a life. I suppose most people consider me a talkative little prig. Snarling, possibly, and vain. I know you don't, Cal. And I've hopes that there are other men who don't. I've got my eye on one or two. I've got to marry somebody, Cal, and have children and live in a home instead of a star chamber. I've dreamed it; I know it must come true."

"Now, look here," cried Cal desperately, "none of that kind of talk to me—unless you want me to knife the father of those children in the back. If you're going to marry anybody you're going to marry me."

"It takes two to make a bargain, Cal," she said.

He could see clearly that her determination merely strengthened as she went on. And at any cost he had to have her.

"All right!" he cried in abject surrender. "Tell me what you want of me—I'll do anything you say."

His tone must have carried conviction. It was the tone of a man who not only had thrown away his whisky flask but who was about to make the nation dry as well.

"You mean it, Cal?" she cried.

"We'll strike the bargain now," said Cal. "I'll do anything you say."

Lucy's eyes glowed. "Cal," she exclaimed, "listen! Isn't there anything in life but handing out jobs to one set of men and withholding them from another set? Isn't there any other goal in politics?"

"Lucy," he defended, "I'm the cleanest of them all. But go on—tell me what you want."

"I want you to think of just one thing, Cal," said Lucy; "just one thing—the pockets of the people."

"The pockets of the people," echoed Cal.

"Cal," persisted Lucy, "you and I were hero worshipers. Once we set a man upon a pedestal. Why did we do it, Cal? Because he said he could do things for the people. Cal, I want you to do for the people what Jonathan Swift has always said he'd do."

Cal drew a long, long breath. He shook his head. "It's a large order, sweetheart—and I don't know just where and how to begin, nor where it all will end. Suppose I try and fail?"

"Suppose you try," said Lucy, with a promise in her eyes.

"By gosh, I'll try!" said Cal.

The county courthouse brotherhood gave a dinner to Joe Stamler. Joe had held position at the courthouse for twenty-five long years. For a considerable portion of that time he had been undersheriff of the county. Joe went to the dinner clad in a suit of evening clothes that he had had for fifteen years, got himself comfortably soused on contraband and went home happy. The next day was Sunday. Joe exhibited his new Swiss repeater to the children. For a brief period all was merriment and joy.

Then, because they could be put off no longer, Joe's wife got out some bills that should have been paid three months before.

"We've got to pay them, Joe," she warned him.

Joe Stamler groaned. "What with?" he queried.

She didn't know any more than Joe did. But she brightened up.

"Did you talk to Mannie Forbes at the dinner?" she inquired.

Joe nodded listlessly. "I talked to Mannie Forbes and I talked to Senator Margolies. And they promised. They even made a note of it. But what's the use? They've promised many times before."

*(Continued on Page 40)*

*Overland, always a good investment, now the greatest automobile value in America*

AN important and favorite member of thousands and thousands of American families—chummy, responsive, lively and cheery; always ready for a lark or serious business; always thoughtful of your comfort with its triplex springs. Thoughtful, too, of father's purse, with its low upkeep and 25 miles to the gallon.

*Today's Overland: 25 miles to the gallon; all-steel body; baked enamel finish; 130-inch spring base*

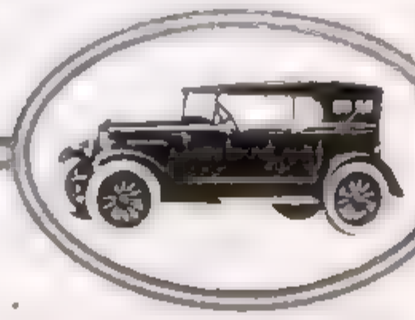
WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio • • Canadian Factory: Willys-Overland, Ltd., Toronto

# Today's Overland at $550

TRADE MARK REG.

*f.o.b Toledo*

TOURING $550 • ROADSTER $550 • COUPÉ $850 • SEDAN $895 • F. O. B. TOLEDO



I FINALLY must confess that my advertisements belong in the best seller class.

Evidence of their potency was recently presented to me by a repairman who wrote how a banker's better portion drove in her electric and was frankly disappointed when she discovered there really was no place where a set of Spencer-Smith Pistons could be installed in her chariot.

Of course, we might have draped one or two pistons near the flower beaker. But there are so many places that Spencer-Smith Pistons will do more good!

For instance, perhaps your motor has that tired feeling. Maybe it doesn't like to get started in the morning. Perhaps it's wheezy—quite asthmatic—with a cough that vaticinates a tour to the Southwest.

Now before departing upon a long and expensive journey of that kind, it quite often is advisable to undergo local treatment. Place your vehicle under a specialist's care. A stethoscopic examination will most probably reveal oil congestion. Further diagnosis will undoubtedly disclose ailing pistons and out-of-round cylinders. Of course an immediate operation becomes necessary—particularly if your pistons are burdened with unnecessary weight that causes your motor to tremble and quiver like a jelly fish when you ask it to negotiate a slight grade in high.

Remove the afflicted pistons without hesitation—or mental reservation—and insist that the doctor make a Spencer-Smith substitution after regrinding the cylinders.

You really will be surprised when you discover how motor vexations and irritations can be quickly suppressed and obviated with fine, light pistons.

We might go into detail telling you how Spencer-Smith Pistons are built so that every set is, though stronger, several pounds lighter than ordinary pistons; how we encircle them with an oil trapping and draining groove which really does stop oil pumping for good, or how we use super-precision methods of production and inspection. But you, perhaps, will prefer to have the boss give you the complete dope in his one lesson correspondence course, "Making Your Pistons Pay a Profit." Enroll now—writing me in care of the Spencer-Smith Machine Company, Howell, Michigan—and graduate with our incoming class. Matriculation costs absolutely nothing—not even return postage.

SpenSmith

P. S.

*A Patented Oil Drain Groove*

Notice that oil groove and oil holes. They stop oil pumping and prevent carbon trouble by scraping off the oil on the down stroke of the piston the oil is wiped into the groove by the third ring and is then drained through the holes back into the crankcase

© (12)

SPENCER-SMITH PISTONS

*Built by the largest manufacturers of pistons exclusively*


*(Continued from Page 38)*

"Joe," said his wife suddenly, "why don't you brace up and go to headquarters? Why don't you go to Cal?"

"Cal doesn't like me," returned Joe Stamler; "and besides, I don't know him very well."

"Joe," said Joe's wife with conviction, "you go to Cal."

Joe went to Cal. He saw him.

"Mr. Ingersoll ——" he started in.

"You know better than that, Joe," returned the boss.

"Cal," nodded Joe.

"Much better, Joe. What's eating you?" said Cal.

"Cal," said Joe miserably, "the minute I got out of school I went into the sheriff's office. They paid me ten a week. I've been undersheriff now for ten full years. I've got six children, growing up. They're paying me twenty-eight hundred and fifty dollars, Cal. I can't quit; I'm fit for nothing else. And I can't go on. That's all."

"Did you see Lafe Smith?" asked Cal.

"I've seen 'em all until I'm tired," said Joe. "I can't make any headway with 'em—not a soul. I don't know why not; it's a turn of a wrist to get a bill through the legislature. And I'm a good man, Cal."

"I know you're good, Joe," nodded Cal.

"I run that office, Cal," went on Joe Stamler. "Without me there wouldn't be any sheriff's business done. I'm the sheriff in everything but name."

Cal started suddenly. He placed his hand upon the other's arm.

"Say that again, Joe," he commanded. "I wasn't listening that time."

Joe said it again. Cal drank in every word. There was a new light in his eyes when he spoke.

"I'm on," said Cal. "I used to be the whole show in the prosecutor's office in my time."

"You sure did, Cal," said Joe.

Cal was silent for a moment, an uncertain flickering smile playing about the corners of his mouth.

"Joe," he said at length, "how much does Sheriff Gorley make out of his job up there?"

Joe knew; knew too well. "Ten thousand a year straight," said Joe, "and seven thousand in extra fees, besides. He makes from fifteen to twenty thousand, sure, a year."

"And now," smiled Cal, "just what does Gorley do?"

"He runs a bottling business," returned Joe.

"I know that," said Cal; "but in the sheriff's office—what does he do up there?"

"Nothing," said Joe.

"He has responsibility," said Cal.

"Does he?" grinned Joe. "He's under bond to the state. But I handle all the funds, and I'm under bond to him. I draw all the checks; he signs any check I put before him. A seven-year-old boy could do as much"

"And that's all he does?" demanded Cal.

"So help me!" returned Joe.

Cal investigated. Then he sent for Joe again. This time he saw Joe behind closed doors.

"Stamler," said Cal, getting down to business, "I want to help you if I can. But there's always *quid pro quo*."

"I'll do anything in reason, Cal," said Joe hopefully.

"You want a raise," mused Cal. "How much of a raise are you looking for?"

"I can get along," said Joe, "on thirty-five hundred dollars a year, and not a dollar less."

"Net," nodded Cal.

"Yes," said Joe.

"And that doesn't leave anything—for me."

"To tell the truth, it doesn't," returned Joe.

Cal drummed on his desk with his fingers. "Joe," he said at length, "suppose I get you five thousand a year—what then?"

Joe Stamler gazed evenly into Cal's eyes. "I'm on," he said. "You want all over thirty-five hundred. Am I right?" And then he shook his head. "Barkis is willin', Cal," he went on, "but you'll never get the legislature to vote me two thousand more than I'm getting now."

"The legislature," said Cal, "will do anything I say."

"You're way off," said Joe. "If they double my salary they'll have to double the salary of every under man in River County."

Cal started to his feet. "By gosh," he cried in the tone of a man who has made a great discovery, "by gosh, you're right! I never thought of that. The thing is big far bigger than I dreamed."

"There's bound to be a howl," said Joe, forlorn and hopeless.

"That's neither here nor there," said Cal. "The point is this: If I get you a salary of five thousand dollars a year will you be satisfied?"

"And I'll pay you fifteen hundred out of that," said Joe

"I don't want fifteen hundred out of that," said Cal.

"You mean," cried Joe, "that I get five thousand net?"

"That's all you get," said Cal.

"Will you kindly wait until I throw a fit?" said Joe.

"Don't throw it yet," smiled Cal, "until I'm through. There are some things I can do, Joe. This is one of them. But it's got to be done right. You do your part—I'll do mine."

"What's my part?" queried Joe.

"Your part," said Cal, "is paying me all over five thousand dollars that you get."

"My land!" said Joe. "How much are you going to raise me, Cal?"

"More than five thousand," nodded Cal. "I want your word that I get all over that."

"So help me!" said Joe.

"I'm going to raise you, Joe," continued Cal, "from a paltry salary of twenty-eight hundred and fifty dollars a year to a sum ranging from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars."

"You—can't—do—it!" exclaimed Joe.

"I can do it," nodded Cal. "I'm going to elect you sheriff in the fall."

The fall was far enough away. Cal had plenty of time, but he needed plenty to accomplish what he had to do. He spent weeks investigating conditions existing in River County; then he tackled River City. Then he sent for Chris Goss, the deputy county clerk. Chris Goss' chief, the county clerk, was a patent-leather man. He had a plant that was always running overtime. Cal saw Chris Goss behind closed doors; he made a solemn compact with Chris Goss. Chris Goss left this conference with eyes popping from his head. Then Cal sent for another man; another and another.

When he had finished with these secret conclaves Cal made up his slate. It was a simple task to make it up. It was a gigantic undertaking to force it through. When he flashed this slate upon his confidential confreres in the county committee there was a howl that could be heard from here to there. There was good reason for this howl. Cal had a ticket made up of men who had no qualifications for their respective offices save that of complete fitness for their jobs. The thing was raw; it never had been pulled before.

Cal pulled it. He had put River County on the nation's map. River County owed him something; his state owed him more. He demanded recognition, obedience; it was time for him to draw his pay. There was bluster, there were grunts and growls. But Cal was firm. He slapped his men upon the primary ticket, got them nominated. As a matter of course they were elected in the fall.

Four years passed eventfully. Cal, by virtue of a superhuman struggle, maintained his leadership. But he took on another boss—he married Lucy Lane. During those four years Lucy began to play the game of politics in a new way—with twins. Lucy was just the kind of girl to have twins—and she had 'em. As those four years closed, terms of office neared expiration. The time had come to act.

Cal acted. In his own way, with a fanfare of trumpets, Cal for the first time in his life called a mass meeting of the common people, the people that are always featured in cartoons. He spent hundreds on advance publicity. He announced that he was prepared to make a sensational disclosure that would hit the people where they lived.

He gave not the slightest clew to this sensational disclosure, but he felt sure the people would respond. There had been ugly rumors about Cal for some time now; rumors that he had taken no pains to quell. He guessed shrewdly that thousands would turn out to see and hear what a crooked boss might have to say.

He guessed right. The crowd was out in force. Five hundred people were packed about the entrance of the huge auditorium before the doors were opened. These five hundred saw something that roused their interest to the highest pitch.

At seven-thirty sharp three huge motor cars drew up at the side entrance of the auditorium. Fifteen stalwart plain-clothes men emerged, each with a cocked revolver in his hand. They formed two solid lines across the sidewalk, from the biggest of the big cars to the door of the hall. Then two more men stepped from this big motor car, ran the gantlet of the lines of men with guns, slipped through the side entrance and disappeared. These two men lugged two suitcases into the hall. The door was closed.

At eight o'clock sharp, in full view of a crowded house, these two men appeared. They stepped upon the platform, suitcases in hand; they seated themselves. The fifteen plain-clothes men, still with drawn revolvers, closed in in a half circle behind the two.

The band stopped playing. Cal stepped blithely to the fore.

He was nervous, jumpy. The people could see that. They pressed forward eagerly to hear what Cal might have to say. He said it forthwith.

"Neighbors," began Cal—"I have, as promised, a sensational disclosure to make to you to-night. Before I make it I want to say that I realize as much as you do that I am standing in the presence of a multitude of overburdened people. The cost of living, high before, has doubled in four years. The cost of running governments has trebled. There is no relief in sight. The people have forgotten how to save; in fact, they can't save if they would. All of which is platitude—old stuff—not sensational disclosure. But it brings me to my starting point. My starting point is Sheriff Joseph Stamler, who sits there. I'm going to make a sensational disclosure about Friend Joe."

The hall was overcrowded. The newspaper table was surrounded by a swarm of assignment men. Two of these men were strangers; the rest of the clan had never seen them. They paid no attention to their neighbors. They took down every word that Cal was uttering; took it down painstakingly, in shorthand notes. These men were Senator Swift's men—the senator wanted to have a finger in this pie.

"Four years ago last spring," said Cal, "Joe Stamler came to me. Four years ago last spring Benjamin Gorley was your sheriff. He is in this hall to-night; he has had full warning of what I have to say. During that year Benjamin Gorley's pocket was enriched by sheriff's salary and fees to the tune of twenty thousand dollars of the people's money."

"What do you pick on me for?" cried Ben Gorley from the crowd. "I earned it. It was mine."

"Ben Gorley didn't earn it," proceeded Cal. "There was another man that earned it and that earned it all. That man was Joe Stamler—undersheriff at less than three thousand a year. Joe Stamler was doing all the work. Ben Gorley was getting twenty thousand dollars of your money, and he did no work at all. During the four years of his term as sheriff Ben Gorley took in seventy-five thousand dollars. During those four years he gave no return therefor."

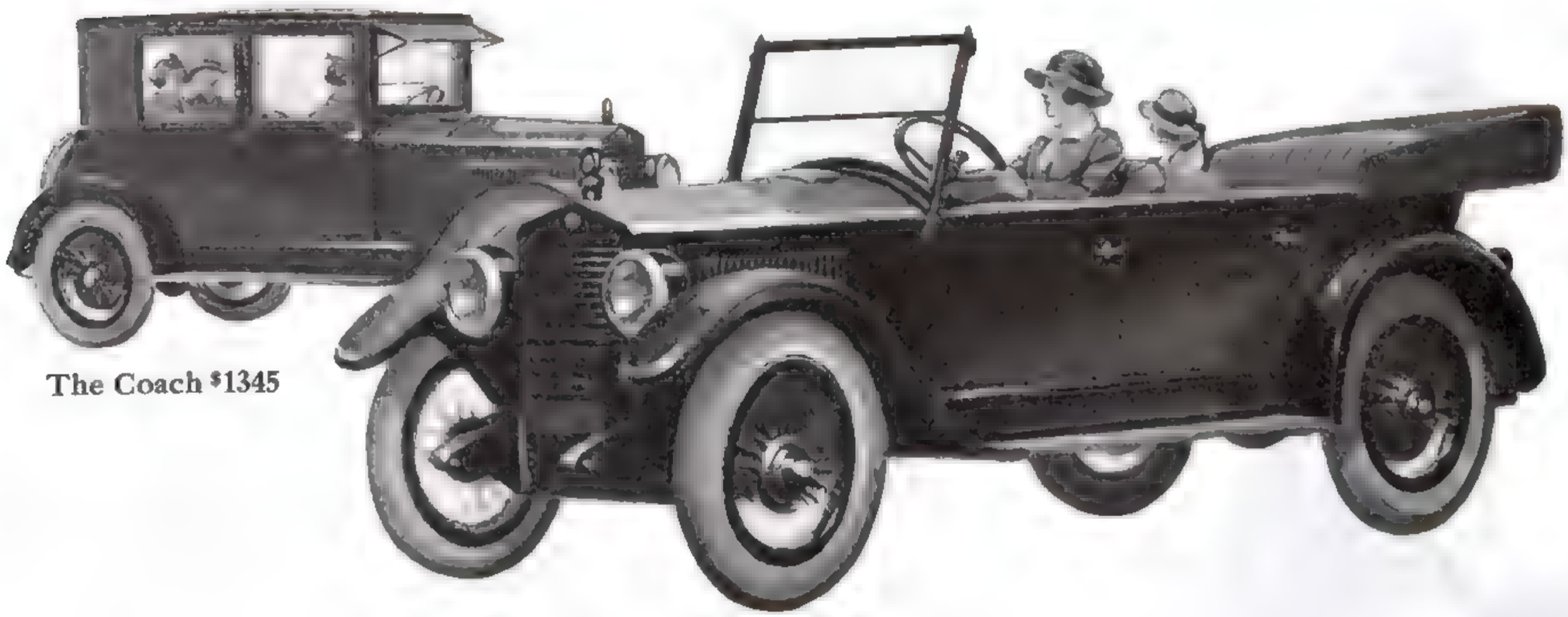
Cal paused. He hesitated, as though he was not quite sure of what he ought to say. And then he said it—the thing that Jonathan Swift's men took down with great particularity, the thing that later Jonathan Swift fastened on.

"Joe Stamler," went on Cal, "was doing five thousand dollars' worth of work a year. He was getting twenty-eight hundred and fifty dollars for it. He came to me to help him get his salary boosted to a point where he could live. I investigated Joe. Mark you, at that time Joe Stamler was a political nonentity; he could not have gotten one vote out of this River City crowd. Not one, direct primaries and all. Joe Stamler was the one man trained by twenty-five years of experience for the job of sheriff. His friends could have worked their fingers to the bone for him. It would all have gone for naught. Joe came to me, and I made a bargain with him, a secret bargain. I agreed to elect Joe county sheriff, on one condition only. That condition was—he must account to me for all his income over the five thousand dollars he was worth."

He paused. There was tremendous hubbub. Naturally so. The crowd was a crowd, with the intelligence of a crowd. It got the meaning of the words, but it didn't foresee what Cal was driving at. There were, however, mental arithmeticians among that crowd.

"Cal's rake-off," grinned one man, computing in loud tones—"only fifteen thou. a year. Some rake-off, Cal."

*(Continued on Page 42)*



The Coach $1345

*This*

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You can have no appreciation of what this price buys until you examine and drive it.

To all that made Essex such a wonderful value in the past are added refinements and comforts never before offered in a car of its price class. Roomier seating, wider doors and greater riding ease, contribute something new in personal comfort.

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And how rarely is an Essex offered for resale. Old owners tell you of a car so enduringly designed and built that its performance improves for thousands of miles. The fame of the Essex motor is not confined to its astonishing ability in speed, power, liveliness and endurance. More important is its freedom from annoyance and the exasperating little things that mar motoring pleasure.

Today's Essex combines advantages no earlier owner knows. Go see, and ride in it. It is the best Essex ever built, and at the lowest price.

**Wider Seats.**

**Wider Doors.**

**Lubricated with an oil can—no messy grease cups.**

**Thief-proof Lock, reduces insurance cost 15% to 20%.**

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*F. O. B. Detroit*

(432)

ESSEX MOTORS, DETROIT

*Swim!*

*For abounding health and joy*

TO GO far out and dash in on the breakers, to dive again and again, to feel life and delight quicken every muscle! What joy swimming holds for one who wears a Jantzen!

**Jantzen is the *original*** elastic-stitch swimming suit. It fits perfectly—wet or dry—not accentuating any part of the body. *Never binds. Never sags.*

**At Atlantic City, Palm Beach, Miami**—on the lakes and rivers, at indoor and outdoor pools—from Maine to Waikiki—Jantzen is the popular suit.

**Leading stores are showing** new Jantzen models now in the fashionable Jantzen colors. For Men, Women and Children. All are pure wool. Ask your dealer to explain the non-rip crotch, the bow trunk pattern, and other exclusive Jantzen features. If you do not find Jantzen suits, write us for "Seven Reasons why world famous Swimmers wear Jantzens," and name of nearest dealer.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
PORTLAND, OREGON

*To Merchants: We sell direct to the retailer—can make immediate delivery by express. Write or wire.*

Jantzen
The National Swimming Suit
NEVER BINDS~NEVER SAGS

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(Continued from Page 40

Cal nodded. "In dealing with Joe Stamler in this wise," he went on, "I did a very dangerous and questionable thing. But I did it, nevertheless; and Joe has kept it mum, and so have I. I did it in the way I did because I saw no other way to do it—and get it over to you. I could have come to you four years ago with a great altruistic idea—with a vision of material benefit to you. I considered doing it—considered going about it in the way that a reformer naturally would go about it. I rejected the idea. You were weary of reform. You would have swept my scheme into the discard, as impossible, visionary; rejected it as rot. I knew there was not one chance in a thousand of putting over what I wanted to put over—except in one way. I had but one object in view. I couldn't see any earthly use in paying Ben Gorley twenty thousand dollars a year of the people's money when I could get the same results with five. I might just as well throw the extra fifteen thousand in the gutter—or pocket it myself. I did the latter. I put it in the bank."

Deep silence now. It was what Cal wanted. He went on to repeat his dangerous admission—an admission that could not be recalled.

"I kept my bargain with Joe Stamler, gentlemen," said Cal. "I forced his nomination at the primaries. I elected him sheriff in November of that year. I concede that fact willingly. And Joe Stamler kept his pact with me. He paid the shot."

Silence still—silence that could be cut with a knife.

"Gentlemen," said Cal, "what I did in the case of Ben Gorley and Joe Stamler I did in the case of nearly every officeholder in River County and in River City. I made a secret compact in the case of every man. I put my men upon the ticket; I elected them. They kept their pact with me."

He nodded to the men with suitcases. They slung their suitcases on two chairs, opened them. The cordon of plain-clothes men drew near, and nearer still. The men with the suitcases bent to their task. Rapidly they tossed bundle after bundle of greenbacks on the long table beside Cal until they had built two mountain peaks of money. The multitude drew a long, long breath. Most of them had never even thought of that much money; most of them had never seen so much as one per cent of it. There was a picture. Two mounds of legal tender, a bank man standing grim behind each mound. Fifteen stalwart guardians, each with a finger on the trigger of his gun. And Cal.

"Gentlemen," went on Cal, "I come to you with no vision—no altruistic nonsense. I come to you with no promise. I am seeking no office. I am asking nothing of you, nothing for myself. But I come to you with a task performed, come to you with the assurance that the thing has been done. For four years, gentlemen, in River City and in River County, the head of every office has been paid all the money that he's worth. For four years he has earned the money that he's worth. What's left is what you used to pay for nothing. Here it is."

Cal waved his hand toward the two mounds of money. "Gentlemen," he went on, "this is only a sample of what can be done—of what you can do. What I have done once you can do many times, for many years. What I have done in one particular, you can do in all particulars for all time. I want you to do it if you will. I want you to compel the legislature of this state to pass an act—I've drawn it—that will provide against your paying out your good money and getting nothing to show for it. I want you to do something more. I want you to put Joe Stamler and all the other men who've served you so efficiently—I want you to put them back into office once again. I want you to reelect them in the fall."

The multitude had just begun to catch his drift. There was an attempt at applause. Cal stifled it.

"Is the county treasurer of River County here?" he asked

He was; he had been already planted on the platform. He stepped to the fore.

"I want the city treasurer of River City," went on Cal.

That gentleman rose to his feet.

Cal once more faced his audience. "Gentlemen," he said, pointing to the mounds of money, "remember—this is but a drop in the bucket compared with the money you can save if you'll only take the pains. Mr. Outcault," he went on, bowing to the county treasurer, "this smaller pile is yours. It runs up to something more than an even million dollars."

"My Lord!" gasped a man in the audience. "What about the bigger one?"

"The bigger one," smiled Cal, "is for Mr. Jacobs here. It totals to two millions and a half."

After that the deluge. The thing was drama of the most thrilling type. The crowd went wild. Even the ennui-stricken lads at the reporters' table leaped to their feet and howled. This thing was news—news of the first rank. That night husbands waked their wives and told about it; men and women called up their friends at midnight, shouting the strange tidings over the wire. The papers went to press.

Next day Cal's sensational disclosure—a fulfillment, not a promise—swept the nation from Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Cal set himself to work. He prepared his ticket for the primaries—with Joe Stamler's name at the head of all the rest. He drafted the referendum clause that he had outlined at the meeting. He girded up his loins.

The day for the primaries arrived. It was a damp day. The taxpayers didn't venture out to vote. They went to their offices of course. Some of them got soaked while going out to lunch. They left their homes in the morning, went about their business, came back in the evening, cheerful or otherwise, as the case might be. At night they went out in droves to the movies and the theaters. What equinoctial storm could interfere with activities like these? But it was too devilish wet to crawl round the corner to the polls.

Next day the votes were counted. No, the taxpayers hadn't come out—but the riffraff had. Cal's candidates, every man of them qualified to fill his office, were defeated. The Swift nominees won out. Cal's referendum clause went by the board entirely; nobody noticed it except that portion of the professional electorate that had voted against it under positive instructions.

In River City Cal's ticket was defeated by one hundred and thirty-two votes. If one hundred and thirty-three more taxpayers had opened up umbrellas and dodged round the corner and cast that many ballots—— But why should they, anyhow, on such a night as that?

Two weeks after the primary election another special grand jury was drawn. It indicted Calvin Ingersoll for a clear violation of the Corrupt Practices Act—his specific crime being that he had bargained to procure the election of a multitude of men to office and had procured it.

Once the indictment had been handed down Senator Jonathan Swift once more visited the prosecutor's office.

"No fluke this time," he told his prosecutor. "I want this upstart trampled in the mud."

Cal showed the warrant to Lucy. He shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the use?" he said. "All that they're after is my head. There's no use of my disgracing you, and little Mort and Cal. Lucy, I'll go downtown to-day and hand in my resignation as chairman of the county committee. I'll get the prosecutor to quash this indictment. I'm through with politics. I'll slump back to private life and practice law."

"Not yet—not yet!" cried Lucy.

"Why not?" asked Cal, surprised.

Lucy placed her hand upon his arm. "Cal," she said, "stand trial. There's nothing else that will rub this thing into the people as that will do. Stand trial."

Her eyes were glowing. Her face shone with hope. She gave Cal new life.

"And after that?" he said.

"After that," she nodded. "Any means to gain an end. After that, Cal, be a bigger boss than you've ever been before."

"This—from you?" gasped Cal.

"From me," said Lucy. "Be as crafty, as cunning as you want."

"And to what end?" asked Cal.

"Any means to gain the end we're after, Cal," cried Lucy. "Any means to make the people understand the value of a single vote."

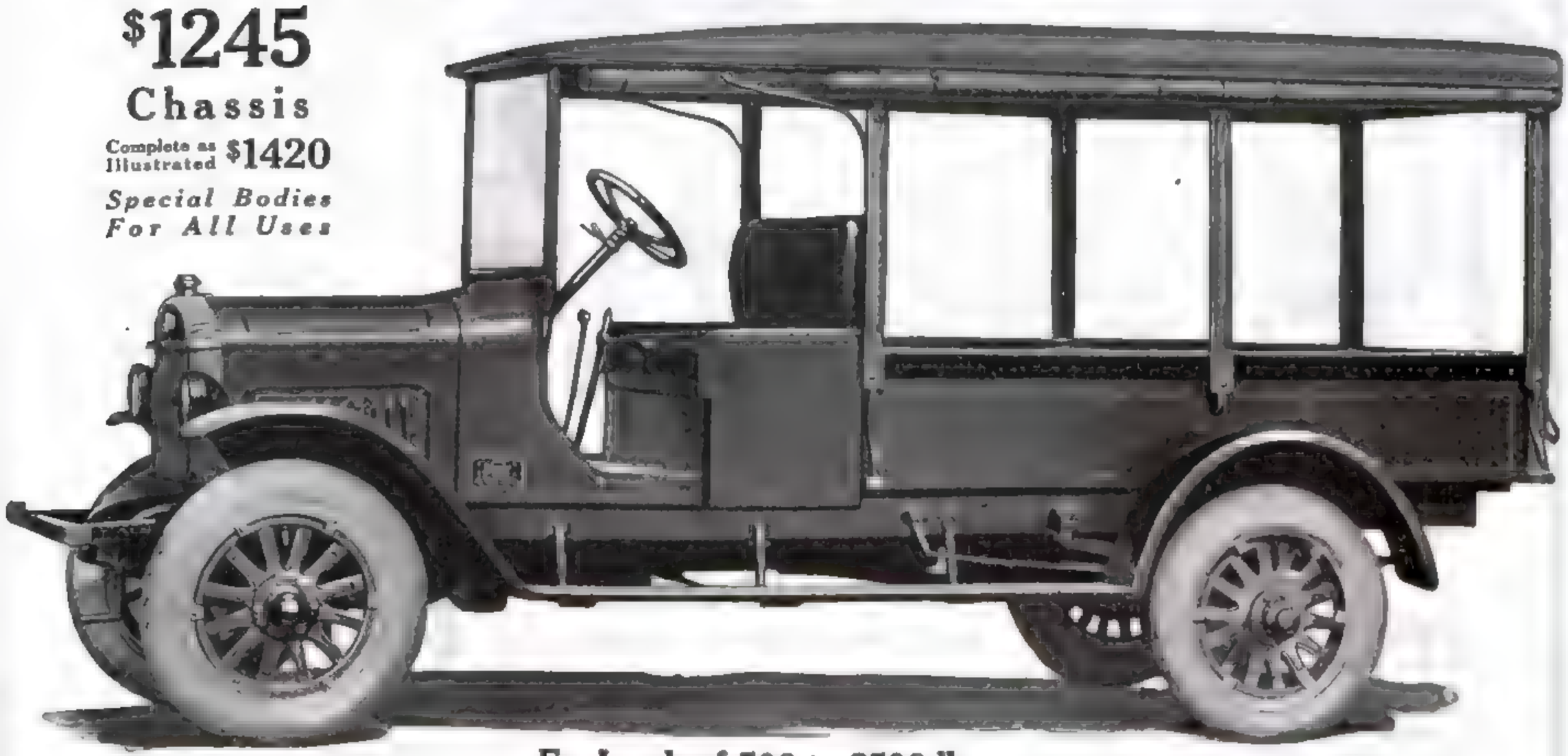
"By gosh," cried Cal, "I'll do it, Lucy! But I'm doing it for you."

"For me," said Lucy, clutching him in her nervous grasp.

And so Cal carried on. For her.

# Something New in the Truck Field

**$1245**
**Chassis**
Complete as Illustrated **$1420**
*Special Bodies For All Uses*



**For Loads of 500 to 2500 lbs.**

# Stewart "Utility Wagon"

## *A Speed Truck Built Entirely of Truck Parts*

Take particular note that it is truck-built throughout—the product of a company that builds nothing but trucks.

It is fast, powerful and everlastingly reliable. Built for rapid delivery service on big loads, every part is designed for that special duty.

### *So of Course It Stands Up Better*

It does not utilize any parts meant for lighter duty. That saves lots of troubles.

It is all business. It works more hours, turns in faster trips and keeps down costs at every point. Because 10 years of truck-building experience was put in it, with those exact aims in view.

Speed equal to any. Ready to go at all times, which is more important. As regular as a good clock, and keeps to schedule like a train.

The motor is a truck-type of latest design, with three bearing crankshaft and force feed oiling system. It gives astonishing fuel and oil economy. See how sturdy is each part—axles, wheels, heavy, rigid frame.

Your driver will like it, too. It handles as easily as a light passenger car. The springing is the best in any truck built for this service. The seat is broad and comfortable.

This is a truck you can depend on for years. See if it won't meet your requirements better and at lower cost than any other in the market.

## Truck and Automobile Dealers Make Money

Sixty per cent of the trucks sold today are of this type.

Practically all businesses have need for it.

Here you can add to your income without interfering with your present lines. You are not required to stock the full line.

The "Utility Wagon" is a beautiful job. It will not cumber up your sales room or look ungainly.

Lots of chances to sell your customers.

Perhaps your territory is open—write for details.

### Details

128 inch wheel base
8 ft. loading space
Electric Starter
Electric Lights
Heavier Wheels
34 x 4½ Cord Tires
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*Learn in a few minutes "The Sure Way to Buy the Right Truck." It tells what to look out for and how to buy wisely. A few facts will guard you against costly mistakes.*

**Stewart** MOTOR CORP
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## Stewart Builds a Full Line of Trucks from ¾ ton to 4 tons

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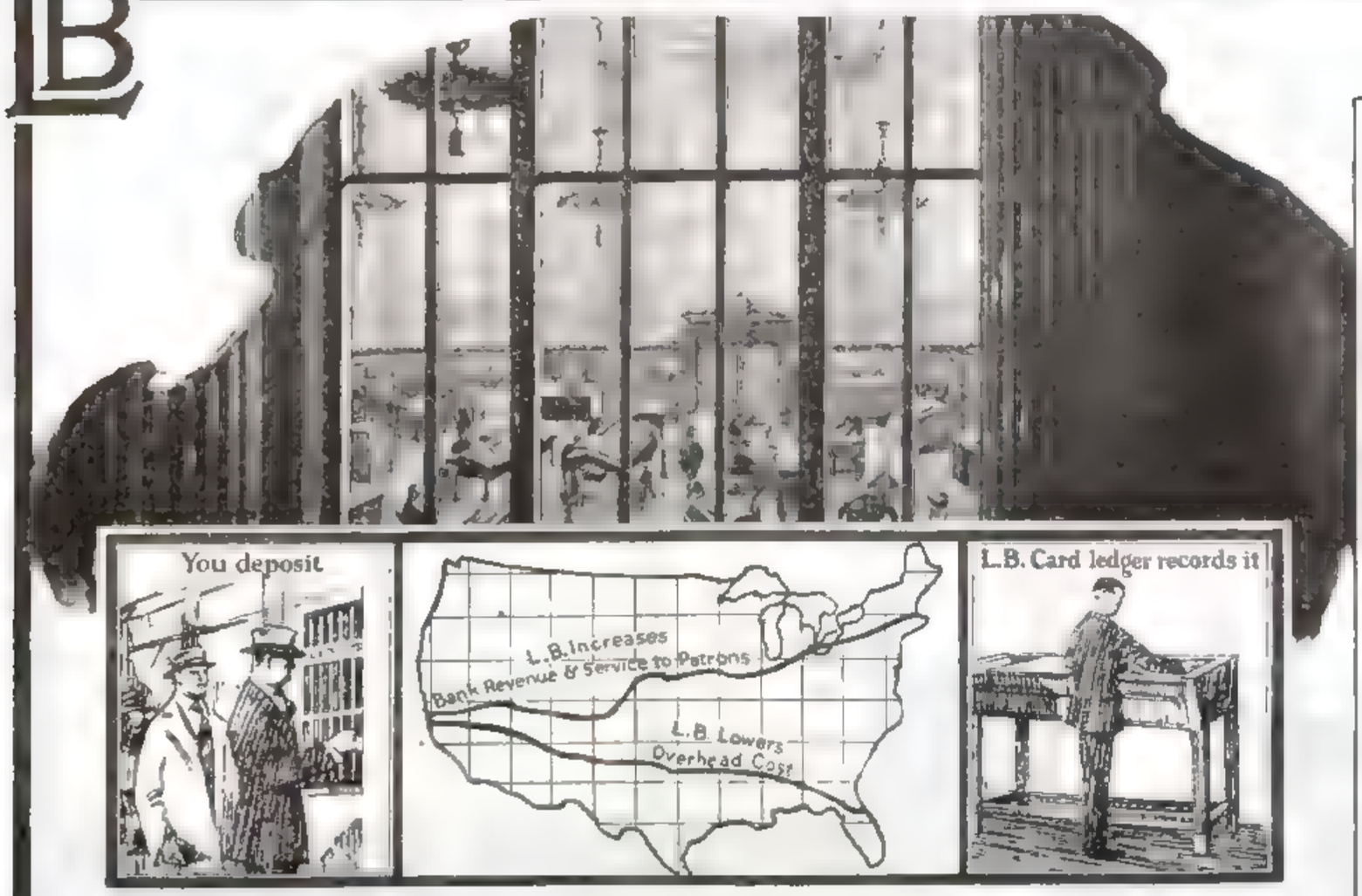


# Systematizing the nation's wealth

OVER thirty-eight billion dollars ($38,000,000,000) are on deposit in the nation's banks.

Back of thousands of bank windows, from coast to coast, are the comprehensive methods that Library Bureau has developed for systematizing this wealth; to keep it commercially fluid and accessible; to help the banks record exactly the millions of transactions in connection with it.

Your bank account—commercial or savings—is probably kept on an L. B. Card ledger. Your cancelled checks are probably filed in an L. B. Check file. When you open a new bank account your signature is probably written on an L. B. Signature card. Today billions of dollars are handled with the aid of such Library Bureau systems as:

| *Filing systems* | *Card systems* |
|---|---|
| Checks | Average balances |
| Correspondence | Commercial ledgers |
| Credits | Investments |
| Deposit tickets | Liability records |
| Foreign | New business |
| Statistics | Safe deposit |
| Transit | Savings ledgers |
| Withdrawal tickets | Signatures |

Library Bureau's Bank Department consists of a staff of specialists who consult with architects when blueprints for a new building or addition are prepared; design new equipment; develop new systems; plan new records for the central information files that produce new business.

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*Send for booklet, "The Newest Force in Business Building."*

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Founded 1876

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Card and filing systems ~ Cabinets ~ Supplies

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**New York**
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**Philadelphia**
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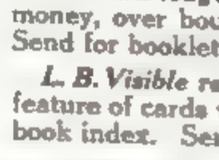

***Bank Department***
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L. B. Service includes the planning of new systems, special and stock equipment, laying out filing and record departments, the preparation of confidential information.

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They are used by 125,000 businesses. L. B. quality is standard.

L. B. has originated many labor-saving devices:

***Vertical units.***
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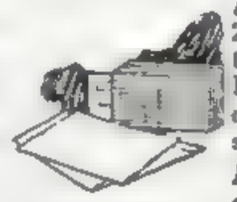

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Send for catalog No. 702

# Everybody's Business

## By FLOYD W. PARSONS

### *Graphic Methods in Business*

BUSINESS throughout the world is tending more and more toward the establishment of a universal language which will be intelligible to the people of all countries. Sheet music can be read and understood by musically educated persons, no matter whether they live in America, England, China or Africa. In like manner it is altogether probable that one day standardized graphic charts representing all phases of commercial and industrial endeavor will be as easily understood by intelligent people, even though they speak different languages and observe unlike customs.

Relative quantities and comparative results can be more readily grasped through optical means than in any other way. Well-made graphic charts present matters in vivid fashion and save the time of executives who must make decisions and initiate action. No one who conducts a business or manages men can remember complicated records of past performances, and yet in nearly every phase of business it is the results over a period of months or years which form the real story. The prospective owner of a new house can grasp all the essential facts concerning his contemplated building by merely glancing at a blue print, whereas an equally clear conception could never be conveyed by a written description.

Not more than a decade ago the use of graphic methods was confined almost entirely to men of technical training. To-day charts are used not only by business executives but by lawyers, physicians and farmers. Guessing and hoping no longer have a place in the conduct of industry. The manager of the present time must not only know what his business is doing but be able to predict with a moderate degree of precision what it is going to do. The use of charts is a sure and speedy way to substitute fact for surmise.

In adopting the graphic chart in his business, the modern industrial executive is merely returning to a practice that was quite common among primitive peoples. The pictograph was the original writing of early man. Both the Egyptians and the Chinese provide us with examples of graphic presentation centuries old. The American Indian employed a picture method of conveying his thoughts.

Data presented in the form of a column of figures are never so quickly understood as when the same facts are shown by a number of simple horizontal bars or by a single bar so divided up that each portion of its length or height represents a separate and distinct fact. For example, let us assume that a certain corporation employs a large number of foreign-born workers and that of these employes the Poles form twenty-five per cent, the Russians twenty per cent, the Germans forty per cent, and the Italians fifteen per cent. In such a case a much better idea of the relative size of the various elements is gained if the information is presented in the form of a small chart having four horizontal lines extending out from a vertical base. If we make the horizontal line representing the Poles one inch long, the bar for the Russians would be four-fifths of an inch, the German bar one and three-fifth inches, and the Italian bar would be only three-fifths of an inch long. It may take a minute longer to present the thing graphically, but after it is shown in picture form the facts of percentage assume a greater prominence, create a deeper impression and require less effort on the part of the reader.

It cannot be denied that charts to some people are literally an abomination. A graph to them presents as many difficulties as would a page of manuscript written in Latin. Such opposition to the universal use of charts would be overcome quickly by an active campaign of education. It is easily possible to convince any reasonable individual that though the ultimate theory of charts is mathematical the one who proposes to use them need only be given a few sheets of ruled paper, and four-fifths of the work is already done. The majority of charts can be easily understood by people who could not solve a simple problem in algebra. Consequently it is a fact that the idea of charts as being complicated and uninteresting is an erroneous conception which seems to have taken root and grown in the minds of many people.

It will not be many years before the preparation and interpretation of simple charts and curves will be taught in the public schools as a part of the general course in arithmetic. This is already being practiced in the schools of Newark and Trenton, New Jersey, where grammar-school pupils are gaining a useful knowledge of present conditions and recent developments in their own cities by a course in preparing charts and plotting curves indicating the growth, population, industry, and so on, of those cities. Rather complete courses in graphic methods of presentation are now included in the curriculums of various colleges and universities, especially those which contain departments for the study of business administration and methods. All this strengthens the opinion that before long most people will acquire an appreciation of the value of charts for presenting vital facts, and that the result will be the general use of graphic methods as a routine practice in the offices of all modern business firms.

One expert in industrial organization declares that it should be as uncommon for an employe in any concern to be in doubt as to the person in authority over him as for a child to deny the parentage of his father. No corporation that is earnest in its desire for maximum operating efficiency can afford to conduct its affairs without the aid of an organization chart. Such an instrument eliminates irritation and conflict of authority, for where it is employed each worker knows perfectly well to whom he must report. In companies where there is no proper distribution of authority and responsibility, high-up executives frequently go over the heads of officers under them and issue orders to the rank and file of workers, thus weakening the authority of the foremen or department superintendents to whom the general run of employes are responsible and look for guidance.

Graphic charts are generally used to show component parts, make comparisons, set forth interdependent relationships and reveal the relation of variable elements and quantities. Among the devices adapted to such uses are circles of different sizes, parallel bars, rectangles, squares and pictured objects drawn to different scales. When pictured objects are used, much care must be taken with their construction or they may misrepresent the case. If it is desired to show the increase in the number of passengers carried by a certain railway system during a month or a year, it is considered best to indicate the improvement by drawing the required number of figures of the same size rather than to make the comparison by placing the figure of one large man by the side of a small one. In the first case each uniform figure of a man may represent any desired unit, such as one thousand, ten thousand or even one hundred thousand passengers.

A rectangle can be used to show three different elements: If one side represents price and another side quantity, the entire area will stand for the value or the quantity times the price. It must always be remembered that the relative sizes of spheres, circles and cubes are not identical with the relative lengths of straight lines, and as a consequence the areas of these figures must be carefully calculated in order to insure accuracy of relationship.

The plotting of curves on backgrounds laid off in blocks made by intersecting lines is the simplest and most efficient method of portraying the relation of variable quantities. In this method careful judgment is necessary in selecting the units on both the horizontal and the vertical lines. For instance, if the base line is made to represent time units, and too much space is allotted to each unit, the result will be a flattening out of the curve and a consequent minimizing of the changes which have occurred in the months or years that have passed. As a usual thing it is best to plot all curves on coördinate paper already ruled in squares or rectangles to suit the purpose in hand.

One retail shoe dealer who had discovered the effectiveness of graphic presentation became annoyed by the constant reiteration on the part of customers that shoe

(Continued on Page 47


HEINZ
Vinegars

HEINZ Vinegar brings out the hidden flavors of the other foods it touches and adds a rich mellowness all its own. The blending is delicious. The aroma adds keen zest to the appetite.

Carefully selected materials prepared in the Heinz skillful way, and aging in wood for at least a year before bottling, assure quality and flavor. Use it on the dining room table and in the kitchen. Four kinds.

*Malt Vinegar*—made from barley malt
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A companion in excellence to Heinz Vinegar is Heinz Olive Oil. Under Heinz supervision this rich, full flavored oil is pressed from selected olives in Seville, Spain. In bottles or tins.

*Some of the* 57

Spaghetti
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ALL HEINZ GOODS SOLD IN CANADA ARE PACKED IN CANADA

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## to the Smokers of America

*The following is an extract from an advertisement of General Cigar Co., Inc., published Sept. 20, 1920.*

"There are no indications in sight at the present to warrant a decline in the price of Havana tobacco. When such time arrives, we promise that the smokers of Robt. Burns Cigars will receive the benefit at the earliest possible moment."

## Robt. Burns Staples

Actual size

Robt. Burns Staples

10c

Box of 50, $4.75

FULL HAVANA FILLED

10¢ *straight*

HERE is the fulfillment of the promise of September, 1920—Robt. Burns Staples—a full Havana filled cigar—a cigar with all the individuality of character and taste—all the distinctive mildness of flavor that you've always looked for and found in Robt. Burns—offered at TEN CENTS.

Try one today.

General Cigar Co., Inc.

NATIONAL BRANDS

NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 45)

prices were too high, so he decided to prepare a chart of the facts as he knew them to be, and at least prove that the large advances were not of his making. In carrying out the scheme he used a rectangular chart, with the prices of leather appearing at the left side of the rectangle, reading from the lowest at the bottom to the highest at the top. The base of the chart represented years, the most remote being at the left, and the most recent appearing at the extreme right. It took but a brief glance to see that whereas the price of leather had fluctuated for the first seven years, as indicated by the rise and fall of the curves, it had steadily increased for the past three years, the curve mounting without a drop. This condition was true of all four varieties of leather, each of which was represented by a curve. These curves were distinguished from one another by dots and dashes, explained by a legend placed in one corner of the chart. This graphic argument of the shoe dealer was far more convincing than any verbal or written explanation could possibly have been.

All firms that employ a large number of workers experience some difficulty in arranging summer vacations for their personnel so that there shall always be a capable man or woman available to take charge of important work. One simple method of solving this problem is to prepare a time chart drawn on coördinate paper ruled in squares, on which the months and weeks are indicated by divisions of the base line. The names of all employes appear at the extreme left of the chart.

The vacation period of each worker is shown by darkening in the space representing the week or weeks assigned to him. In this way it is not only easy for each employe to see plainly when his holiday is coming, but the company executives can readily discern which of their responsible workers are absent. This same kind of chart can be used in many other ways. By applying symbols or employing colored pencils, it is possible to make such a sheet show other kinds of data, as bonus earned or lost, days absent, days worked, and so on. Each horizontal line should represent an employe, and the days of the month are indicated on the base line.

Many large corporations employ a number of salesmen or maintain numerous branch sales offices. It is a common practice of such concerns to spur on the individual salesmen or branch managers, as the case may be, by publishing a weekly or monthly rating that lists each agent or office in the order of total sales made. The majority of companies finds it best, in the operation of such a plan, to keep secret the standing of each person or unit. There is no better way to present this kind of information than to use a chart made up of blocks arranged in columns equidistant from one another at the top of the sheet. Each little block should be half an inch long, one-eighth of an inch wide, with ends pointed and blacked, leaving a blank space in the center of each block.

If it is proposed to show the monthly standing of each of the company's salesmen the usual plan is to assign each member of the selling organization a confidential number, which is known only to the general sales manager and the chief officers of the concern. The standing of each member of the selling force is determined for the previous year. Instead of arranging the list by printing a column of names, this method calls for a column of blocks, each with a number written in it corresponding to the name of one salesman. The blocks in this first column, which, as stated, gives the rating for the past year, commence with the Number 1 at the top, and read downward, 2, 3, 4, and so on, in regular order, to the man of lowest standing. At the end of January, the first month of the new year, another column of blocks is prepared, and in this case the man who was Number 7 in the rating for the previous year may have excelled all the other salesmen and risen to first place. In such case the first block in the January column is marked with the Number 7. The other blocks in the new column are likewise marked according to the most recent standing of the men. As new columns are added, lines are drawn connecting the ends of blocks having the same number. When a whole year's records have been completed it is an easy matter to pick out any particular salesman's number, and by following the lines connecting the columns it is readily evident whether the man has bettered his position or fallen behind in his work.

Busy executives will find what is known as the cumulative curve a valuable aid in business, for the last point on the curve gives the total output since the beginning of the period for which the curve was plotted. The angle of the curve shows the rate of output for any period of time under consideration. A cumulative or mass curve never trends downward. Lack of output is indicated by a horizontal trend of the curve. Cumulative or mass curves are particularly useful in the study of quantities in earth work, especially in road building or railroad construction.

Graphic charts known as frequency curves enable executives to study many industrial problems with greater rapidity and convenience than is possible by any other method. Frequency charts which are based on "the number of times a certain characteristic is found repeated in a large number of observations," have been used for many years to represent data relating to physics and biology, but it is only in recent years that the value of these charts has been recognized in the study of engineering and business problems. Frequency curves can be used effectively in such documents as annual reports of railroads, where they constitute a satisfactory substitute for tabulated statements, giving such data as the number of miles of different weights of rails in use at the end of any fiscal year. Frequency curves may be used to present problems such as the time required to answer telephone calls in different cities, and the like. Comparisons of wages are also shown clearly by these curves.

By means of careful designing of cards and plotting of curves the fiscal year of a business can be shown on a single four-by-six-inch card. Willard C. Brinton, an authority on the use of graphic methods, says that one sewing-machine company uses a four-by-six-inch card, and on this small area is able to show actual sales figures by months and quarters, leaving sufficient space for dates, inscription and other lettering. On the left-hand side of the blocked area appears the vertical scale of earnings running from zero to three hundred thousand dollars, and progressing in multiples of thirty thousand dollars. The base line of the chart shows the months, and to insure absolute clearness thirteen vertical lines are used, so that at the beginning of each card the last month of the previous year can be repeated. It can readily be perceived that the record of several years can be examined in this concise form, and variations from year to year noted by arranging the cards in chronological order. A number of firms find it advantageous to plot their pay rolls on four-by-twelve-inch cards. Data for fifty-two weeks can be presented in this way.

The statisticians of some large corporations bind their charts. However, several of the leading students of graphic methods believe that loose cards possess an advantage over the book system. They say that it is difficult in the case of the latter method to devise a system for keeping hundreds of curves in such a way that quick comparisons between any of them can be made. On the other hand, loose cards permit of instant comparison between different series of charts for a period of years, if desired. It should be emphasized that no system of curve records should be installed which does not permit of the quick comparison of any curve with any other curve in the whole system. Often an executive wishes to plan for the future, and in such a case it is helpful if at one time he can have before him a curve showing the record of sales and another curve for the same period of time giving a record of the company's expenses. When sales increase, expenses per unit should decrease, and vice versa. When any other condition exists the business is not on a sound basis.

It is a good idea in preparing the graphic charts to leave sufficient space at the left-hand side of the card for brief notations covering unusual conditions which have caused a marked rise or fall in the curves. It is undoubtedly true that after a couple of years have passed, the average individual is unable to remember the exact reasons for extreme fluctuations, even though at the time of the plotting they seemed unforgetable. The manager of a large telephone company was unable for some time to remember the reason for a drop in the curve of earnings of his concern two years previous. After much pondering and some search he recalled a blizzard of ten days'


PUBLIC LEDGER

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DETROIT JOURNAL
*publishes daily*
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*Foreign News*

**"After a carefully watched trial of the Ledger Foreign News Service for several months I want to register for The Detroit Journal a very strong regard for what I am convinced is the most satisfactory cable service available for any American newspaper.**

**"Two facts stand out in the general excellence of the service: first, the authoritative character of the dispatches; second, the policy of the Ledger in concentrating correspondents where big news is breaking. Because of this policy the service rises above mere 'feature-quality' and becomes a great spot news service."**

**(Signed) Grove Patterson**
**Managing Editor**
**The Detroit Journal**

**The Detroit Journal is famous for the volume and general excellence of its foreign and domestic news. Though well served from various sources, its reputation for foreign news rests heavily on its exclusive rights to the full cable news service of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.**

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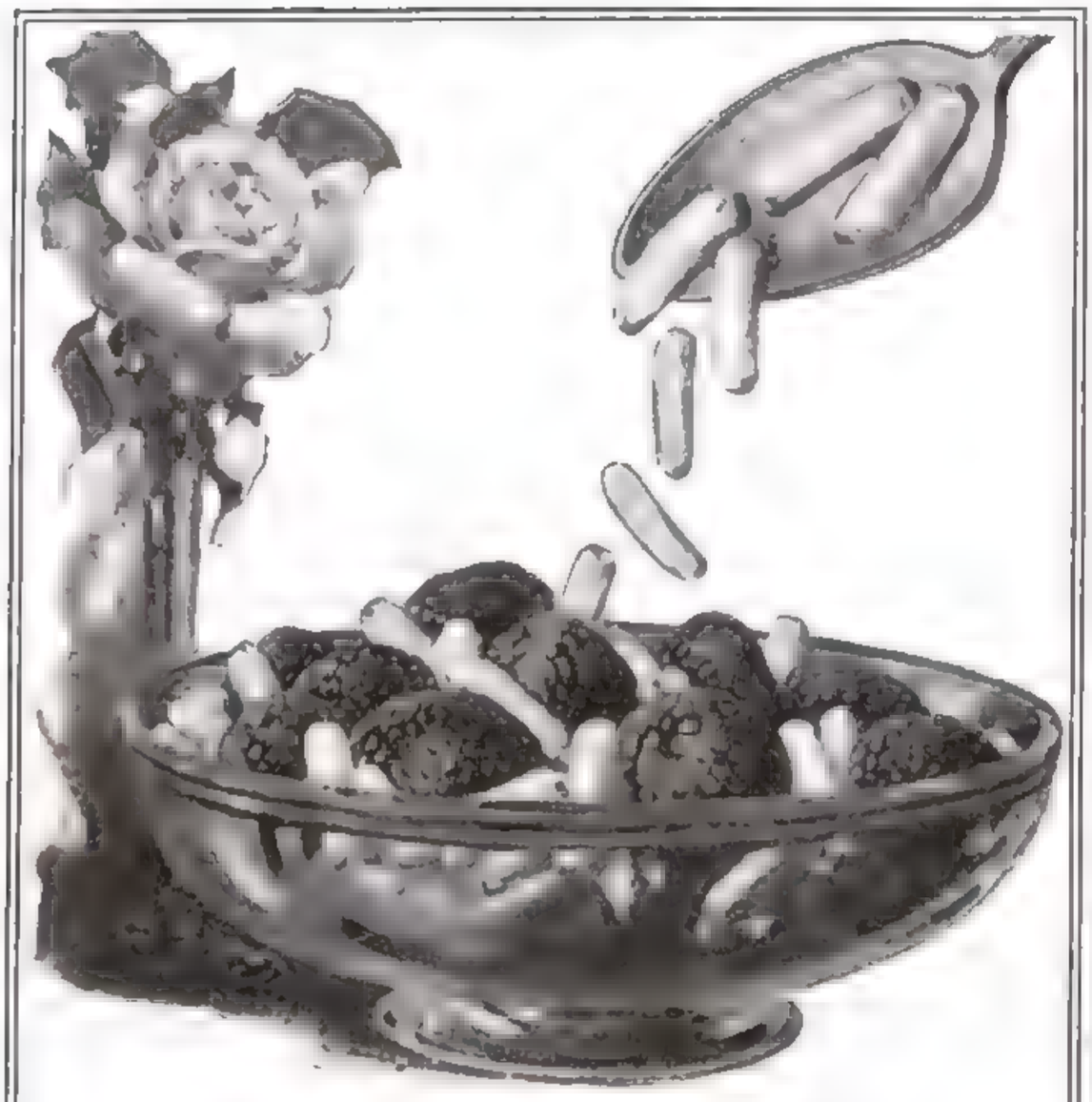

# In Berry Time

## Remember Bubble Grains

Why shortcake?—why pie-crust?—why tarts?

Just because we all like fruits combined with flaky, flavory crust. Then add Puffed Rice to berries. Those are flaky, crusty tidbits, flavory and flimsy. They will make your berries doubly delightful. Try them.

### Think what puffed grains add to summer

In the old days children lacked them.

Now breakfast brings these food confections—like snowflakes in their texture, nut-like in their taste.

Between meals children eat them like peanuts—crisped and lightly buttered.

At dinner they form wafers for your soups. Or nut-like garnish on ice cream.

At bedtime they form the ideal good-night dish.

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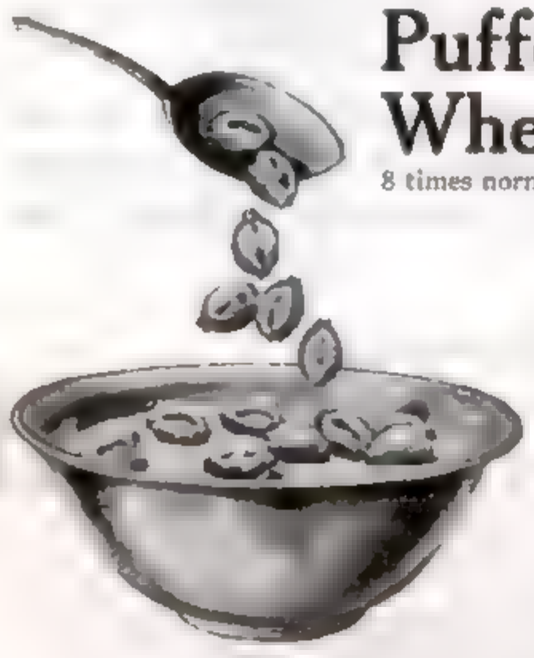
And every serving means whole grains, wholly fitted to digest. Every food cell is blasted, so all the food elements can be assimilated.

Whole grains are made so fascinating that children revel in them. And that is what you want.



**Puffed Wheat**
8 times normal size

**Puffed Rice**
Steam-exploded grains

### June Suppers

Puffed Wheat in milk.

This premier grain, when eaten whole, supplies 16 needed elements. Here those elements are all fitted to digest.

An ideal dish—a practically complete food—made so delightful that children never get enough.

Let no day omit it, for children need whole wheat.

duration, during which time the pay-station service was practically discontinued.

It is also a good practice to have each chart show on the left-hand edge of the sheet or card the initials of the executive authorizing it, with date of signing. It is always a good plan to fix responsibility for the authorization of a new curve, for some expense is involved in collecting data and plotting curves each week or every month.

Probably the most satisfactory scheme is to place one employe in charge of all curve plotting for the entire company. When this is done it is easy for this particular person to be ready for the new year with titles and scales properly placed upon the new cards that are to be used. At the proper time the new cards are handed to the various department heads, who have power to authorize the continuation of any curve for another year. The size of sheets, lettering of titles, and so on, should be standardized as far as possible. The ruling on the cards or sheets should be so designed as to leave a margin of three-quarters of an inch at the top and at the left, and one-quarter of an inch at the bottom and right of each chart.

Blue-printing is generally the most satisfactory and the cheapest method of obtaining copies of a chart. The ruled sheets should be translucent to permit of this. Some persons use onion-skin paper, either glazed or unglazed, but one well-known authority prefers a light-weight, high-grade bond paper, because it prints so well, stands erasure better and does not crack with age. This same expert recommends olive-green ruling, as it is easier upon the eyes, especially in artificial light. When no blue prints are necessary different-colored inks, or water-color paints used in a drawing pen, can be employed to distinguish one curve from another. In this latter method the chart should contain an explanatory note or legend, stating, for example, that red represents gross earnings; blue, expenses; and green, net revenue.

In the making of charts from which blue prints are to be produced it is advisable to use black drawing ink and to represent different elements or values by varying the lines in some such way as heavy solid, light solid, heavy broken, light broken and combinations of dots and dashes. Of course an explanatory key is necessary on each chart. Different scales may be used on the same chart. In using the typewriter to mark titles, tabulations, and so on, on charts, a much clearer blue print is made possible if a piece of carbon paper is placed with the inked side next to the back of the chart, so that a double printing is obtained.

When dealing with very large quantities it is not always practicable to use a scale which starts at zero and is carried up by even steps to a figure representing the highest peak on the curve. Such a chart would either be too large for convenient handling or else the scale would have to be condensed so that only very large fluctuations would be indicated on the curve. In such a case the best practice is to start the scale at zero and just above this point draw a wavy line across the sheet to indicate that the scale is broken. This line can be easily drawn with an ordinary serrated-edge ruler, as used by many accountants. The scale starts again on the upper side of the wavy line, at a figure a little lower than the lowest point on the curve, and is then carried up by even steps to a figure a little above the highest point to be shown on the curve. The efficient chart clerk will always endeavor to forestall questions regarding unusual points on curves by noting the reason for them on the chart before submitting it to his superior.

Not long ago some of our national engineering societies coöperated in establishing a joint committee on standards for graphic presentation. This committee has already made many valuable suggestions, which, though elementary, are fundamental in presenting business records in the form of charts. Here are a few rules worth noting: All charts should be arranged from left to right. Wherever it is possible represent quantities by linear magnitudes, as areas or volumes are more likely to be misinterpreted. In making a curve the zero line should appear on the diagram, even if it is necessary to show a horizontal break in the chart. All zero or base lines should be drawn heavy so that they may be easily distinguished from other coördinate lines. It is advisable not to show any more coördinate lines than necessary to guide the eye in reading the diagram. The curve lines of a chart or diagram should be drawn heavy so as to be sharply distinguished from the ordinary lines of ruling.

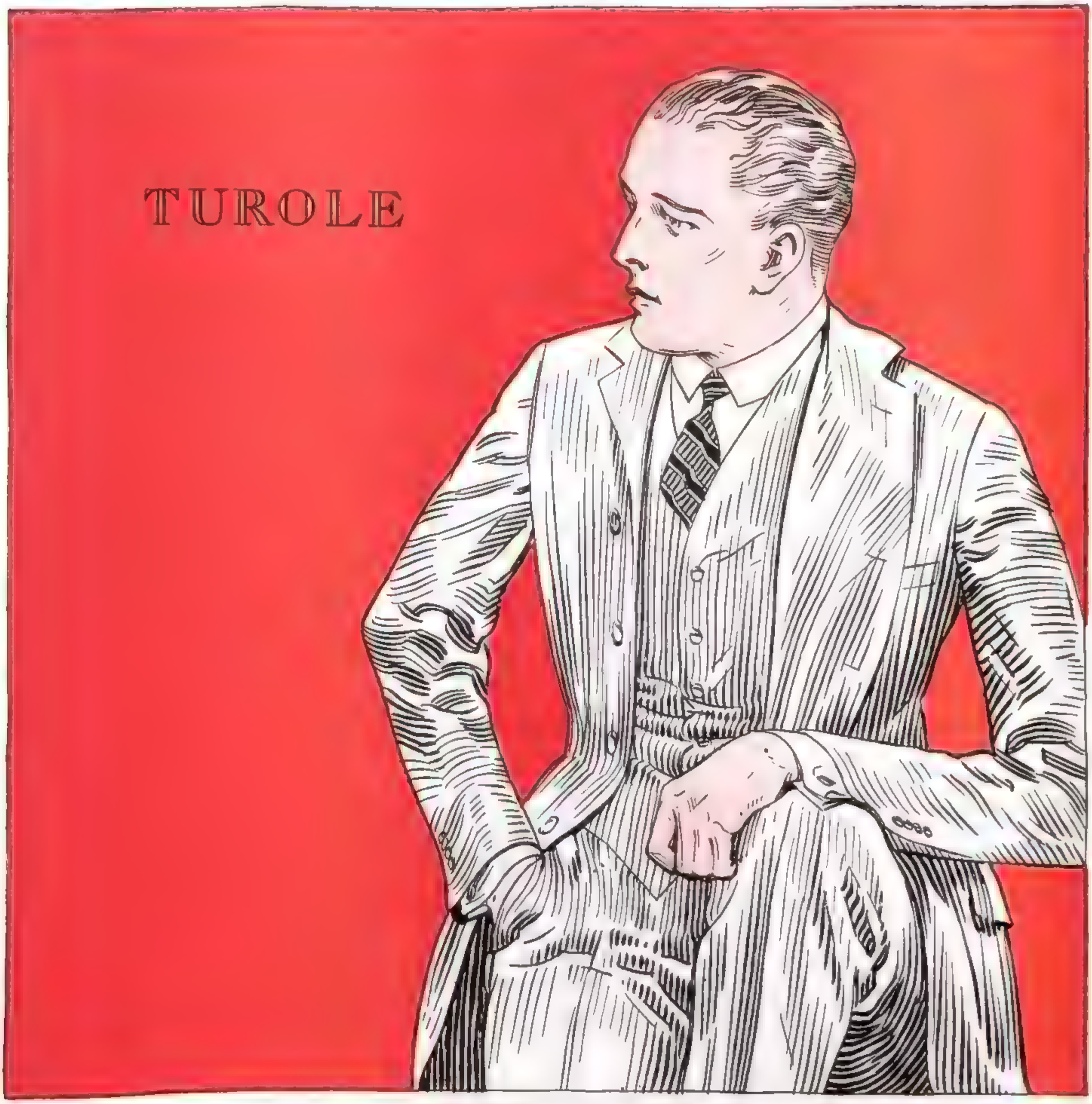
The horizontal scale for curves should read from left to right, and the vertical scale from bottom to top. It is usual to place the figures for the scales of a diagram at the left and at the bottom. It is often desirable to include in the diagram the numerical data or formulas represented. If numerical data are not included in the chart it is often desirable to give the information in tabular form alongside the diagram. All lettering and all figures on a diagram should be placed so as to be easily read from the base as the bottom, or from the right-hand edge of the diagram as the bottom. The title of a diagram should be made as clear and complete as possible. Subtitles or descriptions should be added if necessary to insure clearness.

Any executive who has not kept abreast of the development of graphic methods for keeping and presenting business facts should lose no time in investigating the value and convenience of such a system. A basis for chart work can be established by making diagrams covering the following important business factors: Dividends, profits, sales, material costs, manufacturing costs, elimination of waste, labor turnover, inventories and accident causes. Such a series of charts permits a speedy analysis of any business, and gives more information to stockholders or other interested parties than could be conveyed by a volume of words.

The inventory charts of a business, for instance, will show the manager the per cent of certain kinds or grades of products on hand, as compared with similar goods in stock at the same season in previous years. Such information will probably indicate whether or not bargain sales or other forms of special attention must be given to certain lines of goods in order to dispose of the surplus on hand. Not long ago the chief executive of one large corporation decided to visualize his business by means of a series of charts, and on looking them over was astonished by the facts indicated in the chart covering labor turnover. An analysis showed that the company was spending upward of a hundred dollars breaking in each new man, and the chart showed that the turnover of the concern each year was nearly five hundred per cent, causing an annual loss of more than fifty thousand dollars. An investigation followed, resulting in the discovery that the company's superintendent was working in collusion with an employment agency, which latter organization gave the superintendent a substantial commission on every man he employed.

The possibilities of graphic representation are unbounded, and the art is only in its infancy. Our government reports furnish us interesting and varied examples of the useful application of diagrams and charts in visualizing valuable records. The Statistical Atlas of the United States Bureau of the Census contains descriptions of devices both interesting and suggestive. Many of these devices are well adapted for use in the presentation of business facts. The bibliography on the subject is not extensive, but a number of books have appeared the study of which would well repay those interested in the science. The commercial and industrial methods of tomorrow will demand men who are speedy both in mental and physical action, and those executives who aspire to hold positions of responsibility will find themselves seriously handicapped if their education lacks a proper appreciation of the value of graphic methods for presenting facts.

# TAILORED AT FASHION PARK




## TUROLE

*TUROLE IS A COPYRIGHTED METHOD OF TAILORING WHICH GIVES SOFTNESS TO THE LAPELS AND FRONT OF A COAT.*

*THE TUROLE SKETCHED CAN BE BUTTONED OR WORN WITH LAPELS THROWN BACK. ACCREDITED AGENTS NOW HAVE IT.*

*CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT*
*THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON*
*READY-TO-PUT-ON*

## FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

# *The changing point of view*

Doubtless you have observed it yourself—this changing point of view. Thousands of persons *have.*

Constantly, since the inception of the industry, first one car, then another, and then another have seemed by common consent to occupy the foremost place in public esteem.

That the evidence points to the LINCOLN as the car now meriting this distinction is, of course, deeply gratifying to ourselves and decidedly pleasing to LINCOLN owners.

But isn't it perfectly logical; simple as A B C when you remember that it was the LINCOLN which brought into actual being the very qualities to which motorists of mature discernment had long looked forward?

When a new creation sets at naught all past conceptions of what a motor car should be, and do; when its mode of action is so much more captivating and motor travel made vastly more delightful; when it shows a degree of stamina and consistency of performance never experienced before, then what is more natural than that prevailing judgment should single it out for the highest estimate that can be conferred upon a motor car?

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LINCOLN

LELAND LINCOLN BUILT

# The Coal Controversy

## By C. E. LESHER

SO MANY points in the coal controversy are subject to opinionated discussion both by the operators and by the miners' union that particular attention should be drawn to misstatements of fact whether carelessly ma le or made by intent.

In his statement of The Coal Miners' Case in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of April first, Mr. Ellis Searles, editor of the United Mine Workers' Journal, is guilty of making a number of incorrect statements. Mr. Searles charges that the operators are "in honor bound" to meet the miners in a four-state conference and that their refusal is a "direct, flagrant violation" of their contract, and that the operators thus deliberately forced the miners to strike.

The contract of March 31, 1920, to which he refers and which provided for a meeting preliminary to a joint four-state conference, was broken when, in August, 1920, the miners went out on a strike which was settled not under a joint agreement but by district and state agreements. Since then it has not existed either in principle or in fact. The miners' union abandoned that contract when they abandoned the Central Competitive Field plan of negotiating wages and reverted to state settlements in order to get their rate of day wage increased from $6 to $7.50 for eight hours. Since then the miners and operators have been working under the various state agreements predicated on the joint agreement of March, 1920. The United Mine Workers broke the contract, not the operators. The miners are striking to force the operators back into a joint agreement, a national wage scale, contrary to the necessities and desires of the operators.

There was no doubt on the part of the miners at that time as to the actual disruption of the Central Competitive Field. Under the headline Cleveland Conference Results in Disruption of Interstate Joint Wage Movement, Because of the Complications That Developed in District 12, the United Mine Workers' Journal of September 1, 1920, concludes its account of the proceedings with this significant statement. Note its finality:

"Much regret was expressed because of the disruption of the interstate joint movement. . . . The interstate joint movement was the great stabilizing influence in the coal industry."

Mr. Searles makes light of the miners' demand for a six-hour day and a five-day week, saying that "every person with a grain of horse sense knows that this demand means nothing these days." The spokesman of the miners may know that such a demand is impossible, but his constituents do not. He fails to state that, effective January 1, 1922, Section 3 of Article II of the constitution of the United Mine Workers reads:

"To demand, that not more than six hours from bank to bank in each twenty-four hours shall be worked by members of our organization."

Mr. Searles' article abounds in such phrases as "union busters among the coal operators" and "that element among the operators that appears to be determined to destroy the coal miners' union." He makes the deliberate and determined effort to convince his readers that the coal operators are set upon the destruction of the miners' union. This is absolutely at variance with the facts. Every important group of operators employing union coal-mine labor in this country this year has made unsuccessful efforts to open negotiations for a new wage scale with its employes.

Referring to the joint interstate method of wage settlement, Mr. Searles says that it is the "one way to negotiate a wage agreement" and that "this is the plan that has been followed ever since 1898 by the miners and operators of the Central Competitive Field, with the exception of 1919." This is not correct. A notable exception was in 1906, when, following a strike of several months, state settlements were entered into without a Central Competitive Field joint agreement. It is significant that 1906 recorded the only wage reduction to which the miners' union has been subjected from 1898, when the first joint agreement was made. The other exception of course is that of 1920, to which reference already has been made.

Mr. Searles charges that the operator by "the same old trick" caused the strike, because they "had millions of tons of unsold coal on hand" which they could sell at "any old price." As regards anthracite it is true that the producers held large stocks on April first. But Mr. Searles throughout his article is dealing with bituminous coal, and he absolutely misstates the fact when he charges the soft-coal operators with having millions of tons of unsold coal on hand. An estimate of the United States Geological Survey shows the total quantity of coal unbilled in cars—that is, in the hands of producers on April first—was somewhat in excess of 1,400,000 tons of bituminous coal and 115,000 tons of anthracite. The 63,000,000 tons of stocks reported by the Government, as of that date, was in the hands of the consumers.

Excusing the high rate of $7.50 per day for common labor, which Mr. Searles says "may sound to some like a high price," he adds: "But $7.50 a day does not enable a man to earn a living for himself and his family unless he has reasonably steady employment. Soft-coal mine workers averaged only approximately 125 days' work in the entire year of 1921," which, he adds, would give an annual earning of $937.50.

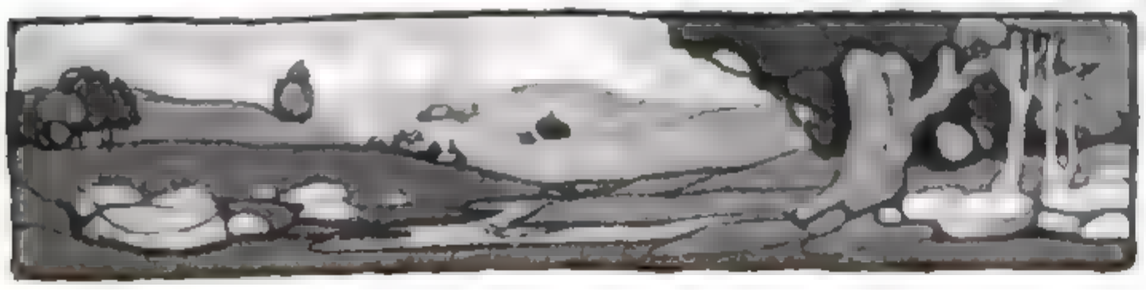
Data published by the Illinois coal operators show that at fifty-two mines where the average days the mines hoisted coal was 159 in 1921, all day men averaged 118 days and earned $898.45 in the year. But that does not tell the whole story. Such an average does not show the adequacy of the wage. It is further shown that 51 per cent of these men averaged 198 days and earned on the average of $1502.85, and that 52 per cent of the day men earned over 88 per cent of the earning of this class.

In other words, Mr. Searles neglected to mention that in his averages of earnings he has included with the steady worker the loafer and unfortunate as well. With his average of $700 per year for all mine workers in the union soft-coal fields I have no quarrel. It but proves how unfortunate the union mine worker would be were he to be granted all that he demands. His high wage rate is of little use to him when he has no work, because the nonunion worker at lower wages is producing the coal.

In the matter of prices Mr. Searles has made two outright misstatements of fact for which there is no excuse. He states that J. D. A. Morrow, vice president of the National Coal Association, "testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission a few weeks ago that the average retail selling price of bituminous coal throughout the United States in October, 1921, was $10.41 a ton." The official record of the commission does not show that Mr. Morrow made any such statement.

Mr. Searles also states that "every time an increase is given to the miners the price of coal is boosted to absorb the increase. It is interesting to recall that when the anthracite miners obtained an increase in 1920 the anthracite operators added a dollar a ton to their selling price in anticipation of the increase, and later added another dollar to the price to absorb the increase that was granted."

There was but one increase in the circular price of anthracite in 1920, and that was one dollar a ton to cover the wage increase. It was added on April first. No other increase was made.



*She has received a letter.*
*When will she answer it?*

IF SHE has no personal stationery, the chances are she will not answer this letter for weeks or months.

It's easier to remember to write letters when you have writing paper in the house. It's easy to forget to write when you have no social stationery.

HAMMERMILL BOND

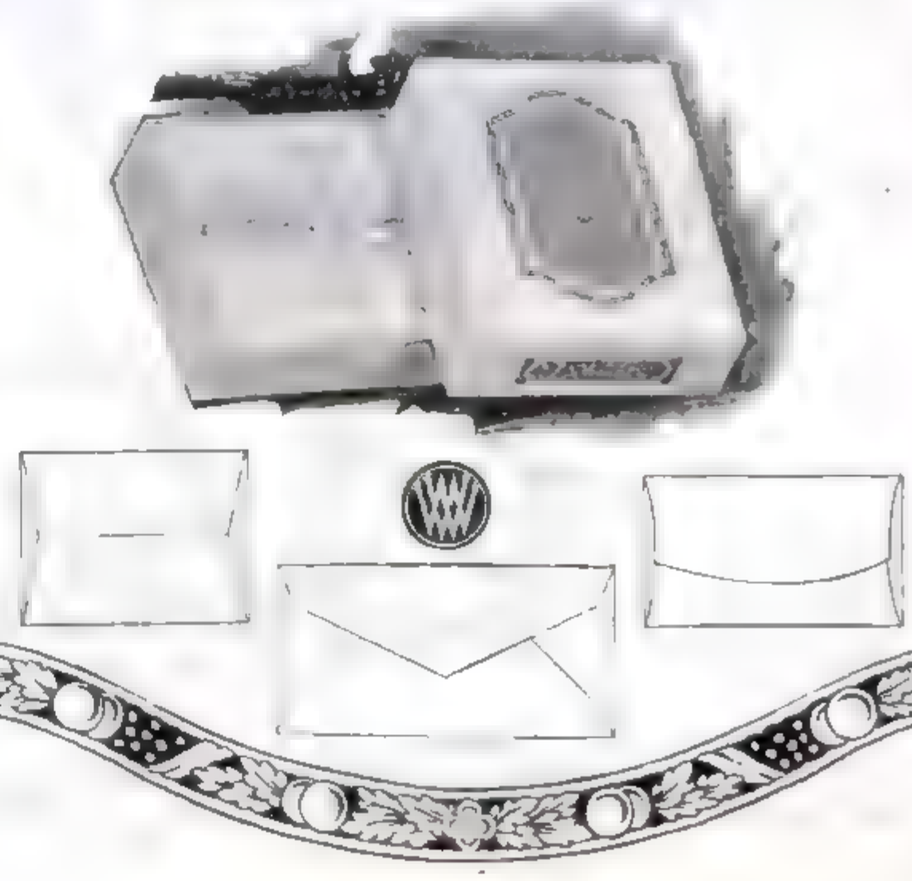
*Social Stationery*

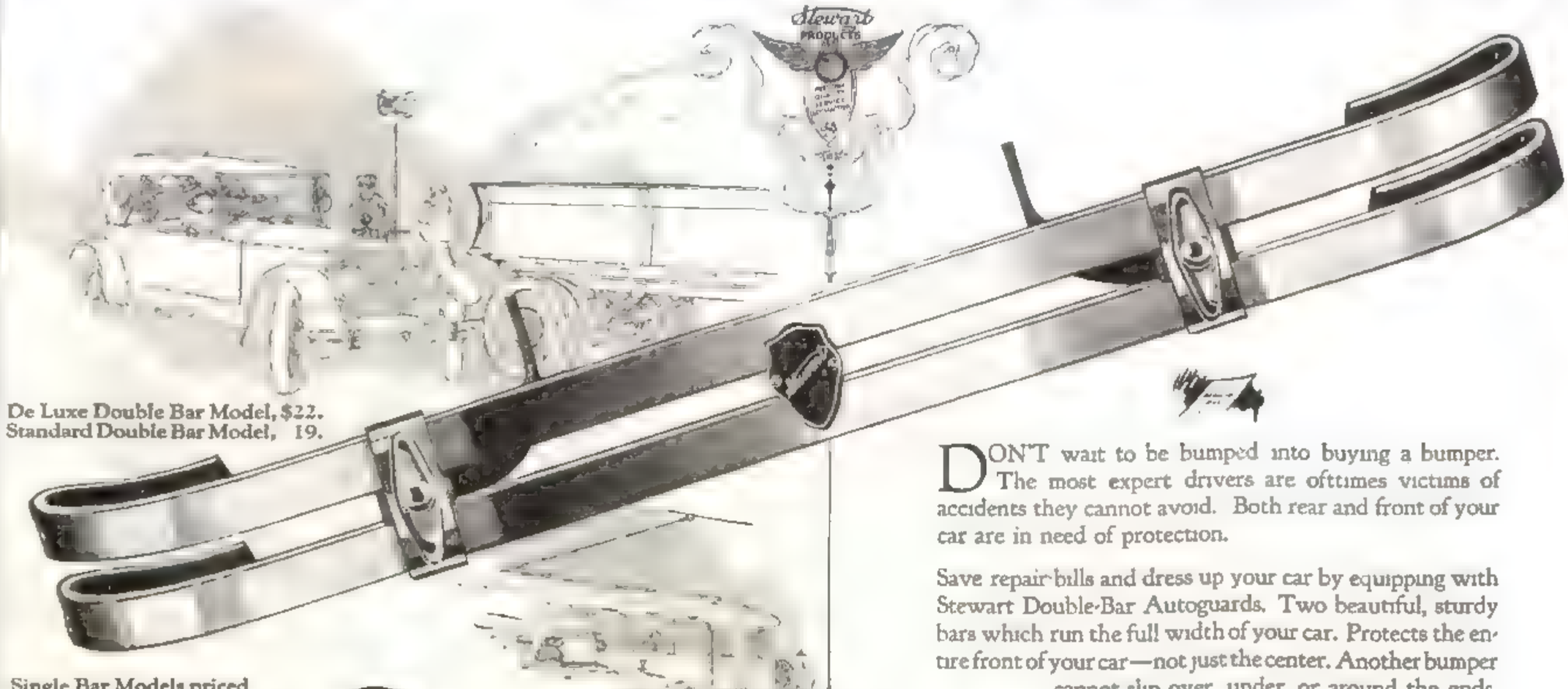
At drug stores, stationery stores, and department stores you can see Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in eight different envelope sizes, with sheets to fit. These sizes are for general family correspondence and for men's correspondence. The paper is made in three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple. The range of choice is interesting. The price is from 35c to 75c a box. The same papers are also supplied in writing tablets in all sizes, with serviceable blotter and sheet of guide lines.

To make it easier for you to choose the best personal stationery, we will send you samples of different styles and finishes for ten cents (stamps or coin).

*Hammermill Bond Social Stationery prepared by*

WHITE & WYCKOFF MANUFACTURING CO.
*Master Makers of Distinctive Social Stationery* Holyoke, Massachusetts

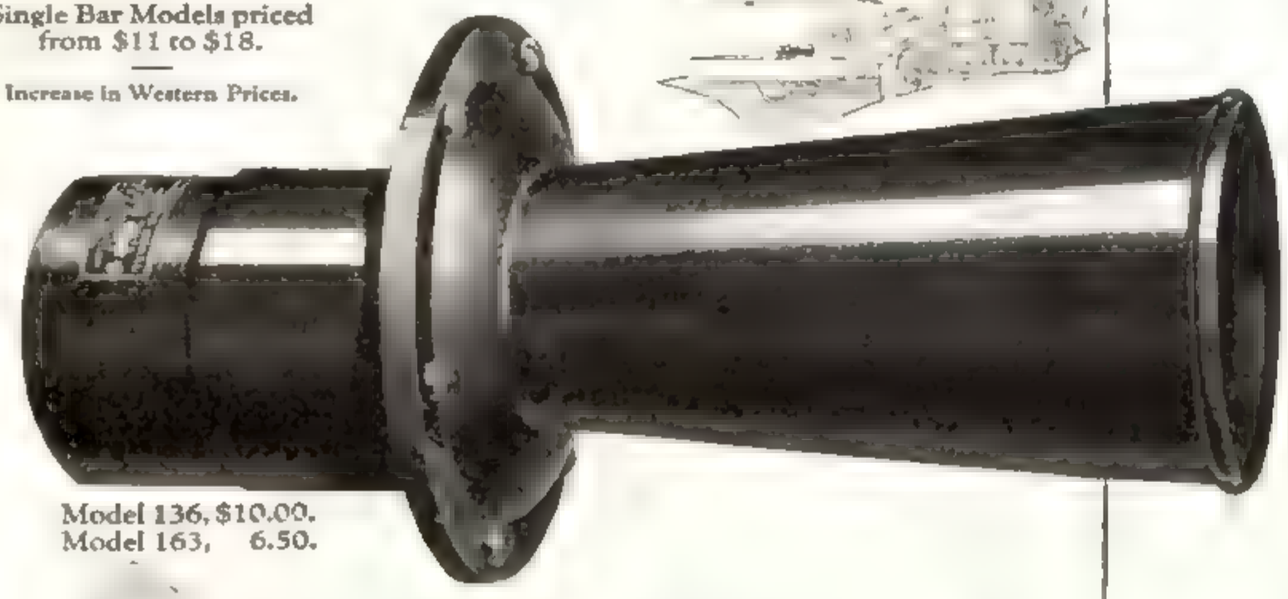




De Luxe Double Bar Model, $22.
Standard Double Bar Model, 19.

Single Bar Models priced from $11 to $18.

Increase in Western Prices.



Model 136, $10.00.
Model 163, 6.50.

Stewart Speedometer for Fords, $15.

Western Price, $15.50.

Ask for the Speedometer with the colored dials. Model 160-K.

DON'T wait to be bumped into buying a bumper. The most expert drivers are ofttimes victims of accidents they cannot avoid. Both rear and front of your car are in need of protection.

Save repair bills and dress up your car by equipping with Stewart Double-Bar Autoguards. Two beautiful, sturdy bars which run the full width of your car. Protects the entire front of your car—not just the center. Another bumper cannot slip over, under, or around the ends. Built to stand up under severe blows.

DISCONNECT your horn if you would know how much you depend upon it. Its successful operation means safety for you and others.

Suppose it failed to work just once in a situation similar to that pictured on the left. You can't always depend upon brakes or a quick turn on a slippery street.

There's a real motor in the Stewart Warning Signal that produces a loud, commanding warning. And it never fails you in a pinch.

"PULL over to the side of the road" are not pleasant words to the driver of a Ford or any other car. It's almost sure to mean $15 and costs. In some localities jail sentences are being given for speeding.

When His Honor asks "How do you know you weren't going that fast if you haven't a speedometer?"—you can't tell him you guessed your speed and get away with it. Put a Stewart on and be sure you're right.

There's a new feature in this Stewart Speedometer. Colored dials which appear at certain mileages tell when to lubricate the various parts of your car. A chart furnished with each instrument gives you lubrication instructions Save repair bills due to lack of oil and grease. Increase the life of your car. Can you afford to be without a Stewart?

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

# Stewart
## PRODUCTS
## PROTECT YOU AND YOUR CAR

# THE MERRY WIVES

(Continued from Page 21)

"I'm a good listener already," she said coldly, "and I shall immediately learn to embroider."

It was then that, fearing the unanswerable tear, I wisely said no more.

IV

THAT evening I confided to George that I was convinced our most gloomy surmises were true; that Annabel had conceived a violent and unreasonable passion for this man Gregory, and that she was intent on marrying him.

"In that case," said George with a promptness that did him credit, "I leave for New York to-morrow."

He commenced pacing the floor of my bedroom with a vigor that shook the frail construction of the cottage.

"What to do?" I asked.

"What to do? Why, to look up Gregory of course! To find out who he is, where he comes from and where he thinks he's going. He may be an ex-convict for all we know. He may have a wife already. He may have done or been anything in the world, and it's our business, if Annabel won't do it, to find out. I can ask a few questions around at the Genial Club—he's well known there—and I can have a private detective to look up his record. Give me ten days. That's your job—keep Annabel unmarried for ten days, and at the end of that time I'll know the worst. You might in the meantime put a few questions to Gregory himself—sound him out a bit, get him talking about his youth."

"He'd only lie about it," I objected.

"Oh, well, what if he does? You listen to him lie and I and my detective will confront him with the truth. That way we'll at least prove him a liar, which is always something. Now I'm for bed. You can tell Aunt Mary in the morning that I was suddenly called to New York on business—important business connected with the estate. I'll be gone before any of you are awake. Good night."

He left me in admiration of his ability to decide and to act promptly on his decision. What an excellent statesman he would have made had he only been willing to display as much interest in public affairs as he did in private ones! And he was so level-headed for a youth! Admirable George!

I missed his staunch support greatly at breakfast the next morning, for Mary, bewildered at his unheralded departure, asked all sorts of fruitless questions and was so replete with curiosity that she scarcely found room for her fruit, cereal, eggs, waffles and chocolate. Gregory was beautifully uninterested, and Annabel appeared silent but suspicious.

Gregory had donned his sports suit that morning, a green homespun that fairly reeked of heather and of Scotland. The knickerbockers permitted one a view of his renowned calves, and it was with apparent difficulty that an orange waistcoat restrained his swelling chest. Everywhere about his costume were round leather buttons. Everything on him was new.

"Dear lady," he said to Mary, "just a scrap more of the delicious bacon, I think," and he bestowed his overwhelming smile upon her. Mary received it as gratefully as she might have received an accolade.

I glanced at Annabel, but she kept her eyes resolutely on her plate. I suppose she was of the opinion that if her mother chose to make an elderly fool of herself it was nobody else's business.

"I love to see people eat at breakfast," observed Mary. "Breakfast is the best meal of the day, according to my opinion."

Nobody disputing her opinion, she resumed brightly, addressing herself to Gregory, "Golf this morning, Mr. Gregory?"

"Yes, dear lady, golf. Annabel and I contemplate nine holes before the swim. I am endeavoring to teach Annabel my method of putting, which I acquired from the great Vardon himself. Harry used to say to me, 'Bob, my boy, you must follow through. That is the secret of putting.' In return I taught him a little trick I have with the short mashie pitch."

To hear Gregory talk one would have inferred that he was a very fair golfer, but it appears that he actually never did the Fool Harbor course—and it is a short one—in less than a hundred and ten. More and more, then, I became convinced that he was at best a peculiarly insufferable ass.

After breakfast Annabel took me by the elbow and led me unostentatiously to the veranda.

"Look here, Uncle Foster," she said firmly, "just why did George go to New York?"

"Business, my dear," I answered.

"Business—rot!" she exclaimed inelegantly. "Or if it was business I'll bet it was someone else's. Mine, for instance."

"Why, Annabel, what leads you to think that?"

"I'm not blind," said she. "You and George are planning something. You're going to pull off something very clever, you two. Well, listen to me! If I find that you're being clever at the expense of Bob Gregory, I'll marry him to-morrow."

"May God protect you!" I exclaimed fervently.

"That," said Annabel calmly, "is a very pious wish and does you great credit."

"Does your mother know of your infatuation?"

"She does not. I never tell mother anything until I have to. You should know that yourself. Just the same, mother is very fond of Bob."

"Yes," I agreed, "that's just it. That's why I think it's only fair that she should be told. I fancied she was flirting with him at breakfast, and—well, she's almost his age and at present unmarried."

Annabel started to lose her temper; but having, as I have pointed out, a naturally cheerful disposition, thought better of it and I detected a smile, nascent at the corners of her lips.

"You fool!" she said.

"She who saith to her brother 'thou fool' is in danger of hell fire," I reminded her.

"Besides," she continued somewhat irrelevantly, "Bob's only thirty-six."

I laughed.

"You innocent babe," I said, "he was thirty-six when you were living on milk! However, it makes no difference. His age, after all, is a mere detail; and as I myself am doubtless as old as he, I shan't condemn him. When do you intend to have the wedding?"

"That's my business," she said, and I sighed my relief.

There seemed no immediate danger at any rate. George had asked for ten days only; and George, as I well knew, was capable of moving mountains in ten days. I remember once—no, I shall tell that story another time.

Gregory came stamping out to the veranda, looking irritated but majestic, the way a king probably looks when someone he doesn't approve of is talking in a corner with the queen.

"The car is waiting," he announced briefly, and drew out his initialed watch. Then he put his arm possessively through that of Annabel—he was forever touching her, pawing her, stroking her, and all other women, too—and led her away.

His hat was of green plush with a small feather in the back of it. *Satis quod sufficit.* I will say no more.

When they were well away I started out toward the village, my destination being the telegraph office. I purposed sending George a telegram, for we had agreed before his departure to keep each other posted on any new developments. The message was brief, well within the prescribed ten words.

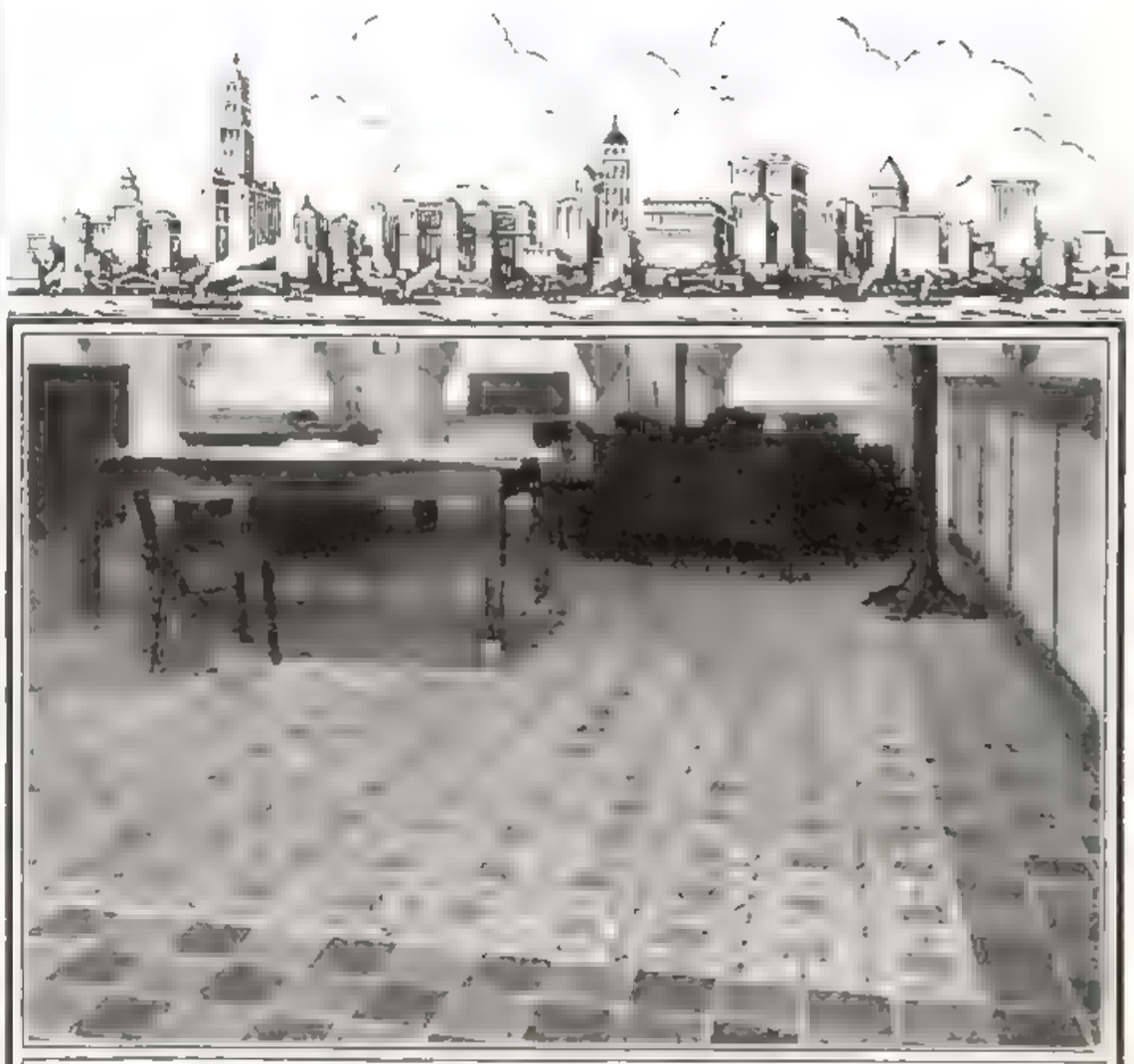
He claims age thirty-six. Marriage not imminent.

I conjectured that George would be able to refute the fellow's lie about his age without great difficulty. It was a triviality, to be sure—a lie excusable enough had he been a woman—but it would be a beginning, the first stroke of the pick that was eventually to undermine his complacency; the Pelion—if I may vary my metaphor—upon which we intended to heap Ossa.

Having dispatched my telegram, I took my way in an optimistic mood to the reading room. It was too early in the morning for most of the readers, and the club was empty except for a gentleman called Mather, who was glancing through La Vie Parisienne. Mather knew no French, but he enjoyed the pictures.

"Hello, Mr. Langley," said Mather politely. "How does it go up your way? How's your lion?"

"Gregory?" I inquired. "Oh, he's roaring according to specifications."

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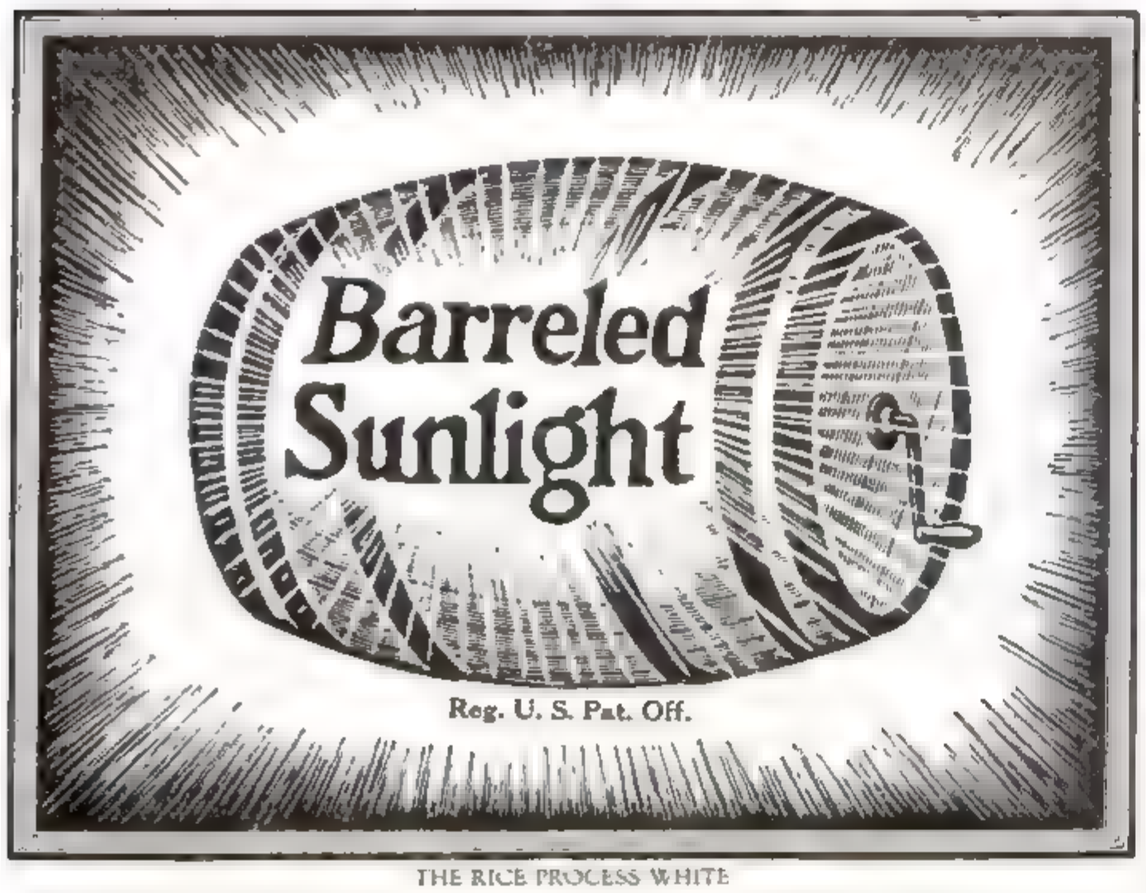


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THE surface of ordinary flat finish white paint is not actually smooth. It is full of countless pores—tiny holes invisible to the naked eye, but plainly seen under the microscope.

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Barreled Sunlight is a white paint which produces a smooth lustrous surface. It offers no lodging place for dust or dirt particles. Smudges cannot sink in and become fixed. Even if soiled after years of service Barreled Sunlight can be washed like tile.

That is why this paint is being used today in buildings of every description—hotels, apartment houses, office buildings, stores, schools and industrial plants. Ideal also for woodwork throughout the home and for the walls of kitchen, bathroom, laundry, etc.

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Save the surface and you save all


"All the women in the harbor are neurotic about him," Mather volunteered. "They're all aglow. Would be, I suppose—actor and all that. Queer people, actors."

"Queer people, women," I said.

"Yes," agreed Mather, "absolutely inexplicable. But Gregory gets 'em every time. Like seeking like, I guess. All queer. I used to know Gregory's wife years ago. She was a nice little woman—quiet, you know; quiet and adoring. At least she was then. She probably's still quiet enough."

"His wife!" I exclaimed, endeavoring—but unsuccessfully, I fear—to conceal my surprise and my satisfaction. "Married, is he?"

"Oh, no; not now. Was, though. Doesn't boast much about it, I suppose, eh? Well, it was quite a while ago, and they've been divorced for about ten years. When I saw her last she was in Watch Your Step. Nice little woman—quiet, you know. Not much talent, but pretty and well made."

"What was her name?" I asked.

"Her name? Let me see. Hanged if I remember, it was so long ago. Lots of water gone under the bridge since, eh? It was an unusual sort of name, too; one of those tricky names, you know, that chorus girls invent for themselves and are frightfully proud of until somebody yanks them out of the chorus and puts up the money to star them in Camille. Oh, yes, I have it now! Danaë. That was her name—Danae Delorme."

"Apt alliteration," I said, and to his evident surprise I thanked him effusively and rushed out of the club. A second telegram to George was clearly indicated.

■

I HAVE no doubt that there are certain days in the lives of all of us to which we look back with the feeling that they were merely part of a dream. Our actions seem to have been dream actions, our words dream words, our emotions dream emotions. The events themselves are often so illogical and nonsequacious that we can scarcely persuade ourselves they would have occurred during our waking moments. In dreams, of course, the most amazing things are accepted casually and as commonplaces. We are frightened but not surprised to find ourselves clinging with one hand to the cornice of the Woolworth tower; battling with assassins in a submerged submarine; cutting the throats of our nearest and dearest; appearing naked in a ballroom; or—I am no Freudian—making love to the cook.

All this is prefatory to the statement that I remember the week that followed George's departure from Fool Harbor as I might remember a dream. Unusual things happened with astounding rapidity—and continued so to happen—but I soon grew to accept the unusual with complete equanimity. Surprises ceased to surprise.

The opening gun was fired when George's answer to my two telegrams reached me at Fool Harbor. It read:

> He is forty-four. Have copy of birth certificate as proof. Have traced his wife, but her name not Danaë Delorme. Doubtless that is stage name. She is Vera Carton and lives in Yonkers. His alimony to her six months in arrears. Everything splendid. GEORGE.

Inasmuch as this reached me on a Thursday, three days after George's departure, I concluded that my nephew had wasted no time in commencing his investigation. The results he had achieved during those three days were flattering evidence of his energy.

But the question that confronted me was, what use should I make of the information which I now possessed? Should I throw it bravely in Gregory's teeth and dare him to deny it? Or should I reveal it to Annabel and permit her to decide what was to be done? I determined finally on the latter course, since I foresaw that in any case Annabel would have to be told. Gregory, I knew, would be quite capable of refusing to leave the house until she should have ordered him to do so; or if he did leave it before Annabel knew the truth he might not improbably persuade her to go with him—a catastrophe to be averted at any price.

That evening before dinner I invited Annabel to assist me in mixing the cocktails.

"I wanted a word with you alone," I said to her, "and you are in such demand these days that I've had to resort to strategy to obtain it."

"Poor Uncle Foster!" she said commiseratingly. "Where's the vermuth?"

"Left-hand door of the sideboard. Annabel, you told me the other day that Gregory claims to be only thirty-six. Would it make the slightest difference to you if I can prove that he is actually forty-four?"

"Not the slightest," said Annabel. "Where's the ice pick?"

"In the top of the refrigerator, reposing on the ice. It makes no difference to you, then, that he has lied to you about his age?"

"No, I can imagine nothing of less consequence."

"And," I went on ruthlessly, bringing up my heaviest piece of artillery to shatter her composure—"and I suppose that it is of no consequence, either, that Gregory has a wife—or rather had a wife who divorced him. I suppose he has told you that."

"Yes, indeed," said Annabel, "he told me that long ago. Isn't it a pity? Where's the cocktail shaker?"

There is no denying that I felt sheepish. The shell I had fired from my big gun had proved to be a harmless dud. Have you ever started to tell what you fondly believe is a brand-new humorous story and been informed by your audience that they have heard it before? If you have you are aware of the distress and the annoyance that I experienced.

I seized the cocktail shaker and brandished it furiously in the air, whereupon the cover promptly came off, and ice, gin, and vermuth flew to the four corners of the pantry. Annabel, laughing shamelessly, stooped to clean up the mess; and just then Gregory pushed open the swinging door.

"What is this—what is this?" he demanded. "Wasting nectar and ambrosia, my good Langley?" It was not his liquor, and, moreover, I was not his good Langley; but it was like him to assume the ownership of both. "Mrs. McKnight and I were wondering what had become of you. My dear Annabel, surely there is no reason why one of us men should not mop up that unfortunate mess."

"Thank you, Bob," said Annabel with a malicious smile in my direction.

So that was the end of that incident, and I freely confess that I came out of it second best—perhaps only third.

But the following day—Friday—brought me reënforcements in the shape of another telegram from George.

> Vera Carton never known as Danaë Delorme. There is a person of that name now playing in Hello, Venus. Am hot on her trail. The case becomes interesting, my dear Watson.
> GEORGE.

Bigamy! Well, perhaps not exactly that. No doubt divorces had been obtained after each matrimonial venture. Even Gregory, I fancied, would have been discreet enough to see to that. The question was, which wife had the fellow admitted to—Vera Carton or Danaë Delorme? Stupid of me not to have asked Annabel when I had had the opportunity; particularly stupid since after last night's fiasco I should possibly not be allowed another opportunity of asking.

But Gregory himself—unwittingly, I am certain—saved me a deal of trouble by approaching me before luncheon, laying a friendly manicured hand on my shoulder and saying: "Er—my good Langley, just give me a moment, please. Annabel has told me that you are taking a somewhat peculiar interest in myself and my affairs. Now, my dear fellow, don't misunderstand me, I beseech you; but I feel compelled to suggest that if you desire to know anything about me, why, I am the person to whom you should naturally address yourself. You follow me, I hope?"

"I not only follow you," said I, "but I will presently take advantage of your suggestion. First, though, in justice to myself I must point out that Annabel has no father and no brother. I am her nearest male relative, but even I am not actually her uncle. She is the daughter of my stepsister. Nevertheless, I feel a certain responsibility in regard to her; a responsibility and a very deep affection. It follows, then, that interesting myself in her as I do I interest myself in the people in whom she is interested. You are one of them."

He bowed with the grace of an Aramis.

"I rejoice," said he unctuously, "to be so honored."

"Yes," I agreed, "it is an honor. It happens, unfortunately, that none of us knows you very intimately. We know you to be a capable actor"—I saw him wince at the moderation of my adjective—"and that is precisely all we do know about you."

(Continued on Page 57)

# 4½% on Savings

## New U. S. Treasury Savings Certificates

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THE United States Government, through the Treasury and Post Office Departments, has announced a sure way to help men and women everywhere who want to save money and make it earn more.

Treasury Savings Certificates, New Issue, are now added to the previous offerings of Government securities for investment of savings. These new Treasury Savings Certificates will earn 4½ per cent a year, compounded semi-annually, if held to maturity.

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United States Treasury Savings Certificates may be purchased at Post Offices, Federal Reserve Banks, banks and trust companies, or direct from the United States Government Savings System, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

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| Issue price | Value after one year | Value after two years | Value after three years | Value after four years | Maturity |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| $20 | $20.70 | $21.45 | $22.20 | $23.00 | $25 |
| 80 | 82.80 | 85.80 | 88.80 | 92.00 | 100 |
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PHOENIX
HOSIERY

PHOENIX

(Continued from Page 54)

"And what more, my dear Langley, do you desire to know?"

"I desire to know, for one thing, the name of your former wife."

"Yes," he said slowly; and again, "yes. Exactly. A reasonable question, my dear fellow, and one which I do not hesitate to answer. It recalls a painful incident of the past, to be sure—an incident I had wished to wipe from the slate of my memory." Here he made a gesture as of one passing a sponge across the face of a slate. "The name of my former wife," he continued after an impressive, pensive pause, "is Amelia Nobel."

"Is what?" I cried.

"Is Amelia Nobel," he repeated.

Now, had I been in anything but a dreamlike condition I should have been staggered by that statement. In sporting parlance, I had staked my bank roll on either Vera Carton or Danaë Delorme; and behold, a rank outsider, a certain hitherto unknown filly called Amelia Nobel, had galloped away with the purse! But, as I have explained, surprises surprised me no longer.

"Thank you, Gregory," I said.

"Is there anything more I can tell you, my dear Langley?" he asked.

"Nothing—at present," said I, and, keenly aware of the importance of my news, I left him and sought the telegraph office.

The spectacled lady behind the desk looked up inquiringly at me on my arrival and asked if I was Mr. Langley. Upon my admitting that I was she said, "Well, we have a message for you that's just come in if you'd like to take it now."

It was from George. It said:

> Have interviewed Danaë. She also was his wife. Her alimony eighteen months in arrears. Act on information as you see fit. Will return soon unless I discover more wives. Danaë lives in Jersey City. GEORGE.

The spectacled lady regarded me disapprovingly, and said, "That's for you, ain't it?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered, feeling that she considered me akin to Bluebeard or Don Juan. Then very cheerfully I composed the following message to George:

> Your news about Vera and Danaë welcome, but he admits to a certain Amelia Nobel. Better make the round-up complete while you are about it. LANGLEY.

Then I went back to the house for luncheon.

VI

THE fair Amelia must have been more elusive than either Vera or Danaë, for it was three days before I heard again from George. In that interval I ventured to approach Annabel once more, but this time very cautiously, for I did not relish being made to appear so completely foolish and meddlesome as I had been on the last occasion. No, I was careful not to blurt out the knowledge that I possessed; I did not say, "Look here, Annabel, your man Gregory's a bigamist or possibly a trigamist, or if he isn't he's been divorced three times."

Instead, when a suitable opportunity offered itself, I said gently, "My dear, do you feel sure that Gregory has told you everything about himself that you should know?"

She looked at me with pity and patience in her eyes.

"I wish you didn't worry so about Gregory and me," she said. "We don't worry at all about ourselves. I know that actors don't lead—well, let's say shielded lives; and the more admired they are the more they are tempted, I suppose, by wild women. Is that what you mean—that he's not spotless?"

"No," I answered, "that is not at all what I mean. Suppose, for example, that you should hear that he had been married several times—not once, mind you, but several times—so often that it would make you appear ridiculous. What would you do?"

She sighed her exasperation.

"I simply wouldn't believe it," she said. "If he had been married more than once he would have told me. That's all there is to it. Oh, Uncle Foster," she continued plaintively, "you're so suspicious of Bob, and you're always looking and hoping to find something against him. It isn't fair—it really isn't."

I judged readily enough from this that there was nothing to be gained by saying more until George should return with indisputable proof, and I telegraphed George to that effect, warning him that in order to convince Annabel he would have to bring with him evidence conclusive enough to persuade a very partial and opinionated judge.

When, therefore, on the following Monday I received a telegram from my nephew, advising me that Amelia had been inspected and had been catalogued under the same heading as Vera and Danaë, and that he himself was arriving at half past five on the following day, I feared that he might be leaving his task only half done. Annabel, I well knew, would simply decline to believe any accusation against Gregory based only on George's word for it.

But, as it happened, I need have had no fears, for George brought with him the most conclusive evidence possible—he brought with him Vera and Danaë and Amelia!

I went in the car to meet the late afternoon train and George. Fortunately I went alone with the chauffeur; for, as I have said, I met not only the afternoon train and George but also three undeniably attractive young women. Had Mary been with me I am certain that she would have swooned.

George, outwardly cool and businesslike, but inwardly, as he later confessed, pleasantly apprehensive, marshaled Vera and Danaë and Amelia—and a quantity of hand luggage—on the platform and presented me to them.

"Mrs. Vera Carton Gregory, Mrs. Danaë Delorme Gregory, Mrs. Amelia Nobel Gregory—my uncle, Mr. Foster Langley."

I bowed, bereft of speech. I bowed three times, while they murmured the usual banalities.

"Pile in," said George unceremoniously. "We're all good friends and this is my party."

His party! It might be his party, but it was his Aunt Mary's house; and, moreover, these three guests had been Robert Gregory's wives. Something of this flashed across me, but I made no demur, for I was still living in the dream.

During the ride to the house I had opportunity to survey the three Mrs. Gregorys. They differed among themselves as markedly as the three parts of Gaul.

Vera, who was probably the oldest—and she could not have been much over thirty—was a brisk, efficient-looking, tailor-made sort of person, neatly clad, neatly hatted, neatly gloved, neatly shod. She had black hair and eyes and white collar and cuffs. She said little, but what she said was to the point.

For example, she said, "I suppose our arrival will mean the devil of a row."

A woman of sense and perspicacity.

Danaë was, I judged, an experienced chorus girl, risen, perhaps, to speaking parts. She made conversation in the voice and manner which stage directors of musical comedy believe to be appropriate to young society women; and she did this, I am sure, to cover up her very real nervousness. It was a new part which she was about to play, and one which she had not rehearsed. She was plump and blond and highly perfumed.

Amelia Nobel was the youngest and the most beautiful of the three. She, as I guessed correctly, was a motion-picture actress, and very probably a motion-picture actress out of a job. I confess that my sympathies went out to her, for she was a frail, appealing little thing in her rather shabby blue suit and her worn-out gloves. She did not seem at all frightened, and yet I could not help wondering what had induced her to start on this ridiculous expedition. Indeed, I wondered what had induced any of the three to start. Curiosity? A sense of the dramatic? Hatred of Gregory? Love of Gregory? Or more probably, I thought, simply love of excitement.

We drew up at the front entrance to the house.

"I fear," I said, "that we are not exactly—er—exactly expected. Shall I go in and announce you?"

"Don't bother," said George airily. "We're not staying long, you see. Just an afternoon call—a purely informal afternoon call. I'm motoring them back to Portsmouth to-night in time for dinner. They think—and I'm inclined to agree with them—that they'll be more comfortable over there."

"Yes," I agreed—"yes, I see. Quite right, perhaps."

Flinging open the door, then, I called loudly for Mary.

"Visitors, Mary!" I cried. "George has brought some friends to tea."


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I heard my stepsister's voice coming cooingly from the living room.

"How nice!" she exclaimed in the bliss of ignorance.

I heard the suave, patronizing barytone of Gregory saying something in reference to the return of the prodigal George; I heard Annabel order more tea and teacups and muffins; and then we entered.

The doorway to the living room is wide, so we entered almost abreast—an imposing line, the three young women in the center and George and I each on an end.

Mary, as was her custom, was shaking hands before she had heard their names. Even after she had heard their names she continued shaking hands—mechanically, I suppose, as a flywheel continues to revolve long after the motive power is switched off.

"My aunt, Mrs. McKnight," said George, "may I present Mrs. Gregory—and Mrs. Gregory—and Mrs. Gregory?"

There were murmurs—diminuendo murmurs subsiding into terrific silence. Mary, completely incompetent in any crisis, stood gasping, her arms at last limp at her sides, her startled eyes traveling like those of a hunted animal from Gregory to his three ex-wives. Annabel stood, silent, motionless, a little pale, behind the tea table.

Gregory, I hasten to admit, behaved more decently than I should have expected. At least he did not lose his temper, or even his drawing-room manner. He advanced gracefully to the center of the room, bowed and said: "In my case, dear friends, no introductions are necessary. I have had the pleasure—I repeat, the pleasure—of knowing all three of our charming visitors in former days. Vera, how do you do? Danaë, I am delighted. And Amelia—why, it seems but yesterday that we said good-by. You are all looking splendid—all of my wives, I may say, are looking splendid."

"You've taken on a little weight, Robert," commented Vera appraisingly.

"You handsome old dear," said Danaë.

But Amelia merely said "Bob!" in a voice that trembled a little.

Then Gregory, addressing himself to George, said: "I don't think that it is necessary for me to ask what your purpose is in bringing these three ladies here. Their purpose in coming is entirely another matter, and I must confess that I have no idea as to that. Perhaps, if Mrs. McKnight and Annabel will excuse us, we might discuss that in another part of the house. For Annabel, at any rate, the discussion may well be unpleasant."

Annabel spoke at last.

"I should prefer to stay, if you don't mind," she said quietly.

"That," observed George, "is the idea. There will be no unpleasantness, I assure you—only an unusual situation, and I think that Annabel should enjoy the benefit of being present."

"Of course," said Annabel; and seating herself at the tea table she asked brightly, "Who will have tea? Won't you please all sit down?"

We all sat down. I have seldom so admired Annabel.

Danaë began to giggle.

"My dear Danaë," said Gregory, "you seem to have something amusing in your mind; suppose you begin. Why did you come here? What do you want?"

Danaë patted her yellow hair, lowered her dress over her knees, crossed her shapely legs, lowered her dress once more, and said: "Why, Robert, I came here, I guess, for the same reason all of us came! I'm lonely, and I've missed you, and after thinking it over and taking things all in all I'm sorry I divorced you. I'd be willing to start again if you would."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Gregory. "So that's the way the wind blows!"

"Well," said Danaë, "that's the way it blows with me, and I rather guess I'm not alone in the cyclone. But remember, I was your first wife."

"Yes," said Gregory grimly, "I remember. And you, Vera? You're my second wife. How about you? Are you here for the same reason?"

The efficient, businesslike Vera flushed a little, but maintained an admirable composure.

"I've tried to get in touch with you several times in the last few years," she said. "You never would see me. You never would answer my letters which I addressed to the theater. I tried to stop you once on Broadway when you were walking alone, but you pretended not to notice me. I divorced you, you remember, for nonsupport. That was when you were out of work and were too lazy to look for a job. That was before you were famous. I did the supporting on the thirty dollars a week I earned as a stenographer, and you weren't too proud to share it. Well, this seems a good opportunity to tell you that I'm not a bit too proud to share what you are earning now. I will say nothing about the arrears of alimony that you already owe me, and if you will remarry me I'm willing to start again with a clean slate, sharing fifty-fifty everything that each of us earns. Is that fair?"

Gregory passed his fingers nervously through his hair. The strain, I fancied, was beginning to tell even on him.

"That is fair, I suppose," he said; "but I doubt if it's possible. I'm sorry about the alimony. That, of course, will be attended to. My agent—my lawyer—very careless of them. And now you, Amelia?"

She looked up at him slowly. Her hands were clasping and unclasping themselves restlessly in her lap. She had managed to conceal her shabby gloves.

"I have nothing to say. I merely took the first chance I could to see you again. You left me. I suppose you were tired of me. I wondered if you were still tired of me. I came to find out. That's all."

"Poor little Amelia," said Gregory, with a tenderness which I believe was unassumed.

She smiled, and when she smiled she was quite lovely.

"Poor old Bob," said she.

There was a brief silence. Annabel was pouring tea and George was passing cups and muffins

"Well!" exclaimed Mary. "This is most upsetting! I was never so bewildered in my life. I'll have my tea quite strong, I think, Annabel dear." And then, aware perhaps for the first time how truly upset she was, she said, "Mr. Gregory, you owe us an explanation."

"I owe you three, dear lady, and I owe Annabel two. Annabel knew about Amelia, you see. But unfortunately there seems to be no further explanation possible—our young friend George has attended to that—and everything that is claimed by these ladies is true. Everything, I repeat. Before leaving your house I can only state, my dear Mrs. McKnight, that I regret having concealed my marriages. My only possible excuse is that, having proved myself so frequently a failure as a husband, I feared that I might be disqualified from future competitions."

"Lose your amateur standing, eh?" suggested George.

Gregory bowed in acquiescence.

"Precisely, my dear boy," said he.

He drew his thin gold initialed watch from the pocket of his black-silk waistcoat, consulted it and replaced it.

"I think," he said, "that I shall have time to pack up and catch the last train for Boston. It is a most unfortunate ending to what would otherwise have been a charming visit."

"And what about me?" demanded the efficient Vera.

"And me?" echoed Danaë.

Amelia, I noted, said nothing.

"You seem to be very popular, Mr. Gregory," said Annabel—"very popular in spite of the fact that you claim to have been a failure as a husband."

At this Mary reproved her, pointing out that the remark was uncalled for and unmaidenly; but Gregory, all his poise and pose restored, smiled benignantly upon them both.

"Popular!" he exclaimed. "Popular! Ah, dear ladies, what is popularity? A mere fugitive waif of a breeze that strays in our direction every once in a while, only to veer about and turn against us the next moment. In my day I have had admiration—I say it frankly—and perhaps my day is not yet over. My manager tells me that my name will fill a theater, no matter what the play. So much the better, for that makes me popular with my manager. But behold these three ladies! I have been husband to all of them, and yet all of them chose to divorce me. I do not say that they did not have reason, but I do say that none of them hesitated to do it as soon as she did have reason. Is that popularity? Is that affection? Is that love?"

"One moment, please," interrupted Amelia. "There's something that perhaps I ought to tell you, Bob, before you go any further. Since you don't seem to know it,

(Continued on Page 61)

*Estate Gas Ranges are made in a wide variety of styles, sizes and finishes, to suit all requirements. Several models are enameled throughout and some of the cabinet ranges can be had with or without an oven heat control. 1997 Estate—a new all-enameled range—is shown in the illustration.*

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A good hotel is one where things go wrong infrequently, and are instantly made right.

In any hotel, you'll find it a good principle to *ask for any service you want and aren't getting—but ask the right person.* Generally, it's best to ask some one in authority.

If, for instance, you're very particular about some article of food, it's wiser to give your instructions to the headwaiter than to your table waiter. If you want your room "made up" by a certain hour, phone the housekeeper's office instead of telling the maid. If you want a parcel shipped, or a trunk delivered, tell the head porter, and not a bellboy.

There will be times when the man you want is the manager, or his assistant. They are *the source of authority* in these hotels, and they can be useful to you when the thing you want is beyond the authority of others, or when you're not getting satisfaction in dealing with a department head.

You will probably be interested in seeing some of our formal instructions to managers and assistant managers; here they are:

### Instructions to Managers and Assistant Managers in the Statler-operated Hotels

"Your biggest responsibility is to see that our policies are carried out and our promises to the public are kept.

"Most of your contact with guests will be with those who want something of you. You must always do everything you can to make their way smooth and pleasant.

"If his trunk hasn't come, or his ice-water doesn't flow; if he doesn't like his room, or has trouble at the mail desk—

"Whatever the reason for his seeking you, you are to take hold *interestedly* and give him the quickest satisfaction possible.

"In all your contact with guests (and, don't forget, with your associates, too), remember that the unforgivable sin, from our standpoint, is discourtesy. A close second is lack of interest; whether a guest comes to you with a complaint or a request, he *must always* be greeted and listened to and *helped* with the graciousness and courtesy that are the spirit of our policies.

"You are the men at the top in your houses, you managers and assistant managers. But you have no special rights or privileges over any other employee of the company in the literal carrying-out of these instructions from The Statler Service Codes: 'No employee is allowed the privilege of arguing any point with a guest; he must adjust the matter at once to the guest's satisfaction, or call his superior to do so'."

E. M. Statler

# Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo, to open early in 1923; 500 more rooms will be added later.

(Continued from Page 58

I think I ought to tell you that I haven't divorced you."

Gregory sat down very slowly, staring at Amelia with wide, bewildered eyes, even as, I imagine, Balaam's ass might have regarded the angel.

"You—have—not—divorced me?" he repeated.

"No," said she bravely; "and I don't see why you should all take it for granted that I have."

"Take it for granted! Of course I took it for granted! All my wives divorce me!"

"Well, this one didn't," she answered with conviction.

He put his handsome face in his handsome hands. He was obviously a greatly distressed actor, so distressed that he was no longer acting.

"I should have been told!" he groaned. "My lawyers ——"

"Did you ever think to ask your lawyers?" she ventured.

He shook his head dismally.

"I don't know. I don't remember. I don't bother with such things. I leave all that to them—never contest a suit."

"Well," said she, "it was only ten months ago that you left me, and I suppose they thought you were just taking a little vacation. I'm sorry. If you want me to I'll start a suit right away."

He glanced up sharply.

"What's that you say?"

She repeated her offer, but not so bravely—a little tremulously.

"Do you want to do that, Amelia?" he demanded.

She shook her head in silence. Her fingers were picking uneasily at the black braid on her skirt. Suddenly Gregory stood up.

"Ladies," he said, "if you will permit me I will go to my room and pack my things. My wife and I are taking the last train for Boston."

"And what about me?" demanded the efficient Vera.

"And me?" echoed Danaë.

"Ah," said Gregory, "to be sure! Well, in the circumstances I can't very well offer either of you remarriage. I fear that you will have to be content with the alimony due you. That, I assure you, shall be promptly paid, now and hereafter."

And the amazing man kissed his two ex-wives paternally on their foreheads, and bestowed on them that radiant, kindly smile which is so irresistible that to witness it thousands of maids and of matrons have paid two-fifty a seat—matinées two dollars.

*VII*

"WELL?" I inquired of Annabel when they had gone, George driving Vera and Danaë to Portsmouth according to his promise, and Gregory and his almost tearfully happy Amelia taking the train for Boston.

"Well, what?" retorted Annabel.

"Is your heart broken?" I asked. "Gregory isn't such a bad sort after all—for an actor."

"No, he isn't," she agreed with a sideways smile that reassured me. "But I think three wives are enough—even for an actor."

"Well," said Mary, "I'll say this for him: He never had more than one at a time."

"No," Annabel admitted, "and neither did Henry VIII. There's a Shaksperean rôle that Bob ought to play famously."

"Yes," I murmured—"that or The Merry Wives."

## SINGLE, DOUBLE, TROUBLE

(Continued from Page 28)

Having thus discharged her social obligation for the moment, Sis' Eliza resumed her hitching gyrations with her dancing partner, moaning meanwhile the words of the Mournin' Blues:

*Neveh made a dollah dat you didn't git half,*
*Neveh rolled a seven 'cept I rolled it fo' you,*
*Neveh did no grievin' when you wanted to laugh,*
*Neveh done no laughin' when my honey felt blue.*

*My honey felt blue when de big judge said:*
*"Save him from sunstroke an' park him in jail;*
*Black an' white raiment an' shave de boy's head,*
*Kiss him farewell, you can reach him by mail."*

*Reach him by mail wid a letter,*
*Reach him by mail wid de news;*
*Done mournin'; now I feels better,*
*Ise done wid dem lone Mournin' Blues.*

Another knock at the door, and over near the wall the expectant Mis' Magnezia slowed down to a following drag, trailing now where she had trembled the lead half a note ahead of the drum.

"'Spec' dat's him!"

"Who you 'spec'?"

"Confidential, I tells you. Quit dat close weavin'—'Let me reach you by mail wid de news.' I 'spec' it's my new financée."

"Is you done wid dem lone mournin' blues?"

"I is, man, an' now I feels better. Ise abandoned dem lone mournin' blues."

Bam! The music died an explosive death. The outer door opened. To the announcer's ears from the shadowed doorway came a high-pitched falsetto voice:

"Evenin'. Is dis de whereabouts of de Sis' Eliza ruckus?"

"Sho' is. Trail in an' leave me speak yo' name."

A sawed-off figure, veiled and cloaked, entered the room.

"Ise Missus Vitus Marsden. My husban', de Wilecat, is temp'rarily retained at Cap'n Jack's house."

"Yo' what?" In the sudden calm the voice of Magnezia Bunny snapped like the thin end of a blacksnake whip. "Yo' who husban'? Woman, whut dis talk?"

The veiled stranger plowed halfway into the mass of perspiring dancers to meet the enraged Magnezia.

"I sez my husban'—Vitus Marsden, whut folks calls Wilecat! Sez me! How come you so cravin' to know?"

"I shows you how come!"

Without preliminary the swing of Magnezia Bunny's heavy hand launched straight for the side of the veiled figure's head. Bam! The sawed-off one staggered a little and swelled up under the draperies in time to stop a swinging left.

"I learns you an' dat heart-breakin' houn'!"

The skinny panther was upon the cloaked figure, and in an impromptu circle of popeyed bystanders a battle was staged with all the flurry and madness of an overdue cyclone. For a long thirty seconds the little combatant endured the flailing punishment meted out by the spindling Magnezia, and then, with a quick burst of unexpected energy, the tall member of the team found herself lifted head first over the surging shoulders of Missus Vitus Marsden.

Five feet above the floor, helpless and writhing, Mis' Magnezia poised for three seconds before she began her descent. She came down, aided and abetted by two strong arms, and her course was the diving course of an arrow, aimed at the starboard end of the paralyzed orchestra. Bam! Head first into the tight parchment of the drumhead. A quick recovery and Magnezia stood erect, weaving a little, but with her head still crowned and concealed within the interior of the drum. "Git me out! Take dat off my haid! Unloose me!"

Fumbling hands unloosed the captive. In her sudden freedom she looked about for her opponent.

The veiled Missus Vitus Marsden, taking advantage of the moment when Mis' Magnezia Bunny's predicament had attracted all eyes toward that drum diver, had vanished into the night. Various nerveless whuffers clustered around the tin dishpan, absorbing quick slugs of Sis' Eliza's nerve tonic.

The drummer inverted his instrument and tightened the snares on the one uninjured drumhead.

*Kiss him farewell, you kin reach him by mail,*
*Jus' beginnin' dem lone Mournin' Blues.*

*IV*

AT FOUR minutes to eight, through the shadows of the alley back of Captain Jack's house, stepping fast, came Missus Vitus Marsden, champion of the night's battle. In the obscurity of the high board


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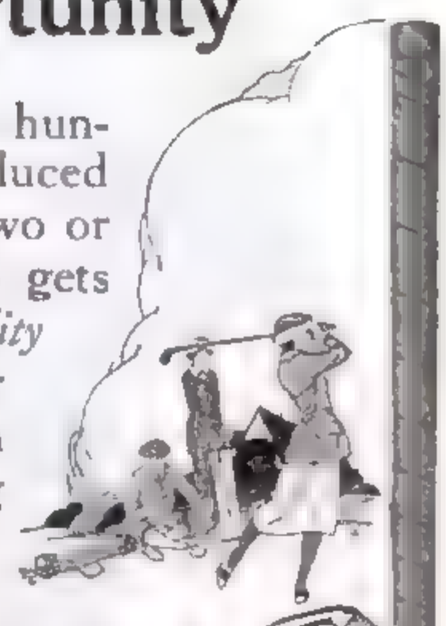

Patented Nov. 22, 1910 Oct. 3, 1911

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Patented May 7, 1912 May 7, 1912

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*How the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is Attached to the Iron head*

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*How the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is Attached to the Wooden head*

fence that lined the dark side of the alley the figure reefed a double handful of flowing draperies, and in this new freedom the marching pace was accelerated to a trot. Opposite the door of Captain Jack's woodshed the rambler's raiment again swung free and a fumbling hand reached for the latch of the door.

"Bla-a!"

Lily, enjoying the rubber-flavored canvas of an old but luscious tennis shoe, expressed her surprise at the sudden invasion of her sanctuary.

Out of the darkness came a reply to Lily's startled bleating:

"Shut up, goat, befo' I knots yo' neck!"

The invader spoke, and where Missus Marsden's voice had been a high falsetto at Sis' Eliza's dance, now it was the voice of Demmy. The diminutive masquerader struck a match and with it he lighted the lantern hanging against the wall. Two minutes of fast work sufficed to free him of his borrowed costume. He rolled his draperies this time into one large bundle, and carrying it before him he marched toward the rectangle of light that marked the kitchen door. Arrived at the door, he kicked gently against the lower panel of the screen. From within the Wildcat answered:

"Who dat?"

"Dis Demmy"

The Wildcat addressed the cook:

"Go on 'long into de dinin' room, honey, an' see is I swept things right. Craves to 'range eve'ythin' to please you an' ol' Cap'n Jack."

The cook obeyed, and while she was absent from the kitchen the Wildcat opened the door to his laden associate.

"Lawd, Demmy, how come yo' nose bleed?"

"Stummled again' Ol' Man Trouble Don't stop me! Got to git dis clo'es back."

Straight for the cook's room with the borrowed costume walked Ol' Man Trouble's associate, to return three minutes later to where the Wildcat waited for the verdict.

"Come wid me to de woodshed. Us talks free f'm folks listenin'."

Trailing his guide, the Wildcat gained the woodshed and closed the door behind him.

"Is I free?" He held his breath.

"You is. 'Ceptin' f'm yo' 'maginary fust wife. Dat Magnezia woman don't aim to create no big'my. Single, double an' trouble—you went through dem three stages, an' now you begins single again."

With a haste not explained in his words, Demmy sketched the process by which he had freed the Wildcat of his bonds.

"Dey thinks you is married—all you does is announce a divo'ce an' stagger along thankin' Lady Luck dat you missed either a weddin' o' else a break-yo'-promise ruckus. Dat's all—Ise gwine now."

"Demmy, dog-gone! Ise saved again!"

The Wildcat breathed deep and then sought to prolong the recital of the message of salvation.

"Whah you gwine? Ain't you headin' fo' de kitchen? Dey's some ham cut an' de gravy is on de stove."

"Too busy to eat—sees you later."

Demmy was launched away on his second project of the night.

Sis' Eliza's party disintegrated at eleven o'clock. Mis' Magnezia Bunny, not unaccompanied, reached her own yellah-door domicile at twenty minutes after eleven. Her escort lingered at the door until the clock inside the house struck three—and out.

At half past three in the morning the Wildcat was awakened by Demmy's heavy hand.

"Rouse up! Ise got mo' news to tell you. I been back at de party—open-faced dis time. Meets up wid yo' late financee. Fust time I seed dat woman my heart flopped. Dis time, Wilecat, when my love eye landed on dat tall Venus I falls! Told her so. Me an' her uses dat hitchin' preacheh nex' Monday. Come to de weddin' an' bring dat Lily whut's de cause of it all. You is named de bes' man!"

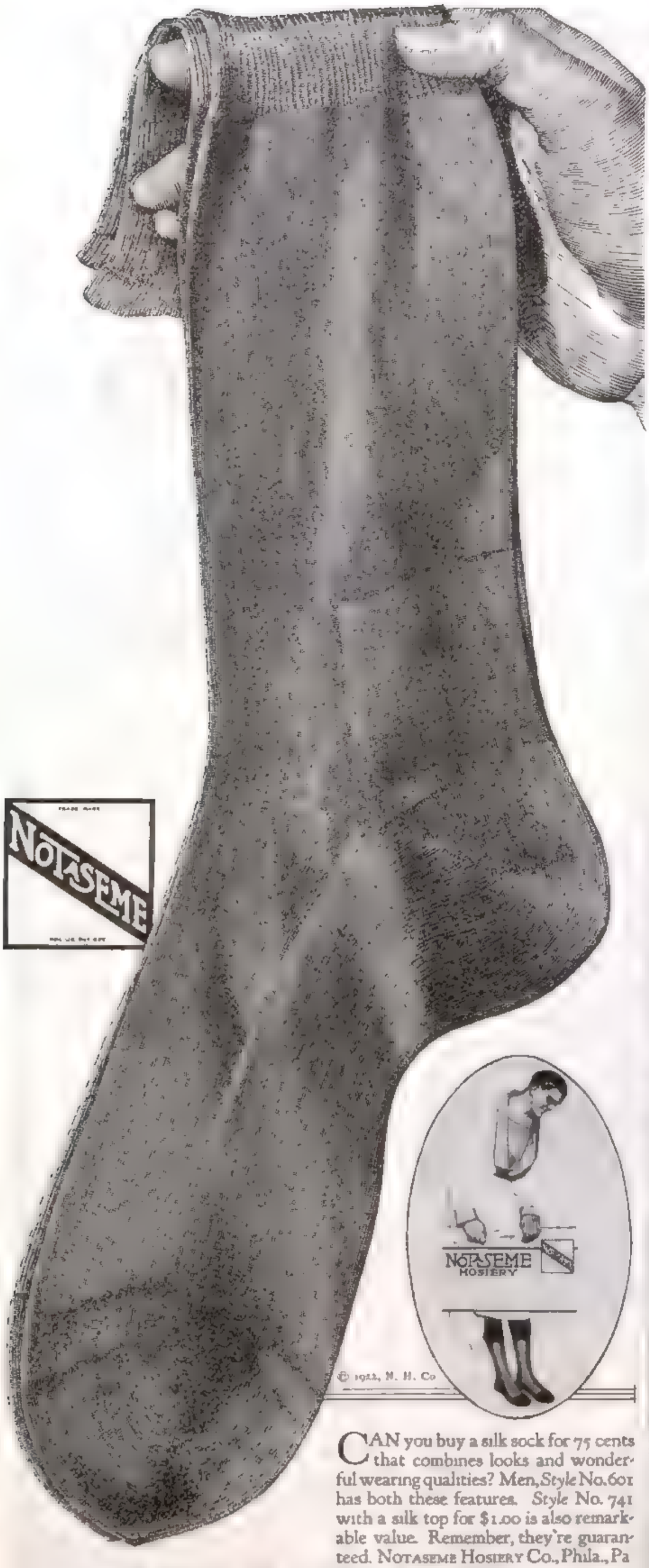
"Demmy, is I dreamin'? Does you remember whut you said 'bout single-an'-double trouble?" The Wildcat batted his incredulous eyes. "You is crazy!"

"I is—wid de love itch. Git to sleep. Git dreamin' like I does—true-comin' happy dreams."

"Huh!" The Wildcat grunted his comment. "You ain't dreamin'. You is delirious above de ears and plain mule below. Sunup you begin to bray."

The critic lay awake for ten minutes thereafter.

"Craves to have me be bes' man! Ise de bes' man—shows dat mule who is de bes' man befo' he gits hitched up. Lady Luck, rally round! Us needs you bad!"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CAN you buy a silk sock for 75 cents that combines looks and wonderful wearing qualities? Men, *Style* No. 601 has both these features. *Style* No. 741 with a silk top for $1.00 is also remarkable value. Remember, they're guaranteed. NOTASEME HOSIERY Co., Phila., Pa

NOTASEME HOSIERY

*A Formal Tropical Garden and Patio in Cuba*

# "It wouldn't be the same . . ."

"If every woman on the street
Should make a loaf of bread,
They wouldn't be the same at all,"
The Master Baker said.
"Some loaves would burn and some would fall,
And some would not be good,
Though each one used the self-same flour
And did the best she could."

AND there's no secret about making Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. We tell what we put in it. Other manufacturers know all the ingredients we use. They can buy most of them.

But they don't make Clicquot Club—any more than a woman with good flour and a recipe can make bread which tastes like her neighbor's bread made with the same flour and recipe.

We have one decided advantage in making our ginger ale. All the water we use is pure, cold spring water, drawn from the bed-rock. Nature has filtered and re-filtered it. The carbonation of this water and the flavoring with Jamaica ginger, fruit juices, and sugar make the happy blend that is never duplicated except by us. It is almost a universal taste.

Why, then, should you drink other ginger ales if you can get Clicquot Club?

Ask your grocer to send you a case. Keep a few bottles on ice or in a cold place. Serve it any time to any one. *They all like it.*

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Clicquot Club
Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer

Clicquot Club
Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

# THE FREIGHT THAT FAILED

## By FORREST CRISSEY

THE movie drama of The Freight That Failed is no piker among modern productions. The cost of putting on this piece in America is more than $100,000,000 a year. Oh, it's a whale of a production, and makes the most lavish release of the moving pictures look cheap.

But the sad box-office secret of The Freight That Failed is the fact that its production money represents almost a total loss and every shipper and consumer in the country is directly or indirectly called upon to chip in and meet the deficit. There are no nonassessable shares in this venture. The public is generally inclined to think that the railroads pay the freight claims; the fact is the roads are merely the fiscal agents for collecting the required assessments from the consumers. It's everybody's show, for a freight claim is usually an outright economic loss.

Naturally you ask, "If The Freight That Failed is such a rotten show, why don't they take it off the road?" That's precisely the point of this story. An organization of the ablest railway men in America is now on the job of administering reduction treatment to the freight claim and stripping it down to a state of skinny attenuation calculated to make it unrecognizable by its old associates. It's a huge task and a hard one, but it is being accomplished at an astonishing rate—and without music, too!

For example, one road, the Chicago and North Western, instituted a freight claim prevention campaign; and Mr. H. C. Howe, freight claim agent, told W. C. Johnson, one of his assistants: "Take hold of this job and see what you can do toward cutting down our freight claims $1,000,000 a year." He tackled the task under a full head of steam and did nearly four times as much as was asked of him.

*Dangerous Nails Pulled From Freight Cars*

### *The Cost of Carelessness*

ALTHOUGH he began his offensive in the summer of 1920 his forces were not really mobilized until the beginning of 1921, and the results of this campaign brought about a reduction in the number of claims presented of 79,946, which is just that many less complaints against the carrier, and the money involved in this reduction was $3,742,292.

Of course other causes operated to secure this claim reduction of nearly $4,000,000. There was a material shrinkage in both the volume and the value of the freight carried. Again, the road was not badgered by a switchmen's strike in 1921 as it was in 1920. But give these elements full consideration and there is still a large remainder to the credit of the claim prevention drive.

Before sketching this admirable piece of constructive economy it is well to glance at the freight claim as a national institution, as a nation-wide assessment upon the consumers of this country. The class-one roads of the United States paid freight claims for loss and damage in 1920 to the amount of more than $120,000,000; in 1919 this drain was more than $104,000,000. The fact that this huge loss is ultimately borne by the consumers will not be questioned by any person having the most elementary knowledge of business practice. Therefore the new war on this insidious freight claim is literally everybody's business.

This is not a fight to discourage the filing of freight claims—it is a war on the practices that produce loss and damage in freight carrying. There is no apparent inclination on the part of railroad officials to pass the buck of responsibility for freight loss and damage to the shippers. It is admitted by a high official of the American Railway Association that not more than 15 per cent of all freight claims are chargeable to the shippers. But 15 per cent of $120,000,000 is quite a snug sum. Its saving should give shippers a healthy incentive for hearty coöperation in the effort to reduce the massive bulk of the freight claim to skeleton proportions.

Experts declare that the average freight claim is in the amount of about twenty-five dollars and that the average cost of handling a claim is about $1.60. Recently a claim agent settled a freight claim for four cents—which indicates that the race of careful people is not yet entirely extinct. Perhaps the largest freight claim of recent record is that covering the loss and damage at Ardmore, Oklahoma, caused by the explosion of a car of casing-head gas. This claim was settled for $1,200,000. Another road recently paid $19,000 for the loss, by fire, of fifteen cars of gasoline and oil. These huge losses might suggest that in apportioning freight claims according to commodities petroleum products would head the list. Not so! At the head of the class is fruits and vegetables, with 13.5 per cent of the total amount paid for all freight claims. Clothing, dry goods and notions follows with 8.7 per cent. Grain scores 6.6 per cent; coal and coke, 4.2 per cent; meats, 4 per cent; flour and mill products, 3.7 per cent; tobacco, cigars and cigarettes, 3.7 per cent; and livestock, 3.5 per cent.

Do not jump to the conclusion, however, that the loss on articles not covered by this classification is of small moment. Take the little matter of glass, glassware and crockery, for example. Claims under this head call for the payment of $100,000 a month on the part of America's class-one roads. Those whose shipping experiences have largely been confined to forwarding household goods by rail are quite likely to be surprised that this class of commodities is not mentioned as a champion claim producer. But the total paid out on this score amounts to the respectable sum of $1,600,000 a year. All of which indicates that no commodity is obscure enough to escape carrying a heavy toll in the account known as loss and damage.

### *Losses Distributed*

BUT the most vital and interesting analysis of the huge dead-horse fund paid by railroads on freight claims, from the viewpoint of claim prevention, is from the angle of causes. Of these, unlocated damage is rated as carrying 14.5 per cent of the total losses, and rough handling runs second with 14.2 per cent. Together these two causes cover almost 30 per cent of all losses.

The separation of claims into their three grand divisions of causes shows that damage is the leader of the pack and consumes 53.5 per cent of the total; loss lags behind with a record of only 36.1 per cent; and delay brings up the rear with only 10.4 per cent to its credit. Reduced to a more specific classification, loss of packages takes the lead and carries a record of 14.4 per cent of the total.

If the present drive for freight claim prevention does not save $50,000,000 of dead-horse money in 1922 the men at the head of the movement are going to be sadly disappointed. One of them says:

"All our researches lead to the conclusion that the total paid on freight claims for a year should not exceed 1 per

(Continued on Page 69)

*These Shipments Were Packed and Handled Properly—and These Were Not*

# The Finer Your Home the more it demands this Unobtrusive Method of Heating—

MORE new homes are to be built this year than in any other year of our country's history. Not only are there to be more of them, but they will be better planned, better built and better furnished.

Thousands of these homes will be heated without heating apparatus scattered over the living rooms. There will be perfect freedom from stoves and pipes, valves and radiators. Every room will be clear for the nicest arrangement of furnishings—every foot of wall and floor space will be accessible for easy cleaning.

**These homes will be heated with Mueller Convectors.**

This simple, unobtrusive system is suitable for the finest homes. It never makes a noise; it can never freeze or leak; it never causes dust streaked walls or damaged furnishings. It never brings the least suggestion of gas or smoke, or burning fuel, into the house. It healthfully ventilates every room while heating it. With all these manifest advantages, the Convector is remarkably **low in cost,** and it is easily installed in less than one day's time.

### *How the Convector Heats Homes Without Intruding into Living Rooms*

Simple, self-contained, easily operated, the Convector is installed in the basement, where a heating system belongs. It heats every room, upstairs and down, through one neat, inconspicuous register on the first floor.

The Convector makes **air** take the place of pipes and registers. Once a fire is started, the air in the rooms begins moving down the outer section of the single register, where it literally "gets a load of heat" from the Convector. This heat causes the air to expand and rise through the central part of the register to the rooms above.

Then, this warmed air, which is also healthfully moistened while passing through the Convector, spreads itself very evenly all over the house, throughout every room, upstairs and down. The heat from the fuel burned is simply carried by circulating air. **It goes every place air can go.**

Could any method of heating your home be more simple? . . . . more certain? . . . . less apt to give you trouble? The Convector gives you **every known heating comfort,** something many far more costly and complicated systems cannot do, and it gives you all these comforts in the simplest, most economical manner possible.

The Convector's circulation of warm, clean air is constant; it continues throughout the house, day and night. There can be no spotty, uneven heating, no cold corners. And you can

### *Have All the Fresh Air You Need*

Complete air circulation makes this possible. Fresh air in any amount desired can be allowed to enter any room at any time. It is immediately warmed and moistened and sent all over the house. Think what this means to health.

Perhaps you have been in a great modern hospital heated with a warm air heating and ventilating system. Physicians insist upon such systems for the health of patients. These great systems operate on exactly the same principle as the Convector, except that they must have pipes and fans to circulate the air because of the size of the building. The Convector, a simple, self-contained heating system in your basement, without a single pipe or fan, will give you the same practical results.

The advantages of the Convector system of heating are so marked that it would be the logical system to buy even though the cost of installation were more—**instead of less**—than for any other system.

### *Quick Temperature Change for All-Year Comfort*

The temperature of the air in the Convector heated home is governed directly by the amount of fuel burned. The temperature of the rooms can be raised, not in hours, **but in minutes.** There is never need to burn more fuel than the weather demands.

This easy regulation makes the Convector the universal heating system for every climate from Alaska to Mexico—for every season, the dead of the winter or a chilly summer night. It enables every Convector owner to be **quickly** comfortable **any time;** no need to dread chill days in fall or spring—and think what fuel saving this will mean on mild winter days.

### *Your Convector Will Be Guaranteed*

**The Convector is positively guaranteed to heat comfortably every room in your house, upstairs and down, in any weather.**

Practical tests in thousands of homes and buildings prove that it saves ⅓ to ½ on fuel over other heating types.

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L. J. Mueller Furnace Co.

*SALESMEN: We have places for several proved men who want an excellent product to back their ability. Write us.*

*DEALERS: Write now for details of exclusive sales plan. This is an unusual opportunity for good business.*

It can be installed in any home, new or old, usually in less than one day's time. No trouble or inconvenience.

It is very easily operated—two firings a day will keep all the house cozily warm. Nothing to get out of order. No expensive repairs.

Heats ample supply of water for kitchen and bath.

Burns any fuel—hard or soft coal, coke, wood, gas, oils, lignite, screenings.

Sizes for homes of four to eighteen rooms. Will heat store buildings, theaters, churches, etc. Takes small space in basement. Never heats basement. Not necessary to have full size basement for installation.

**You can buy the Convector, on EASY TERMS IF DESIRED, from a dealer near you. Send coupon now for complete information for an installation for your home.**

### *Send for Your Copy of "HEAT"*

This book is an interesting discussion of SCIENTIFIC FACTS about heat and its use in homes and buildings. It is of especial value to architects, builders, home owners and those who are about to buy or build a home.

The information in this book will be of great value to you. It will enable you to save fuel and get greater comfort and efficiency from your present method of heating, no matter what system you use.

**Send for it. No obligation, and it's worth having.**

**L. J. MUELLER FURNACE CO.**
**246 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.**

**Makers of Warm Air, Steam, Vapor and Hot Water Heating Systems**
ESTABLISHED 1857

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246 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen:

☐ Please send me without cost a copy of your book on HEAT.

☐ Please send me complete information about the CONVECTOR.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

# MUELLER CONVECTOR

PALM

# Better than jewels

## —that schoolgirl complexion

THE girl with a clear, smooth skin, radiant with freshness and natural color, should leave jewels to those less fortunate, for she doesn't need them. The charm of a perfect, natural complexion attracts far more than elaborate dress and ornaments.

If your complexion lacks the beauty which women envy and men admire, don't depend on clothes and jewelry to draw attention from its defects.

Every woman can transform her bad complexion into a good one, for alluring freshness and clear color isn't a gift of Nature, but a matter of care.

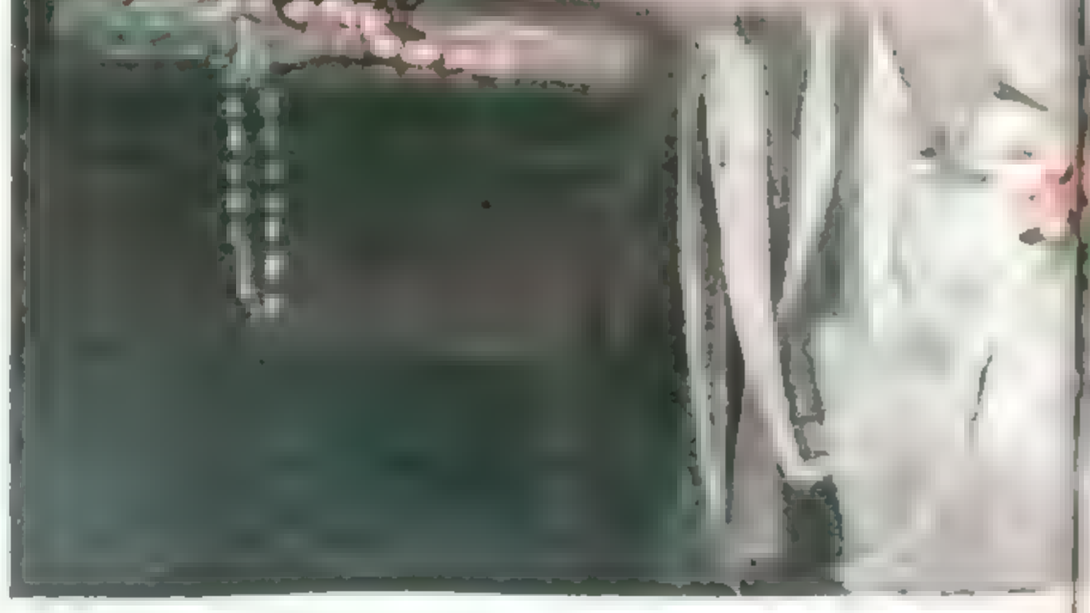
### *How to have a perfect skin*

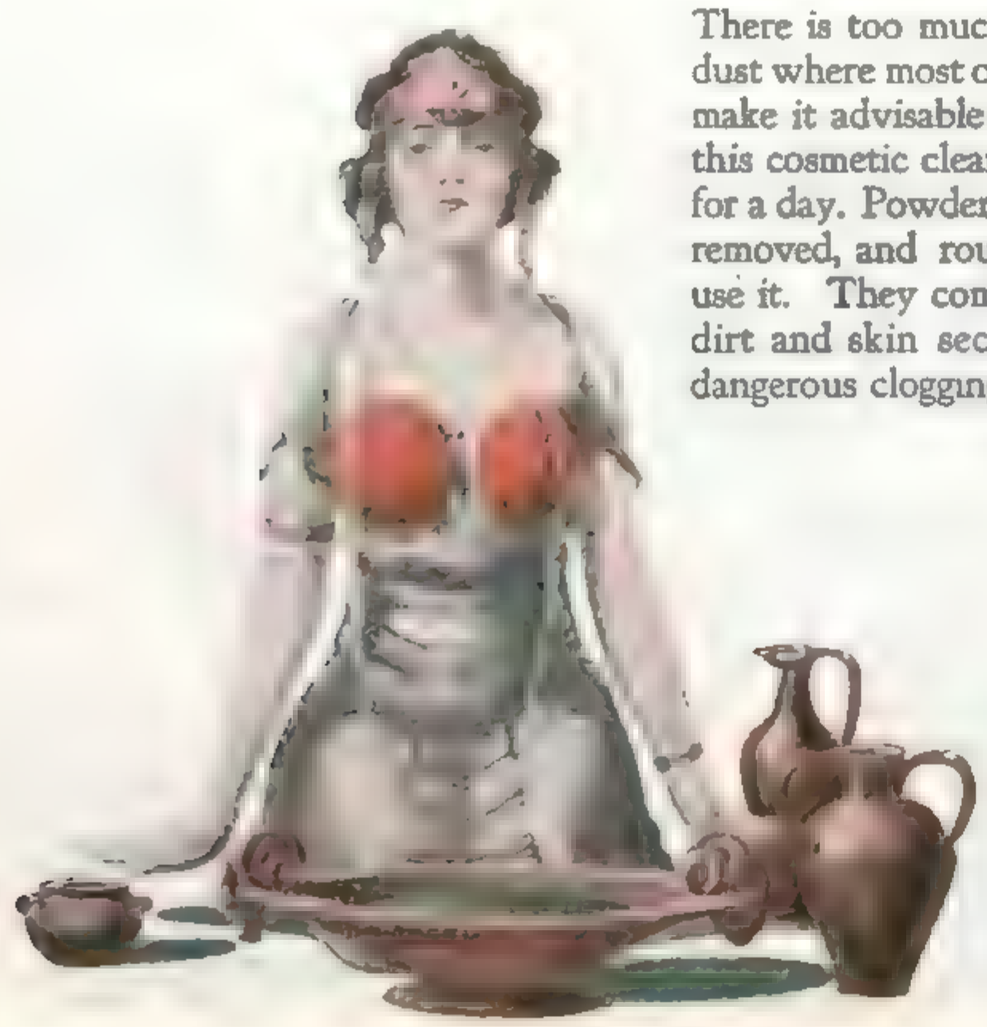
No girl need be afflicted with a bad complexion, for improvement is simple and easy. Daily cleansing, gentle but thorough, is the secret. You must use soap, for nothing else will remove the dirt, oil and perspiration which collect in the pores and cause most skin trouble. Choose Palmolive, because its action is soothing. Harsh soap should never be used for washing the face.

Massage the smooth, creamy lather gently into the skin until it removes all clogging deposits. Don't forget your neck and throat. They are as conspicuous as the face for any lack in beauty.

### *Do this every day*

There is too much dirt and dust where most of us live to make it advisable to neglect this cosmetic cleansing even for a day. Powder should be removed, and rouge, if you use it. They combine with dirt and skin secretions in dangerous clogging.





Made from the palm and olive oils Cleopatra used

*The charm of a perfect, n*

*than elaborate dr*

*more pre*

# Take a lesson from Cleopatra

WITH a world of ancient beauty arts at her command, she depended on cleansing with palm and olive oils to protect, improve and preserve the freshness and smoothness of her skin. This beautifying was not confined to the face alone. The bath was a daily ceremonial with all ancient peoples, and palm and olive oils the cleansers used.

Use Palmolive for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face. Neck, arms and shoulders are as noticeable as the face for beauty or the lack of it. Keep them sweet and lovely with the palm and olive oil soap.

*Blended from the same oils*

Palmolive Soap is blended from the same bland soothing oils which adorned the sumptuous marble baths of Egyptians, Greeks and Romans.

Modern scientists, with all their research, have not been able to discover milder, more soothing or more efficient soap ingredients. But although very expensive, the gigantic volume in which Palmolive is produced keeps the price very low. Users profit by Palmolive popularity.

The Palmolive factories, working day and night, and the importation of the rare oils in vast quantities, allow you to enjoy this finest facial soap for the modest price of ten cents—no more than ordinary soap.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.
*Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles*

*complexion attracts far more*

*d ornaments—it is*

*han jewels*

**Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only**

**10c**

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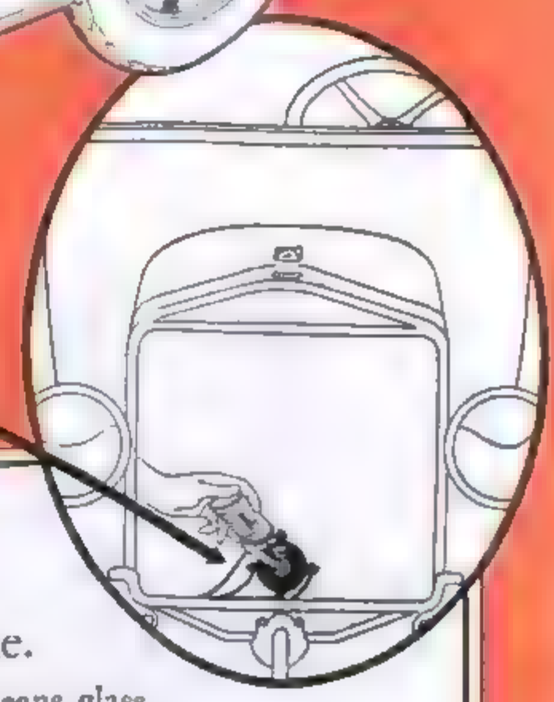
# Engine Oil's Too Heavy 3-in-One's Just Right



**For Ford Timers**
**3-in-One is *right***
Use regularly and avoid "timer trouble"

Engine oil is all right in the engine and a few other places about your car, but it is too heavy to work into most places where squeaks originate.

3-in-One Oil is light enough to go right into the tightest places, seek out squeaks and squelch them. It's heavy enough to stay on the job and keep the squeaks away.

3-in-One is ideal for lubricating the light, fast moving mechanisms too—starter, generator, magneto, horn, Ford commutator. Won't burn out at high speeds. Never gums or dries out.

Tire changing is easier if rim lugs are oiled with 3-in-One. Use also on door hinges and latches, hood cover latches, joints of windshield and top supports, curtain buttons, steering wheel—and particularly the springs. 3-in-One is easier to apply than graphite and works wonders in stopping spring squeaks and preventing springs breaking.

3-in-One prevents rust and tarnish on all the nickeled parts. Cleans and preserves leather and imitation leather cushions and tops. Makes body and fenders shine.

A few drops in the wash water cleans glass easily, quickly. Produces a brilliant polish free from streaks.

Rain and snow won't stay on your windshield if the outside is rubbed with 3-in-One.

Tools that are oiled and rubbed with 3-in-One always look and act like new.

3-in-One does all these things for you because it's all pure oil of highest quality.

Keep a 3-in-One Handy Oil Can in your car and you'll find some use for it almost every day.

3-in-One is sold at all stores, in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles; also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

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Generous sample and Dictionary illustrating and explaining hundreds of daily uses for 3-in-One sent free. Write for both on a postal, or use the coupon at left.

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Please send sample and Dictionary of Uses.

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(Continued from Page 64)

cent of the gross freight revenues for that year. Now the ratio runs about 2.5 per cent. The management of every railroad is now facing the fact that this is going to be the banner year for hard figuring as well as for hard work. This means that classes of shippers which have been careless or indifferent in presenting and posting freight claims are going to be up on their toes fighting for every nickel of small change. Possibly unpresented claims would amount to 10 per cent of those presented. This year the shippers who do not present claims because they do not wish to bother to do so or because they do not know how to go about it are going to be mighty scarce.

"The effect of this economic pressure is already apparent. For example, one large livestock road has a claim on a shipment of hogs amounting to fifty cents an animal. The basis of the claim is that the cars were bedded with cinders; that the hogs ate the cinders, with the result that their intestines were so cut and punctured that they could not be put to their normal purpose of serving as sausage-casings. There are many other straws like this which indicate that 1922 is going to be the premier high-pressure year on freight claims. But in spite of this fact there is going to be a very large and definite economy by reason of the intensive educational campaign against the causes of freight claims—a wholesale destruction of the germs which breed freight failures. This is a direct economic service to the entire body of consumers. It is on a par with the service which prevents the destruction of property by fire."

This great task of preventing freight failures and losses is one of the most interesting, intensive and far-reaching educational movements on foot in America to-day. It is not misleading to regard it as a university of nation-wide scope and to consider each railroad in America as an affiliated college in this great educational organization. The hub of this system for teaching the art of safe and efficient transportation of commodities is the group of experienced and practical specialists in the offices of the American Railway Association in Chicago.

### Needless Losses

Chairman H. C. Pribble, vice chairman H. C. Howe, Lewis Pilcher, F. E. Winburn, Joe Marshall and Albert L. Green are the wheel horses of the movement. To vary the figure, regard these men as missionary bishops who have under them a corps of regional missionaries who are devotedly riding their circuits and instructing their people in the gospel of preventing freight failures. Several hundred of these missionaries are men of rich experience and training, well-paid men who devote their entire time and energies to this task. Of these full-time missionaries there are about a thousand. Then there are thousands of part-time and volunteer workers who perform their regular railroad work and give generously of their own time to this cause. These are the members of the local committees, at virtually all railroad division headquarters in the country. Before the big educational job is finished no town that is entitled to mention in the Who's Who of Freight Traffic will be without one of these busy educational committees. It's a system that overspreads the entire country like a gigantic spider web.

The ease with which a big freight claim can be created is not generally appreciated. A moment's thoughtlessness on the part of an agent, freight conductor or brakeman can stick the company for thousands of dollars—and without causing a wreck, either. The train crew of a Southern road filled a tank car with cottonseed oil. All oil looked alike to these hustlers. It did not occur to them that cottonseed oil is a food—not a kind of fuel or lubricant; and consequently it was put into a tank car that had been previously filled with crude petroleum. This little failure to think about the nature of the commodity they were handling cost the railroad company the tidy sum of $11,500.

What may be classed as purely physical carelessness—a failure in many cases to keep a close watch upon shipments in transit—is a fertile cause of freight claim expense. One road paid a claim of $16,000 because the outlet spout of a tank car containing soy-bean oil was accidentally knocked open. The train crew did not notice the accident until the car had been completely emptied upon the right of way.

A New York line paid a claim of $20,000 on one case of silk which mysteriously disappeared. The investigation showed that the case had been loaded out of the ship's hold to the lighter. Then the trail was lost for a time. But a little quiet under-cover work among the stevedores disclosed the fact that, in transferring the cargo from the vessel to the lighter, one box had slipped into the sea and was not recovered. The members of the crew on the unloading job generously agreed the best thing to do was to forget the incident.

Robbery and pilfering cost the railroads a huge sum every year—not far from $12,000,000. This loss amounts to about one-tenth of the total of all freight claims. This brand of loss has been especially popular since the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. In the first half of 1921 liquor robberies from the roads amounted to almost $100,000. The total of this loss is decidedly small, considering the peculiar pressure of incentive involved, but these robberies made a mighty noise in the newspapers.

### An Ingenious Agent

Here is a typical example of what the spirit of claim prevention will accomplish. A certain agent in the Southwest became sincerely enthusiastic on the subject of preventing freight claims. One day a carload of sugar was received at his station for a merchant. The sacks of the top layer were found to be heavily coated with fine coal dust. The car had evidently carried coal on its previous trip.

Carefully opening one of the sacks the agent found that the dust had permeated the sugar to the depth of about an inch. The agent saw that the road was going to be called upon to pay quite a substantial freight claim. Instantly the agent asked himself, "Is there any way by which the claim can be prevented or materially reduced?" The problem seemed rather hopeless at first, but he was ambitious to prove that he was a practical preventer, and so he tackled the problem with determination.

At last he had an inspiration. From a store he rented a vacuum cleaner, attached its plug to one of the station light sockets, and then carefully massaged one of the damaged sacks. On opening it he found that virtually every trace of dust had been removed. All the affected sacks were given similar treatment before being disturbed. But the merchant, who was called to witness the work, decided that he couldn't afford to take a chance on sugar that had been once mixed with coal dust.

"All right," responded the agent. "Put in your claim for 73 sacks, and it will be paid. But I'm going to prove to you that the public will recognize a good job of sugar cleaning and will not be afraid to buy and use the sugar you reject."

He advertised the sugar for sale, with a full statement of the circumstances. Each purchaser examined the sugar in the opened sack. The average price that he realized in the salvage sale was above the invoice price. His net saving to the road by his adventure in freight claim prevention was about $438. But it brought him in a personal way much more than this. Not only did his resourceful act force his name upon the attention of the management of his road but he was praised in the offices of the American Railway Association. Naturally he became marked for promotion.

Now for a close-up of the campaign by which one road has been able to cut its freight claims to the extent of more than $2,000,000 in a year—the methods by which all the class-one roads of this country confidently expect to reduce this loss by $50,000,000 this year.

There is nothing casual, indefinite or conversational about this movement. It has both feet firmly planted on solid ground and both eyes sharply fixed on substantial if unpleasant facts.

This movement is singularly unmechanical; it recognizes at the outset that the major element with which it must deal is human nature as is and that its success is mainly dependent upon securing the interest, good will and hearty coöperation of the human beings out on the line who create or prevent freight claims. Human nature among the men who put freight over the road runs about 100 per cent strong.

The North Western has about 40,000 employes, nearly all of them having something to do with forwarding freight. The task of so educating 40,000 men as actually to influence their actions every working hour of the day is quite some educational job. When this responsibility was placed on the shoulders of Will C. Johnson he was quick to recognize the fact that he would fall far short of this bogey unless he was able to make an active freight claim preventer of virtually every man on the road.

From this base it was an easy step to the deduction that every department of railroading at every freight-handling point must be represented in every unit of his educational organization. Consequently every local committee on the line is composed of men from all departments of railroad activities. Every problem of freight claim prevention on this road is considered from the angle of responsibilities of the departments of traffic, operation and construction and maintenance.

Mr. Johnson has placed meager dependence upon bombarding freight brakemen, conductors, engineers, stevedores and agents with technical literature. Instead, he has recognized the fact that personal human contact with the men who are doing the work of forwarding freight offers altogether the best and most effective means of getting the gospel of freight claim prevention into their systems and arousing their interest to such an extent as to stir them to put its principles and commandments into practical effect every hour when they are out on the job.

Of course it is very much cheaper for a railroad to send the missionaries of any movement to the men out on the line than to bring the men in to missionary headquarters at the terminal. But this shrewd apostle of the religion of higher economy and efficiency in freight forwarding has had the vision to realize that it is not enough to go to the station agent and the freight crew out at the west end of the line and tell its members how the different kinds of freight are handled after they reach Chicago; that if these men are taken to Chicago and shown the actual operation they will reach an understanding of many points that they could not visualize from the talk of the visiting missionary.

### Object Lessons

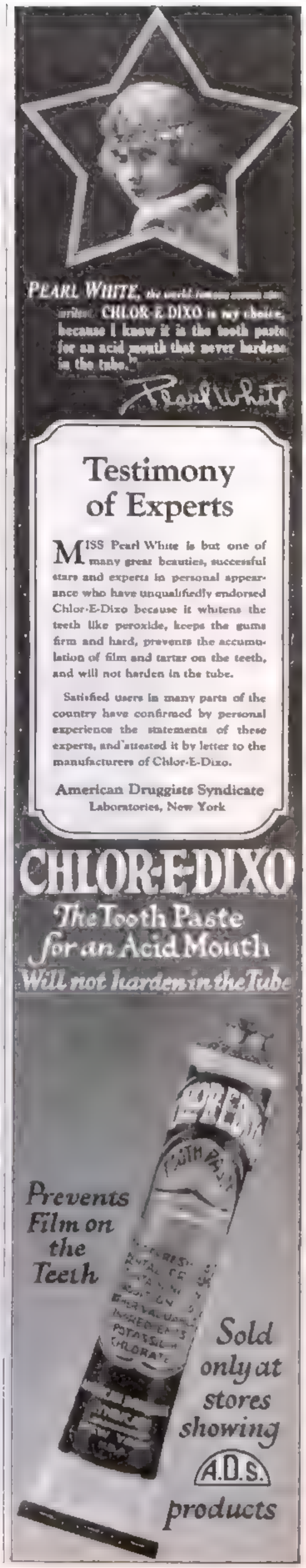
Consequently all the freight claim prevention literature, bulletins, cartoons and talks to division and local committees have been followed by bringing these committeemen from every walk of railroad life into Chicago for a short course on the ground, where they see the final handling and ultimate delivery to consignees of the freight originating in their own territory. These operations are explained at first hand by the men who carry on their shoulders the responsibility of these concluding processes in the complex task of delivering into the right hands and in proper condition freight originating hundreds and perhaps thousands of miles west of Chicago. There is no doubt that this trip to the great eastern terminal is an educational knockout for the men out on the line. It is one thing to be told and quite another to be shown. The records fail to show a single instance of bringing a man from out on the line into Chicago for the final short course which has failed to convert him into an active and enthusiastic freight claim preventer. Almost invariably the men regard these educational expeditions to the big terminal as outings and substantial proofs both of the good will of the company toward them personally and of its deep interest in the subject of freight claim prevention.

As one of these pilgrims of the great freight Mecca of the Middle West put it:

"The company sure has given us a good time. We've been taken care of right—given the best eats going and treated like guests of honor at a home-coming picnic. I'd hate to pay the taxicab bill that the company has run up for us to-day. This company is run by a lot of hard-headed guys who are not spending the stockholders' money for any foolishness. You bet they're not—anyhow, not in these days! This business of freight claim prevention must look mighty important to them or they wouldn't go to all this trouble and expense. You can gamble that preventing freight claims is going to be a big part of my job from now on. They've certainly shown me!"

Recently I made the rounds of the North Western's Chicago freight terminals with a local delegation of freight claim prevention students from an Iowa division. Although motor busses and taxicabs were used whenever possible it was one of the most strenuous and exacting parties I ever attended.

(Continued on Page 71)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Pearl White
Testimony of Experts
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(Continued from Page 69

The delegation was on its toes every instant and there was not a dull moment in the whole day. Among those present were an engineer, conductor, station agent, freight-house foreman, trainmaster, switchman, freight inspector and stenographer.

The party was personally conducted by Will Johnson, the missionary bishop of freight claim prevention for the North Western System. At every halt the man in responsible charge of the special work under inspection explained to his visitors the special points of freight claim prevention as he saw them from the viewpoint of his own work. And the secretary of the delegation caught these remarks in shorthand to be incorporated in the report made by the visiting committee to the local or home folks whom they represented.

The first stop was made at the Clinton Street team tracks, where most commodities except potatoes are handled. From here the pilgrims made a forced march to the Grand Avenue freight station, where L. C. L.—less than carload lots—shipments are loaded for points north of Chicago. Here, also, perishable freight for delivery to connecting lines is handled. The members of the committee showed intense interest in inspecting at this point the tunnel system of Chicago, an underground railroad, eighty-five miles in length, connecting railway freight terminals with commercial and industrial establishments in the more central portions of the city.

The strapping machine used in recoopering damaged boxes and other containers was, however, the center of interest to the visiting delegates. In connection with this it was explained that much package freight is received for shipment at the Grand Avenue station and that thousands of boxes containing outgoing freight are not strong enough to go through to destination without damage. To put steel straps around a package with this inexpensive machine is the work of only a few seconds.

The head man at this big freight station told his country visitors:

"Do not accept a piece of package freight for delivery in Chicago unless it bears the street and number. To do otherwise is to invite a freight claim. We have thousands of claims due to this one cause. Do all you can to encourage regular shippers to use a strap machine. This also will head off thousands of claims. Again, impress upon the mind of every station and freight agent out on the line in your territory that carelessness in the billing of freight is a big breeder of claims. Every freight bill should be a complete and accurate description of the property in the shipment."

### Points Worth Knowing

Next came an inspection of the team track at Grand Avenue, where 150 to 200 cars of potatoes are on hand daily. The next stop was at the State Street fruit-auction house, which is used only in warm weather. Here about forty cars of fruit are unloaded daily and sold at auction in the season. A crisp talk on the care of car heaters and the proper protection of perishable freight during freezing weather was delivered to the delegation at the outbound house at State Street, where freight for points west of Chicago is loaded.

"The gas from charcoal heaters," the visitors were warned, "is not only deadly but carries no smell. Men who inspect cars equipped with these heaters should always travel in pairs. Plenty of time for all the gas to escape should be allowed after a bunker door is opened."

Here the committee was given a graphic lesson in the proper preparation of the movable iron runways used in the loading of cars. "See that the edges of all these runways," cautioned the speaker, "are bored for pegs which will prevent them from slipping. This will do away with the necessity of using cleats in the doorways. When sacks are dragged over cleats they are very likely to be damaged, and freight claims created. When a platform slips the merchandise on it is almost certain to suffer damage."

A very important stop of the visiting delegation was at the B. & B. warehouse, where all damaged, refused and over freight is stored. "I call this," remarked one of the committee, "the greatest museum of freight mistakes and failures in existence." Pointing to the remains of an old buggy the master of the museum explained:

"There's a lesson for every station agent along the line. This road hauled that old rattle trap 500 miles simply because a station agent did not have sense enough to write to Mr. Howe, the chief freight claim agent, describing the thing and asking instructions as to its disposal. Of course it was refused freight. You can sell ten buggies out in the country where this came from, to one in Chicago. The station agent who shipped this to the museum would have been instructed to destroy it if he could not sell it. A lot of fool tricks like this cost the road a heap of money. Money is mighty hard to get in these days, even for the best and the biggest railroad companies, and we all owe it to the company and the public to put a stop to this sort of waste."

The next place at which the little band of pilgrims paused was the Fortieth Street freight station, where the assistant agent gave a detailed account of the rather complex process of handling dead freight for connecting lines. When the speaker had finished his talk an agent from the west end exclaimed:

"Gosh! I didn't dream there was as much to it as all that. The checkers in charge of these gangs sure do have to use their heads. It's a man's job. A guy from headquarters once tried to tell us all about it back home—but seeing it is different. Now I'll never forget it. And I've learned a lot of things right here that I can do to make it easier for these men to get freight sent from my station into the right car and harder to get it into the wrong one. For instance, I've sent plenty of packages destined to Canada and foreign countries without a manifest. I'll never do that again."

### Teaching by Cartoon

Two more stops were made by the itinerant students of better freight handling. On the way home one of these men, who had been in the service of the road for thirty years but had seen little of large cities, remarked to his seat mate:

"Good gosh, but I never knew before that the North Western owned about three-fourths of Chicago! It's some road—our road is!"

Hundreds of committeemen have been brought to Chicago and put through a short course such as I have very briefly described. Invariably these men go back to their homes out on the line and become enthusiastic lay missionaries of freight claim prevention. Not only is the stenographic report of their trip read at the local meeting but it is understood all along the line that the committeeman who has been given an instruction trip to Chicago is ready to answer questions regarding freight claim prevention.

There is scarcely any better indication of the fact that Mr. Johnson keenly appreciates the human element in his work than his use of the cartoon as a means of appeal to the men out on the line. These cartoons are the work of freight-department employes who understand how to hit the funny bone of the average railroad worker and at the same time get a lesson in freight claim prevention across to him. Some of the best of these cartoons are the work of a freight brakeman. This educational campaign is tight to the rails from start to finish, and is not over the heads of those whom it is intended to educate.

Though it is possible that not all the railroads in the country are doing this work quite so thoroughly as the North Western, all roads are certainly making a spirited drive in the same direction. In short, this intensive training in freight claim prevention is being pushed in much the same manner all over America.

The typical railroad operating executive is a hard-headed, hard-driving man, little given to theories. He thinks in terms of getting the load over the road. Remembering this, it occurred to me to learn the attitude of a North Western operating official toward the freight claim prevention movement. I was prepared to find a sense that any movement—except of freight and passengers—was a nuisance with which overworked operating executives ought not to be bothered. I picked on Mr. F. H. Hammill, assistant general manager of the North Western, and asked him: "How do you operating men look at this freight claim prevention movement?"

"I'm glad you have asked just that question," was his quick reply, "for I feel that I can give you an answer with which no real operating executive in this country will quarrel. The railroad's business is to sell and deliver transportation service; the business of the operating department is to deliver that service. Our department creates most of the freight claims. We owe it to the patrons of the road and the public at large to deliver good service. That responsibility rests squarely on our shoulders and no live operating executive will attempt to dodge it or to pass the buck.

"This responsibility to the public was never greater than to-day, when business of every kind is having to fight for its life. Now, 99 per cent of our employes want to do the right thing. True, some of them are a bit careless, but when they come to really understand the situation their inclination is to meet it like men. I never miss a chance to sit in on a freight claim prevention meeting or to go on one of their terminal-investigation trips. They see this thing as an operating man's job. More than that, they are ready and eager to put their shoulders to the task of cutting down the awful loss involved in freight claims.

"I've been on the road with division committees of the freight claim prevention organization and know the seriousness with which they take their responsibilities. For example, at every town at which we made a stop the members of such a committee visited the local merchants and business men to learn what complaints each one had to offer and how defective service could be changed to satisfactory service. In nearly every such interview the merchant, manufacturer or shipper turned the tables on his callers and asked for information as to how he could coöperate to keep down freight claims. One dry-goods merchant confessed that his own carelessness had been responsible for the creation of quite a substantial freight claim and that he had no doubt that his experience was typical of many other cases. He personally unpacked a box of fabrics and found that it was short a bolt of expensive silk goods. This resulted in the filing of a freight claim. The box was dumped into the basement along with others. Months later, when breaking up that same box for kindling wood with which to start the furnace fire, he discovered the bolt of silk hidden under the paper with which the shipping case had been lined.

"Another merchant told of finding an unopened case of fabrics among his empty boxes.

"A small manufacturer volunteered the information that he had created a very considerable number of freight claims by using a package that was not able to stand up properly under the strain of shipment. The number of freight claims he was forced to file finally moved him to make a careful investigation of his packages and containers, with the result that he changed them radically and found a corresponding drop in the number of freight claims he was obliged to file."

### The Effect on Morale

"But to me the most interesting feature of these interviews was the effect of the committee's visit on the minds of the business men. Every last man of them was left with the conviction that the road was tremendously in earnest in its effort to deliver to them a transportation service that was 100 per cent good.

"One of the biggest influences of this nation-wide movement for freight claim prevention reaches entirely beyond the matter of freight claims. I refer to its effect upon the morale of railroad workers as a body. It is doing more than you would believe to stimulate the right kind of relation between the men and the management. Show me a freight brakeman, engineer, conductor, warehouse foreman or stevedore who is an enthusiastic and consistent freight claim preventer and I will show you a man who will stick by the road under severe test. The reason for this is obvious. Only a man of native intelligence and fundamental fairness has the vision and disposition to become an earnest freight claim preventer. In other words, he cannot get into that attitude of mind without giving careful consideration to the other fellow's interest—the interest of the road, the shipper, the consignee and the consuming public. By the same token this movement turns the spotlight on those who are too narrow, selfish, careless and shortsighted to help in the job of stopping a big economic waste."

Emphasizing the intensely practical nature of this peculiar educational movement, let us go a little further into this phase of the subject. Though highly technical dope is fed out to the men on the line in very sparing doses, the researches of the men at the head of the movement have developed volumes of scientific data of the most important and practical character.

Take the matter of freight claims for loss and damage in the shipment of fruit, for example. This commodity, as I have already indicated, heads the list on the score of creating freight claims. Melons and other fruits which are apparently in fine condition when loaded are frequently found, on arrival at destination, to be affected with a peculiar fungus rot. Claims amounting to millions of dollars have been filed and collected on losses of this nature.

The freight claim prevention committee and experts of the American Railway Association, working with the experts of the United States Department of Agriculture, entered upon a searching scientific investigation to determine the actual cause or causes of this staggering loss in fruit shipments. The railroad claim prevention men showed their practical shrewdness by loading melons in cars that had never carried a load of any kind before. Melons shipped in these cars developed the fungus rot quite as freely as those transported in cars that had seen previous service. This eliminated the contamination theory. Those who are conducting the investigation have arrived at the conclusion that the burden of these losses from fungus or stem-end rot is due to the forcing of the melons by the growers.

### How Shippers Can Help

Another important investigation, which has involved much research and experimentation, relates to the impact of cars in coupling, starting and stopping freight trains, and the effect on the freight in the cars feeling the impact. Rough handling ranks high as a freight claim producer. An elaborate series of experiments with cars equipped with impact-measuring devices has conclusively established the fact that under average conditions injury both to package freight and to the railway equipment carrying it is likely to result from an impact delivered from cars or locomotives moving at a greater speed than two miles an hour.

"What can shippers and consignees do to cut down loss and damage?" I asked a freight claim prevention expert.

He replied: "Put the street number on all packages destined to cities.

"Where a shipment consists of several packages number them consecutively so that the contents of each may be listed in the billing.

"Do not abbreviate in marking addresses.

"Business houses should always use stencils in addressing—the larger the better.

"Large shippers should make records of all complaints, and study them.

"Advertising pasted on shipments often invites theft. The more valuable the contents of a package the greater the reason why it should be sent plain, without a tag or label indicating its nature.

"As to nailing boxes: For sixpenny nails or smaller, held in the side grain of the wood, there should be a spacing of one and three-quarter inches. For larger nails the spacing should increase a quarter inch for each penny.

"Fill all space in boxes solidly.

"When the record is lost the freight is lost. Regular shippers should:

"Maintain a separate file of all freight bills on which part of the goods checked short;

"Maintain a separate file of all freight bills covering freight delivered to them on proof of ownership;

"After invoices have been checked into stock, check them against the freight bills on which part of the goods checked short;

"Maintain a memorandum freight-bill file on all invoices checked into stock on which a regular freight bill has not been received, showing shipping point and name of shipper, with description of shipment;

"As an alternative, maintain a book record—in the event that it is desired not to maintain a separate file of freight bills. A book record should carry name of road, billing point and date, with waybill and pro-reference, similar to the received record maintained in the average freight office.

"Those who receive merchandise freight should follow these rules:

"Remove the entire lid from every case.

"Turn every box upside down before sending it to the yard or the basement."

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On busy streets, at sports and in the home—
you may always have delicious refreshment
for the good old human thirst that ever
comes from work and from play—
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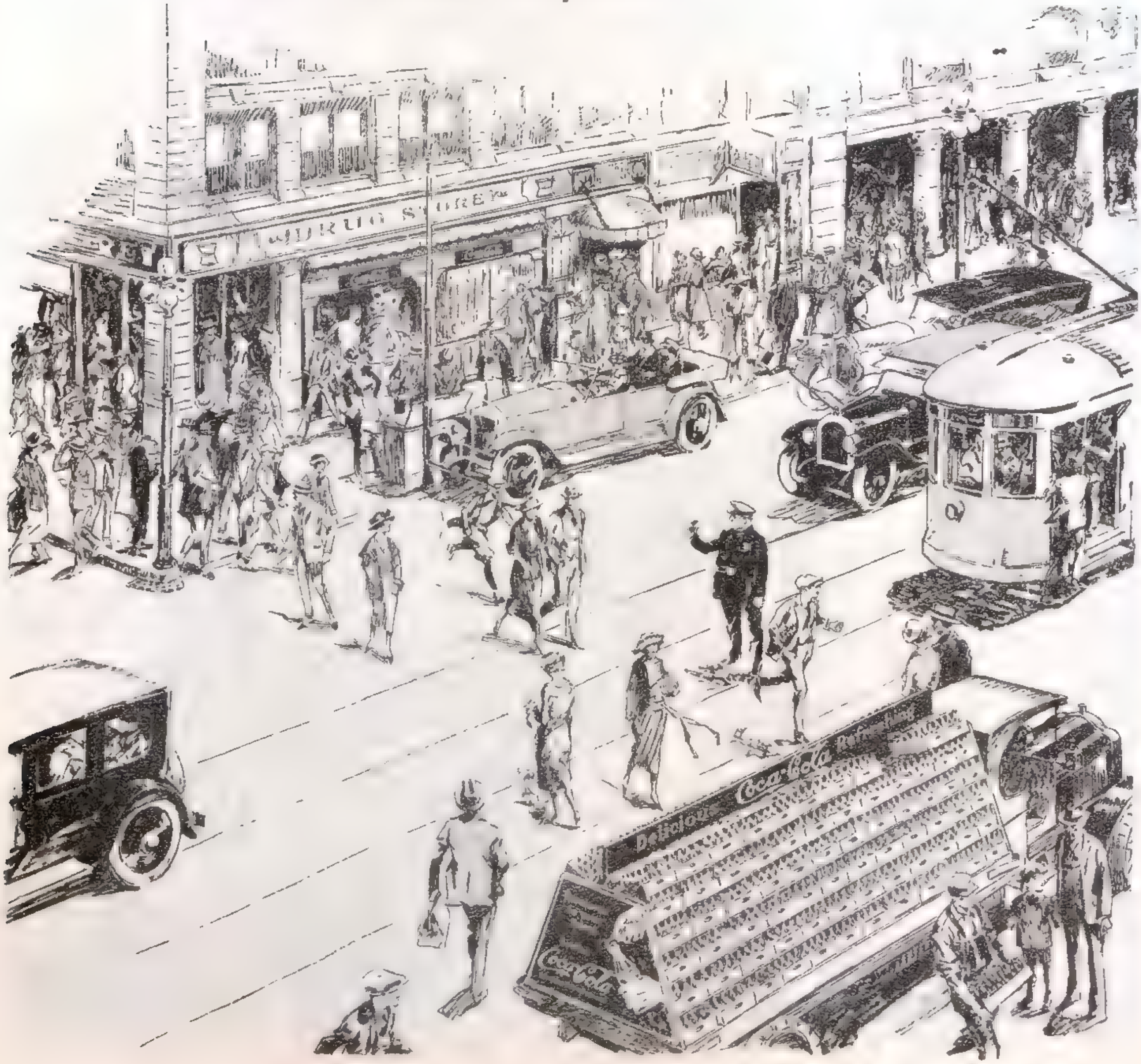

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"We used to have ice cream only on special occasions; now that we make it with Pet Milk we have it as often as any other dessert.

"Strawberry Ice Cream made with Pet Milk is especially fine. This is how I make it. Heat half cup of Pet Milk and half cup water in double boiler. Mix tablespoon flour and half cup sugar, and add to one well beaten egg. Pour on hot milk gradually and cook in double boiler until smooth, then strain. When cool, add two cups Pet Milk. Mash berries, sweeten with ¾ cup sugar, stir until sugar is dissolved, then add to other ingredients and freeze.

"Try it yourself. Be sure to use Pet Milk. The richness, smooth texture and delicious flavor of the ice cream will surely delight you. The small cost will surprise you.

"Pet Milk is one of the greatest conveniences and economies of my housekeeping. I find Pet the cleanest, purest, richest cow's milk, sterilized. Nothing is added to it. Only part of the natural water is taken from it. I use it in all my cooking. I have a supply in my pantry at all times ready for every use. I am never without milk. When I want ordinary cooking milk, I use one part Pet and two parts water. For extra rich milk, I use one part Pet and one part water. For coffee, I use it undiluted.

"I have prepared more than 100 recipes in which I use Pet Milk. You can get them in the Pet Recipe Book. For Free copy, write The Helvetia Company (Originators of the Evaporated Milk Industry), General Offices, St. Louis, Mo."

E. T. C.

Milk at its Best

# TRUST EMILY

(Continued from Page 7)

"Pull yourself together," said Cyril coldly, "and tell me what you are trying to do."

Arthur stood perfectly still, with growing terror and amazement depicted on his face.

He gulped. "Wakefield! I—I ——"

Cyril waited coldly.

"Do you know," whispered Arthur, "that actually I—I—I ——"

Arthur fell again into an agonized and awe-struck silence, and Cyril's coldness was giving place to pure curiosity, when the door opened and Steers entered with an air of pleasurable excitement and a tray containing a bottle of champagne and glasses.

"What have we there, Steers?" said Cyril, turning his monocle blankly upon the butler.

Steers set the tray on a side table with a delighted smile.

"I have taken it upon myself to open our last bottle of Pol Roger 1905," said he, "as being our best in which to drink to Mr. Arthur's engagement."

Arthur swallowed twice; and held his necktie.

"My engagement!" said he in a low voice.

"I beg your pardon for overhearing the happy news, sir," said Steers, still smiling mellowly. "My best congratulations, sir. I have avoided it met-ic-u-lously myself; but nothing pleases me better, sir, than to see a gentleman get married. A person knows within himself that it is really the right thing to do."

He pulled the cork gloriously.

"Here!" said Arthur, turning frenziedly to Cyril. "Stop him, Wakefield! Stop all this tomfoolery. You see, I I "

Steers frothed the Pol Roger hastily and sympathetically into two glasses

"But, my dear fellow," said Cyril, eying Arthur in mild amazement, "you are certainly engaged—or as good as engaged to to "

"Yes!" said Arthur ferociously. "To whom?"

Steers waited inquiringly in the background.

"My dear fellow," murmured Cyril in mild amazement, "how should I know?"

"Well," said Arthur ferociously, "how should I know?"

"Don't be absurd, Netherby," said Cyril. "Of course you know to whom you're engaged."

Arthur held his necktie, and looked over it starkly at Cyril and Steers.

"Well," said he, "I don't."

"What?" whispered Cyril slowly. "You don't know?"

Steers caught his upper lip with his lower teeth and bit it; and then his lower lip with his upper teeth and bit it.

"You don't know, Mr. Arthur?" said he.

"Steers," said Arthur, turning to him, "go to hell."

"Certainly, sir," replied Steers, moving, but very reluctantly, toward the door.

"Confound it, Wakefield," said Arthur hoarsely, "I told you it was dark."

Steers went out very slowly.

"And I told you," answered Cyril after an astounded pause, "that you were in a marrying mood."

There was another pause. Cyril began to smile. He went languorously to the champagne, took a glass and drank. Then he began to laugh, and laughed till he saw the nasty expression with which Arthur was looking at him over his ravaged necktie.

"She'd got her head all wrapped up," said Arthur.

"Ha, ha!" said Cyril, beginning again.

Noticing the settle, Arthur kicked it.

"Don't stand there laughing your silly head off," said he frenziedly. "Pull yourself together and tell me what the devil I am to do. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! What a dog-gone crazy thing I've done!"

"Yes," panted Cyril, holding his sides. He was obliged to take his monocle off and wipe it.

"Shut up!" said Arthur. "I suppose you see I'm in the deuce of a mess."

"That—ha, ha!—occurs to me," gasped Cyril. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur walked about, filled with amazement at himself, like many other men.

"I went out there," said he, feebly attempting to reconstruct the scene, "full of confounded ——"

"Sentiment," said Cyril.

"Me!" growled Arthur—"I don't know what sentiment is! It was just that—that—something came over me."

"Y' know," said Cyril with great sympathy, "great husky, innocent cannibals like you aren't fit to be trusted out alone with any woman who knows her job. You aren't, really."

"As if a man wants any one of those three hard-mouthed, hard-eyed, hard-voiced little dolls!" said Arthur fiercely.

"Yes, but y' see," said Cyril, "it must be one of them. And leaving out Angela," he added distantly, "that leaves Gwen and Mrs. Drelincourt. What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," asseverated Arthur.

"You must," said Cyril.

"I won't," said Arthur.

"She may come in any minute," urged Cyril.

"Who may come in?" said Arthur.

"Miss Gwennie," said Cyril testily. "Or Mrs. Drelincourt."

After a pause Arthur had a brain wave. "I hope it's Angela," said he.

"What a damnable thing to say," said Cyril heatedly, "when you know the girl belongs to another man."

"That's it," Arthur replied. "I wouldn't rob him."

"But," said Cyril uneasily, "you say she accepted you. And if it's Angela I think it's the most damnable ——"

"Oh, make your mind easy," said Arthur. "I tell you I'm not robbing him. If it's Angela I'm safe."

Cyril bit his nail. "I'm not so sure," said he restlessly; "girls do—do—er "

"Like money," said Arthur. "And if I'm richer than the other blighter I mayn't be so safe, after all. Oh, what a dog-gone crazy thing I've done! I wish I was back in Australia on my farm, and not a woman in sight!"

The voice from the deep dark garden began again. "Coo-ee!" it cried in a littlish way; and then louder: "Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

Arthur started violently.

Cyril bit his nail. "Look here," said he, eying Arthur. "Something's got to be done, and you're the man who'll have to do it. Now what's it to be? You're answerable. You go out in the most sentimental mood, a reg'lar marrying mood if ever a man was in one, and you find a girl in an arbor, and she's so soft and nice and kissable and all that, and it's dark and a warm evening, and you start making love to her and ask her to marry you and all that; and then you get away and are sorry for it, and try to get out of it by saying you don't know who it was and won't try to find out and all that. But life isn't so easy ——"

The horn of a car tootled very near at hand, and the soft drum of its engine came to Cyril's and Arthur's ears.

"The car!" said Cyril, listening. "They can't be back already." He hurried to the open doors and looked into the night. "By Jove, they are!"

"Here!" cried Arthur. "Don't go! The girls may be in any minute!"

"Coo-ee!" called the voice from the dark.

"I must go!" said Cyril. "Lady Hunter always expects me to meet her. She wouldn't like it. I must go!"

He darted into a beam of light that was creeping up to the door from the two great lamps.

Then the door on the right which led to the kitchen quarters opened, and little Parks came in demurely. She stood near the door, fidgeting a little, eying Arthur.

"If you please, sir," said little Parks artlessly, "I think I hear the car."

Arthur turned and saw her, and was pleased. She represented to him comfort, safety and common sense. He did not consider her a woman at all. She brought his shaving water and his boots and prepared his bath. One put on no frills with her.

He nodded.

"Have you lost anything, Mr. Arthur?" inquired Parks softly.

"No!" said Arthur, growling. "Why?"

"You rather look as though you had lost something, Mr. Arthur," replied Parks softly.

"I wish I were lost, Parks," said Arthur.

Parks made a little sympathetic cry.

"But I may be going to lose something, too, Parks," said Arthur, appearing a little pathetic in spite of his prevailing sturdiness. "I may be going to lose my liberty. I can see it sort of flying off towards the horizon. And I tell you one thing, Parks, and that is: Liberty never looks so good as it does way off!"

"Oh, liberty?" said little Parks, blinking softly. "I was thinking of something that mattered, like your money or your handkerchief. But just liberty—do you think men had ought to have so much liberty, Mr. Arthur?"

However, Arthur was not even listening to Parks. One put on no frills with her. He was listening to a noise of much chattering outside, which he indicated with a sideways nod of the head.

"In two minutes from now," said he very grimly indeed, "the whole household'll know that I've got myself into a beastly engagement to-night."

Parks moved slightly towards him.

"Mr. Steers," she murmured, artlessly, "was saying something about it to cook and me just now."

"Oh, was he?" said Arthur surlily. "The old fool! I suppose he told you I proposed to a girl in the dark, and don't know who it is?"

"Yes, sir," murmured Parks. She fairly exuded sympathy.

"The old fool!" said Arthur wildly. "I dare say you think me a lunatic?"

"All men are, Mr. Arthur, at times," replied Parks sympathetically. "You no more than most."

Lady Hunter came in, chattering, with Cyril at her elbow. Sir William brought up the rear, and was approached by Parks. She ministered to him; received his coat and hat, and smiled. Sir William sat heavily on the settle, and watched Parks' ankles tripping out.

"Take my cloak, dear boy," said Lady Hunter, dropping her cloak languishingly from her shoulders into Cyril's hands. "It's unfortunate that we have to come back, but it's the wrong night," she added to Arthur. "The vicarage was cutting the bread and butter for to-morrow, and most surprised to see us. Isn't it unfortunate?"

"Such a waste of your energy, dear lady," murmured Cyril.

Little Parks came in again glidingly, and Sir William leaned forward to get round the curve of Lady Hunter and watch Parks' ankles. He had been about to say "B-r-r-r!" to Cyril, whose laconic nature he despised; but Parks' ankles soothed him. Parks had disposed of Sir William's coat and hat, and now she took the beautiful cloak so tenderly from Cyril, and so tenderly she carried it away upstairs.

The voice from the garden upraised itself again. "Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

"What!" said Lady Hunter, kicking her spirally train about voluptuously—she had developed voluptuous tendencies during Cyril's secretaryship—before she sat down. "What! Are those poor girls still out there? Alone?" she said reproachfully. "Alone? Arthur! Arthur! Ar-thur!"

Arthur had not spoken since their return, but now he spoke.

"Tell 'em," he said wildly to Cyril.

Cyril moved forward a little between Arthur and Lady Hunter, who was getting her lorgnette up.

"Certainly," he said with a cautionary look at Arthur; "but tell 'em what?"

Arthur was beyond caution.

"Tell 'em something!" he said. "Tell 'em anything! Tell 'em the truth!"

Lady Hunter surveyed Arthur through her lorgnette.

"Eh?" said Sir William. "What's all this?"

Arthur looked at them all, one after the other. He opened his mouth reluctantly, and closed it again decisively. So without a word he went to the door leading to the kitchen quarters and passed out.

"Why's he gone to the kitchen?" said Lady Hunter. "And what's that?" She had seen the champagne.

"That's not my last bottle of Pol Roger 1905?" said Sir William, pointing at it too.

"'Fraid it is," said Cyril. "'Fraid old Steers exceeded his authority a bit, but as a matter of fact he was so pleased at what was happening—please wait; please let me speak—that, that he fetched it up to drink Netherby's health in."

Lady Hunter sat forward, breathing rapturously

"Has anything actually happened, Mr. Wakefield?" said Sir William.

"Yes," he replied; "and no."

"Rubbish!" said Sir William. "Nothing can be 'yes' and 'no' at the same time, Mr. Wakefield? Rubbish!"

Lady Hunter turned her lorgnette upon him. "You can't engage the younger son


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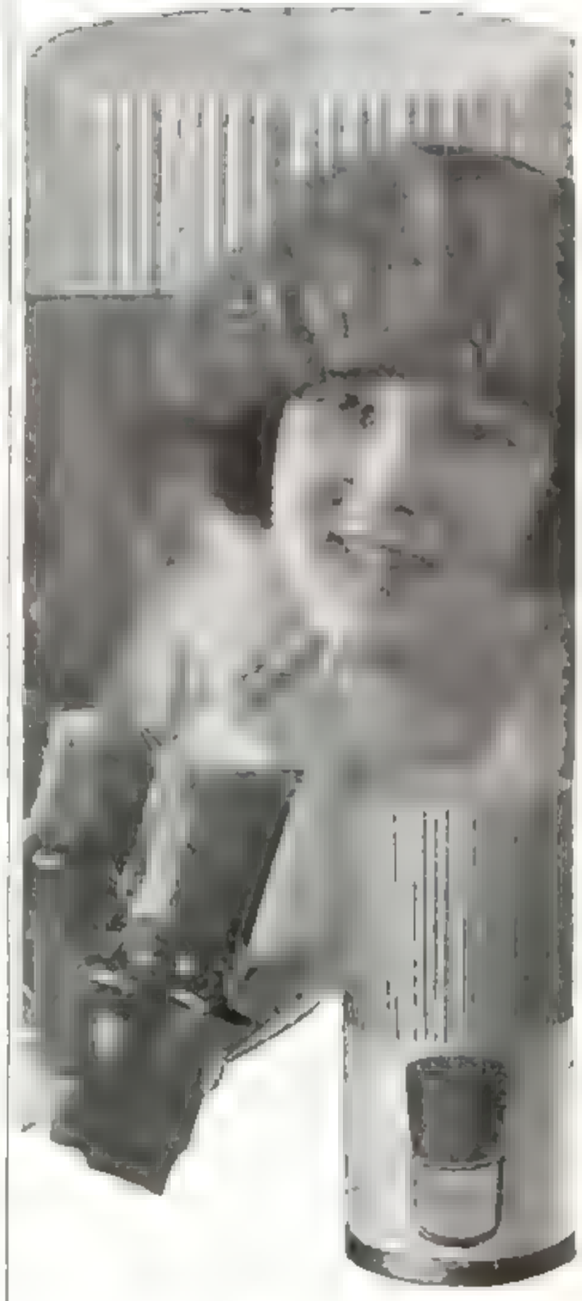

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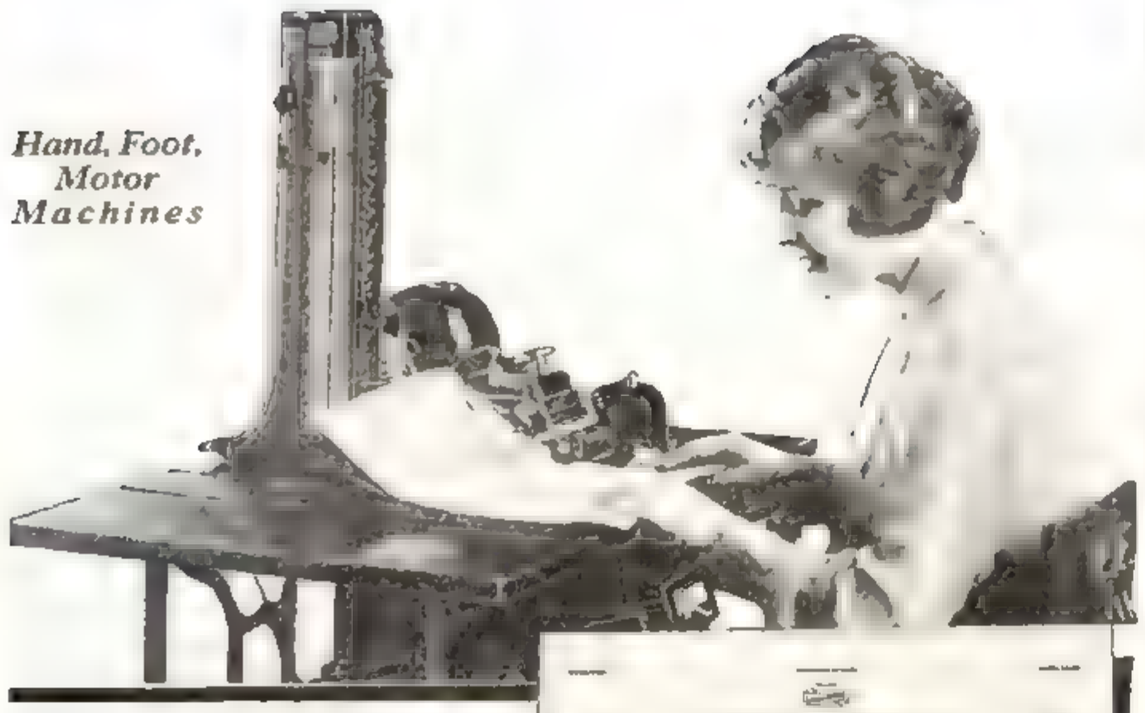


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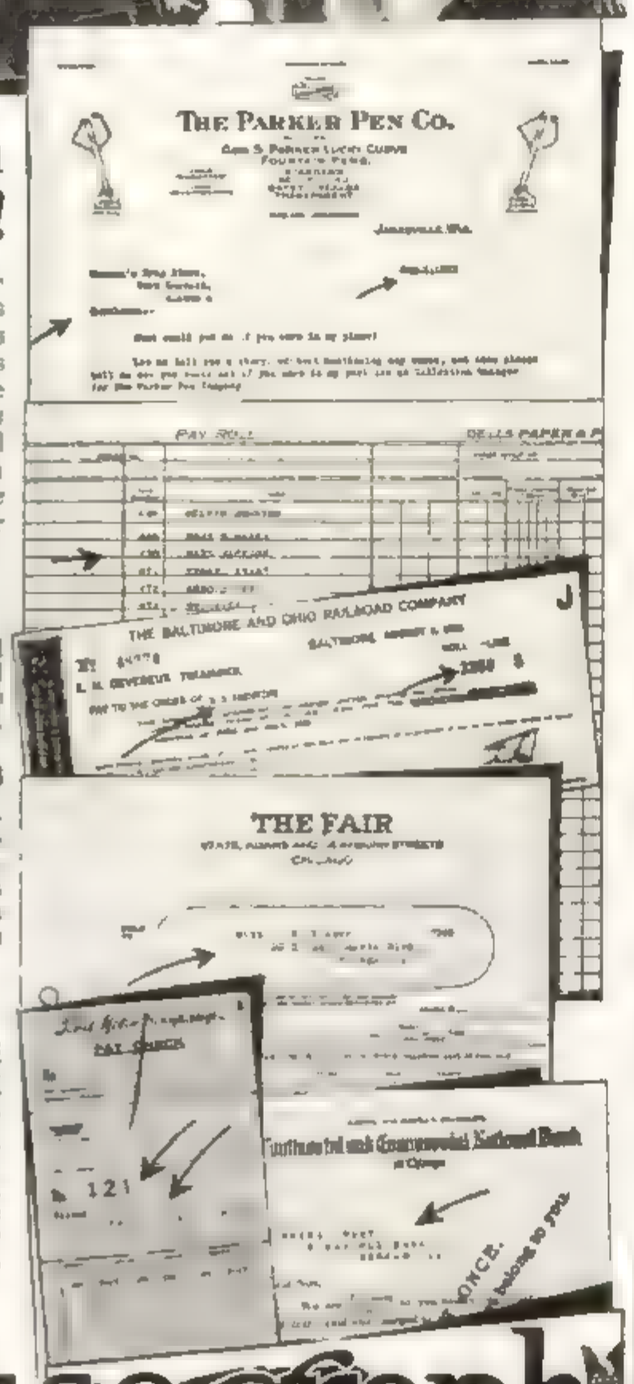


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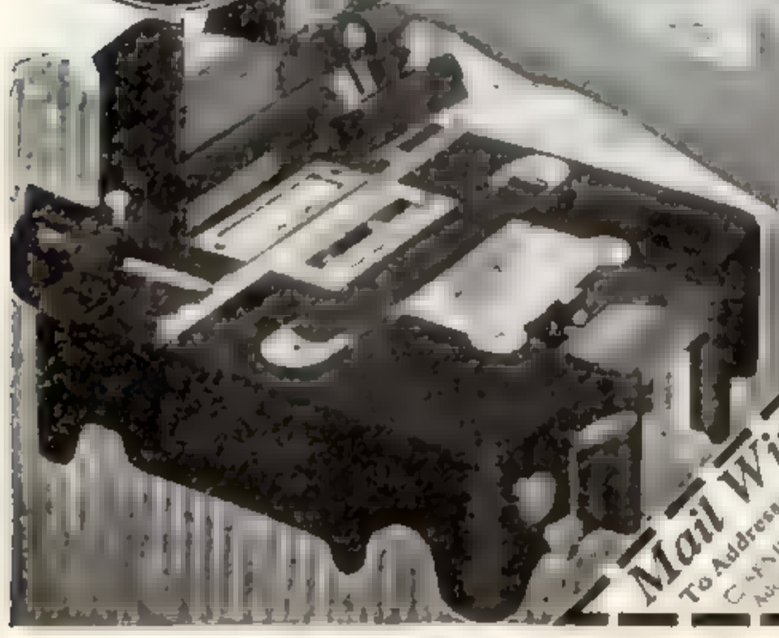


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of a peer, William," said she, "and then talk to him as if he was a common person. Where's your savver faire? We're lucky to have Cyril."

"B-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

Cyril looked deprecatingly from one to the other. He played with his monocle. He smiled disarmingly.

"Oh, really!" he protested. "Really—ha, ha—I'm delighted to be at your service. But—er—what I was going to say was that Netherby really has left me in a bit of a dilemma in asking me to explain this to you. You see, rather a dreadful contretemps has occurred during the short time you were away."

"Oh, dear me!" said Lady Hunter. "And I did so hope he would engage himself to somebody before we came back."

"He has," said Cyril.

"Eh?" cried Sir William.

"Oh!" breathed Lady Hunter ecstatically. "Then never mind the contretemps. Oh, if only his poor mother could have lived to see this day!"

"'M," said Cyril feelingly. "'M. Well, I fancy the chap would willingly change places with his mother any time."

Cyril was interrupted by a sound from the garden. "Coo-ee!"—persuasive, soft and long-drawn-out. He indicated its direction.

"There you hear the girl, anyhow," he added; "fairly fed up!"

"Do you mean to tell me," said Sir William, rising from the settle and taking an attitude, holding by his coat lapels—"do you mean to tell Her Ladyship and me that he's left his fiancée coo-eeing for him out there? Bring her in!"

"Bring her in," said Lady Hunter.

Cyril looked desperately from one to the other.

"But, y' see," he said—"but, y' see ——"

"Well," said Sir William testily, "which one is it?"

Cyril looked helplessly at them both.

"Y' see ——" said he.

He paused. Women's voices sounded in the garden. They drew nearer. Laughter rose outside.

"The girls!" cried Lady Hunter.

"We shan't be long before we know now, I'll bet a fiver," said Sir William with fine irony.

Then Angela and Gwennie Harmony appeared out of the darkness on the threshold. They looked slim and nymphlike and up to anything; and one wore palest gold and the other wore palest silver. They looked reprehensibly extravagant. They were backed by Mrs. Drelincourt, extremely knowing in a perfectly wicked black frock. Their eyes roamed the room impatiently. They said "Tch! Tch!" and gritted their teeth. Then they came in.

### III

THE girls entered an atmosphere of expectation, and they brought an atmosphere of expectation with them.

"Where is he?" said Mrs. Drelincourt, with an adorable wriggle of impatience that ran over her whole body.

"Everyone's here but Mr. Netherby," said Gwen—she was very little—pouting.

And Angela drawled, "What, dear Lady Hunter! Back already!"

Lady Hunter stood up and bashed her train about—for she had curled it sirenlike around her feet—and got her lorgnette busy. Her excitement made her chirp like half a dozen robins.

"Yes, dear! Back already! It was the wrong evening; they were cutting the bread and but—— But what does bread and butter matter? What does anything matter?" She gazed around her.

"Did you hear us coo-eeing?" said little Gwen, slinking across the hall in her gold frock, to Sir William.

"Oh, yes," said the old gentleman; "we heard you coo-eeing. Oh, yes! We heard you. Yes."

Lady Hunter stood, lorgnetting everyone brightly, very arch and cozy.

"And which of you dears," said she in a voice like a dove, "can tell me anything of Arthur while we've been away?"

She looked ready for any conspiracy, and most encouraging.

Mrs. Drelincourt yawned tinily. Unlike most people she had an attractive yawn. Her teeth were as lustrous as her pearls. She advanced and sank into the cushions of the settle beside Sir William.

"Why," she sighed, "we were looking for him, dear Lady Hunter. Not a man has been near us poor women all the evening."

She pouted.

Sir William leaned towards her, as they sat on the settle together, and looked piercingly into her face. Mrs. Drelincourt drew back from his inquisitorial gaze with an air of haughty surprise.

"Sir William!" she murmured.

The old gentleman shook a finger at her.

"I wonder if you tell the truth," said he.

He fixed an admiring look on Mrs. Drelincourt, for he thought her a very fine woman. He decided on her, and privately praised Arthur's taste. Then he saw Mrs. Drelincourt still wearing the air of surprise.

"Sir William!" she murmured.

Sir William looked more piercingly than ever into her face.

"We've been hunting for Mr. Netherby everywhere," added Angela.

She slunk across to the mantelpiece in her silver frock, leaned her elbow on it, and manipulated a jade-colored fan. She made a very pretty picture. Sir William looked at her, stroked his chin, and wasn't so sure about Arthur.

Lady Hunter turned smilingly upon Angela.

"Ah, yes, dear," said she, sidling nearer, "but you weren't hunting for Arthur all together, now; were you?"

"Yes," said Angela, waving her fan. "We hunted for him all together."

"But ——" said Lady Hunter, looking from Angela to Sir William and Cyril, and back again.

Gwen settled herself on the arm of the settle close to Sir William's shoulder. She ran her fingers into the old gentleman's hair.

"And then," said she, "we separated, and went all through the orchard and absolutely everywhere."

Lady Hunter nodded. "Ah!" said she.

"These bushmen have the gift of covering their tracks," said Mrs. Drelincourt playfully.

Cyril looked across the hall at Angela. He approached her by a circuitous route when Lady Hunter's eye was busy elsewhere.

Angela surveyed the youth with elaborate coldness.

"Did you look in the arbor?" said he tensely.

"Of course I looked in the arbor," Angela returned. She waved her fan.

"Oh, you did, did you?" said Cyril tensely.

Mrs. Drelincourt looked round at him.

"I thought of the arbor, too," she confided. "I looked in."

Hope stole into Cyril's face. He approached Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Oh, you looked into the arbor, too?" said he eagerly.

"I must have looked into the arbor after the others," said Gwen, rumpling up Sir William's hair. "Somehow it was the last place I thought of."

Cyril passed a hand over his forehead. He stared at Gwen.

"You looked into the arbor!" said he. "You!"

Gwen stared at Cyril.

"Me," she replied.

She separated Sir William's hair into stranda, and commenced to twist each spirally upward. The old gentleman sat in a state of considerable pleasure.

Lady Hunter turned her lorgnette upon Gwen.

"You're no detective, Mr. Wakefield," said Sir William crushingly.

"I—I'm so worried," said Cyril, biting his nail and looking at Angela. "I'm so worried that I can't think."

"Worried, Cyril?" said Lady Hunter, moving towards him.

Angela gave a fine sneer, from the mantelpiece.

"Yes, worried," said Cyril agitatedly, walking away from Lady Hunter to the open door, where he took in air.

"Why has Mr. Netherby disappeared?" asked Gwen, finishing a second spiral of hair very neatly.

"I think he's frightened, love," said Sir William, very dulcet under Gwen's fingers.

Mrs. Drelincourt laughed.

"Oh!" said she. "Isn't Mr. Netherby perfectly sweet about women?"

Sir William turned another piercing look upon her.

"So he is, dear; so he is, isn't he?" said Lady Hunter eagerly. "He is, really! Oh, I can't wait any longer! You're all bent on mystifying me, I see. But I—won't—bear—it!"

(Continued on Page 78)

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*(Continued from Page 76)*

Cyril returned from the open door to support Lady Hunter. He tucked a silk handkerchief languidly back into his cuff and looked terribly unnerved.

"Oh, my dears!" said Lady Hunter, excitedly addressing everyone. "Don't keep me any longer in this suspense! Which of you is it?"

Mrs. Drelincourt turned from Sir William's piercing look to Lady Hunter's, and on to Cyril's; and back again.

"Which of us is it?" she repeated, mystified.

Gwen completed a third spiral artistically to the topmost twiddle, and stopped, full of curiosity.

"I've just heard a piece of news," said Lady Hunter, looking at each girl in turn, "which has delighted me, but unfortunately ——" Lady Hunter paused to summon all her tact. She smiled delicately. "But unfortunately," said she, "I wasn't told quite enough."

"News!" cried Gwen.

Angela asked from the mantelpiece, on which she still leaned, fanning herself, "Is it exciting?"

"Very," said Lady Hunter, betraying emotion.

Cyril stood up behind the settle. He spoke clearly.

"Lady Hunter refers," said he, "to Netherby's engagement."

Angela took her arm from the mantelpiece, and Mrs. Drelincourt cast her eyes down, and Gwen stared swiftly at them both. There was a long pause.

Lady Hunter was busy with her lorgnette.

Sir William looked up at Gwen, and round at Mrs. Drelincourt, and across the hall at Angela. He appeared more startled than he really was, owing to the new arrangement of his hair.

Cyril took his handkerchief from his cuff again and wiped his forehead. He bit his finger nail.

Mrs. Drelincourt spoke first.

"Mr. Netherby's engagement?" said she in a very suave, quiet manner.

"Yes," said Lady Hunter, breaking forth again, "but I haven't been told which of you it is. Now!" said she winningly, looking around, "won't the dear girl tell me? After all, why this mystery with me?" Sentiment got the better of her. "Cyril will tell you, girls," she sighed, "that I'm psychic. The littlest hint, and I shall understand: and it shall be locked in my heart until you give me leave to tell everyone."

Then again there was a silence till Sir William, unable to bear it, coughed harshly.

Angela and Gwen were eying each other very hostilely indeed.

Again it was Mrs. Drelincourt who spoke.

"And what has Mr. Netherby said?" inquired she suavely and quietly, though perhaps with a hint of nervousness.

Angela and Gwen immediately transferred their hostile suspicion to Mrs. Drelincourt, but neither spoke.

"Cy-ril!" said Lady Hunter, waving her lorgnette at him.

Cyril understood that in spite of the turmoil of his mind—of which, of course, Lady Hunter was unaware—he was expected to clear everything up in a tactful manner. Tact was mostly what he was paid largely for, and was indeed his sole marketable attribute. He moved forward, tucking his handkerchief into his cuff, and tried to smile with his accustomed bonhomie.

"If it is left to me," said he, "to explain this rather difficult and—er—delicate—er—situation, why, I'll try."

"Difficult and delicate, dear boy?" said Lady Hunter.

Angela gave another fine unseen sneer at Cyril and Lady Hunter.

"You see," said Cyril, addressing everyone, "what actually happened to-night is—er—that Netherby went out to the arbor to think out a certain problem which he had spoken to me about earlier in the evening. What I mean to say is—Netherby's a marrying sort of man if ever there was one."

"B-r-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

"Though of course, poor chap, sadly hampered by his painful reticence," added Cyril.

"That's it!" said Lady Hunter, once more bubbling over with enthusiasm. "So reticent! So shy and reserved. So genuine. He'll make a splendid husband."

"And a splendid husband is just what the chap's longing to be," continued Cyril.

"B-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

"Let me see," said Cyril, clasping his head. "Where was I?"

"The action of the story," said Angela sarcastically, "is hung up in the arbor."

"Oh, thanks, Miss Harmony," said Cyril, with not a bad effect of sarcasm himself. "Well, there is no doubt but that Netherby was greatly attracted by ——"

He paused for inspiration, looking from Gwen to Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Oh! Terribly attracted!" cried Lady Hunter in ecstasy.

"Terribly attracted," cried Cyril, receiving inspiration, "to a—certain lady. And he went out alone to think over the job of—er—proposing to her. But when he got to the arbor, there he saw her sitting."

Lady Hunter sighed with ecstasy.

Mrs. Delincourt was still looking down. She spoke very, very softly: "The certain lady?"

Again Lady Hunter focused her attention on Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Well," said Cyril, "his mind being full of her, naturally he could think of no one else; and sitting down beside her he straightaway asked her to marry him and she—er—straightaway consented. And then she got up and ran away, leaving him with a horrible doubt ——"

"Doubt?" echoed Gwen suddenly.

"Doubt," affirmed Cyril. "And now he's asking himself, 'Was it the lady I thought it was?' You see, it was dark in the arbor."

There was a dead silence, while all sat transfixed—though there is little doubt but that three of them were thinking busily—and Cyril again drew out his silk handkerchief, patted his brow, walked to the open door, took in a gulp of fresh air and returned.

"I don't believe it, Mr. Wakefield," remarked Sir William. "Rubbish!"

"Not believe Cyril?" said Lady Hunter agitatedly. "If you engage the younger son of a peer ——"

"B-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

"But, oh!" said Lady Hunter, appalled. "If you really mean it, Cyril, this is a—a—terrible situation! Except that"—she looked around her with a gleam of hope—"of course the dear girl knows!"

Mrs. Drelincourt sat perfectly still, a small smile playing round her mouth. A calm smile in a moment of stress works wonders. It indicates that the smiler holds the cards. All beheld Mrs. Drelincourt's smile. Then Gwen smiled too. A moment later Angela was smiling. The three beholders were again baffled.

"Won't the dear girl speak?" said Lady Hunter. "Or I shall scream."

Mrs. Drelincourt lifted her eyes calmly. She glanced expressionlessly at Angela and Gwen, and they glanced expressionlessly at her. They then looked at each other with countenances totally devoid of expression. Mrs. Drelincourt gave one of her littlest yawns, rose and walked slowly to the open door, where she stood looking out for a moment into the moonlit deeps of the garden. All eyes followed her. She was evidently reminiscing, recalling what had so recently happened.

Then Angela moved. She closed her fan and, slinking forward in her silver frock, threw herself into a chair. She still wore an enigmatic smile. But just as Cyril, Lady Hunter and Sir William were observing this smile anew, Gwen spoke.

She spoke intrepidly and sweetly: "Poor dear old Arthur."

Everyone started as if electrified. Gwen had risen and was carelessly drumming her fingers on the oak back of the settle. She smiled also, most audaciously. Sir William gazed round at her, petrified, his hair sticking up in spirals; and he thought that she looked such a puss that really it was very likely indeed that Arthur ——

"Yes," said Angela. "Poor, darling, silly old boy! Fancy worrying!" Angela laughed.

"What do you mean, Angela?" said Gwen.

"I really don't propose to tell you to-night, my dear," replied Angela, "until I've seen Arthur again."

"Seen Arthur!" said Gwen.

Lady Hunter began shaking her head bewilderedly at everybody.

Very slowly, and with exquisite poise, Mrs. Drelincourt returned from the contemplation of the garden, and asked, "What are you two little girls quarreling about?"

"'Little girls'?" said Gwen ferociously.

Lady Hunter appealed silently, with her lorgnette, to Cyril. He stepped into the fray.

"Will Mrs. Drelincourt permit me to offer her my very best wishes?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Drelincourt with an indescribably mystic look, "please wait."

"But ——" pleaded Lady Hunter, looking helplessly about her. She shook her head.

"At the moment," said Mrs. Drelincourt very softly, "I would rather not explain."

Angela laughed. Mrs. Drelincourt looked at Angela.

"It's so nice," said Mrs. Drelincourt, "to be allowed to keep early hours in the country." She looked for permission sweetly to Lady Hunter. "And, oh, I'm tired to-night! It's been ——" she paused to let her words sink in, and they sank—"an emotional evening."

"An emotional ——" cried Lady Hunter. "Oh, then —— Oh, my dear! If it's a question of emotions I'm sure nobody could understand better than I!"

Mrs. Drelincourt made a gesture of appeal. She appealed to everybody.

"Oh," she murmured, "please wait. I'll ask Mr. Wakefield if he'll be kind enough to light my candle."

Cyril went without a word to the side table, where antique bedroom candlesticks suitable for the antique cottage were set in a row, lighted one and brought it. Mrs. Drelincourt stood waiting for her candle. She kept a perfect poise, all eyes on her.

"Good night, dear Lady Hunter," she said; and softly to Sir William, "Good night."

Lady Hunter shook her head. "Good night," said she.

"Good night," said Sir William, rising stiffly from the settle.

Mrs. Drelincourt went slowly to the foot of the staircase, escorted by Cyril, and the cynosure of eyes. She mounted a step or two, and turned. "Mr. Wakefield."

Cyril attended.

"You'll be seeing Arthur again—yes?" said Mrs. Drelincourt.

"If you wish," said Cyril.

"Tell him"—she laughed lazily, a laugh every bit as good as Angela's—"tell him it was the woman he thought it was. Good night."

So she passed gracefully upstairs into the little gallery along which the bedroom doors were set; and there she paused to lean over the rail and speak tolerantly.

"Silly little girls!" said she to Gwen and Angela.

She blew a kiss, and disappeared into her room. All in the hall below drew a long breath; and Gwen was clenching her little fists angrily.

"Now," gasped Lady Hunter, "she did mean ——"

"She advanced," said Cyril weakly, "but kept the line of retreat intact."

An icy voice cut in—Angela's. "As well she might!"

Cyril started.

"What do you mean?" he said breathlessly.

"How agitated you are, Cyril!" said Lady Hunter suspiciously.

Cyril pulled himself together. "Well, really," he stammered, "I—I really ——"

Sir William sat heavily on the settle again.

"Yes, my dear," said Gwen, staring at Angela, "as Mr. Wakefield asks—What do you mean?"

Angela rose.

"I mean," said she, "that I nev-er—nev-er heard such a piece of cheek!" She went to the side table and lighted her candle herself, while Cyril looked on. "Mr. Wakefield," she added.

Cyril gazed at her bleakly.

Angela walked to the staircase with her candle.

"You'll kindly tell Arthur," said she.

"'Arthur'?" Cyril repeated thinly.

"'Arthur,'" said Angela at the foot of the staircase, staring at him coldly. "You'll kindly tell him what that woman said. He'll be so amused."

She began to go upstairs.

"'Amused'?" repeated Cyril thinly.

"Oh," said Angela. "So-o-o amused."

"Good night," said Cyril, following her to the foot of the stairs.

"Good night," said Angela coldly. "Good night, everybody."

In the hall below they returned Angela's good night feebly, while all eyes watched her vanish through the gallery.

"Now! Now!" said Lady Hunter in a terrible fuss. "What did she mean?"

"She meant the same as Mrs. Drelincourt meant," said Sir William.

"But—but," faltered Lady Hunter—"she's engaged."

Bitterness overcame Cyril for a moment.

"Oh," he said bitterly, "that's nothing to a girl if anything better turns up. Nothing. I assure you!"

"Tch! Tch! Tch!" said Lady Hunter. "But," she added, "there is something in it. When true love comes what is the mere fact of one's bond to another? I understand fully." She then gave the already unhappy Cyril a very dangerous look. "Nothing," she went on, "nothing would keep me from my lover."

Cyril pulled himself together.

"Oh—oh—really?" said he nervously.

"Really!" said Lady Hunter with fervor.

"B-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

Lady Hunter raised her lorgnette. "I have a very deep feeling for women who have made mistakes," she continued, looking at Sir William.

Then Gwen broke in upon these irrelevances.

"My candle, please," she stormed suddenly.

"Your candle?" said Cyril.

While no one was looking Gwen had struck an enigmatic pose by the bureau, and this she retained.

"Please," she replied.

Cyril went to the side table.

Lady Hunter considered Gwen. "Have you anything to confide, dear?" she asked faintly but still optimistically.

"Please wait!" Gwen replied.

Cyril brought the candle.

"Thank you, Mr. Wakefield," said Gwen, receiving it with an air of worldly composure wonderful in one so young, and small as well. "If you see Arthur again to-night please tell him that my beastly twin is evidently going to rag us unmercifully."

"Eh?" said Cyril.

"Eh!" cried Sir William, looking round.

Gwen began to go slowly upstairs. Her manner was every bit as good as Mrs. Drelincourt's or Angela's. Lady Hunter surveyed the progress through her lorgnette.

Gwen paused. "But tell him," said she with a confiding smile, "that I don't mind if he doesn't. Good night."

"Good night," said Cyril.

"Good night," gasped Lady Hunter.

"Good night," said Sir William feebly. "Little puss," he mumbled to himself.

The three remained for a moment or two after Gwen's departure in total silence. Then Lady Hunter gave her train a voluptuous kick and subsided on the settle beside her husband.

"Well, well!" said she faintly. "It's coming from Australia, you know."

"What is coming from Australia?" said Cyril.

"Nothing," said Lady Hunter. "It's come. Arthur. It's coming from Australia that does it."

Cyril looked at her exhaustedly.

"Girls love a man from Australia," added she.

"Life looks pretty good for Australians," said Cyril.

"They think he's savage, you know," said Lady Hunter; "rough. Untamable. All that." She gazed at Cyril, who had never appeared quieter. "It does not appeal to me," said she, "but perhaps I am exceptional. Some people tell me so."

"B-r-r-r!" said Sir William.

"Please give Sir William his candle, Cyril de-ar," said Lady Hunter very coldly.

Cyril went to the side table.

"What I want to know is," said Sir William, "which woman is it? Who's telling the truth?"

"No one's said anything yet," replied Lady Hunter with acerbity. "Oh, if only someone would give me the littlest hint!"

"You've 'ad three 'ints," roared Sir William, dropping the aitches to annoy her—the only form of revenge he thought it gentlemanly to take since his knighthood.

"What beats me," said Cyril very languorously in the background, "is the way they saw it. Saw that as long as Netherby doesn't know who it was, and there's no witnesses, anybody's word is as good as anybody else's."

"Tch! Tch!" said Lady Hunter. "So it is!"

Cyril brought the candle.

"Thank you, Mr. Wakefield," said Sir William, rising obediently to a look from Lady Hunter. He, too, paused on the staircase. "Mr. Wakefield, tell Arthur if there's any way his poor old uncle can help, it's done."

"I'm sure he'll be very glad, Sir William," murmured Cyril feelingly.

(Continued on Page 82)


# "Mum" is the word
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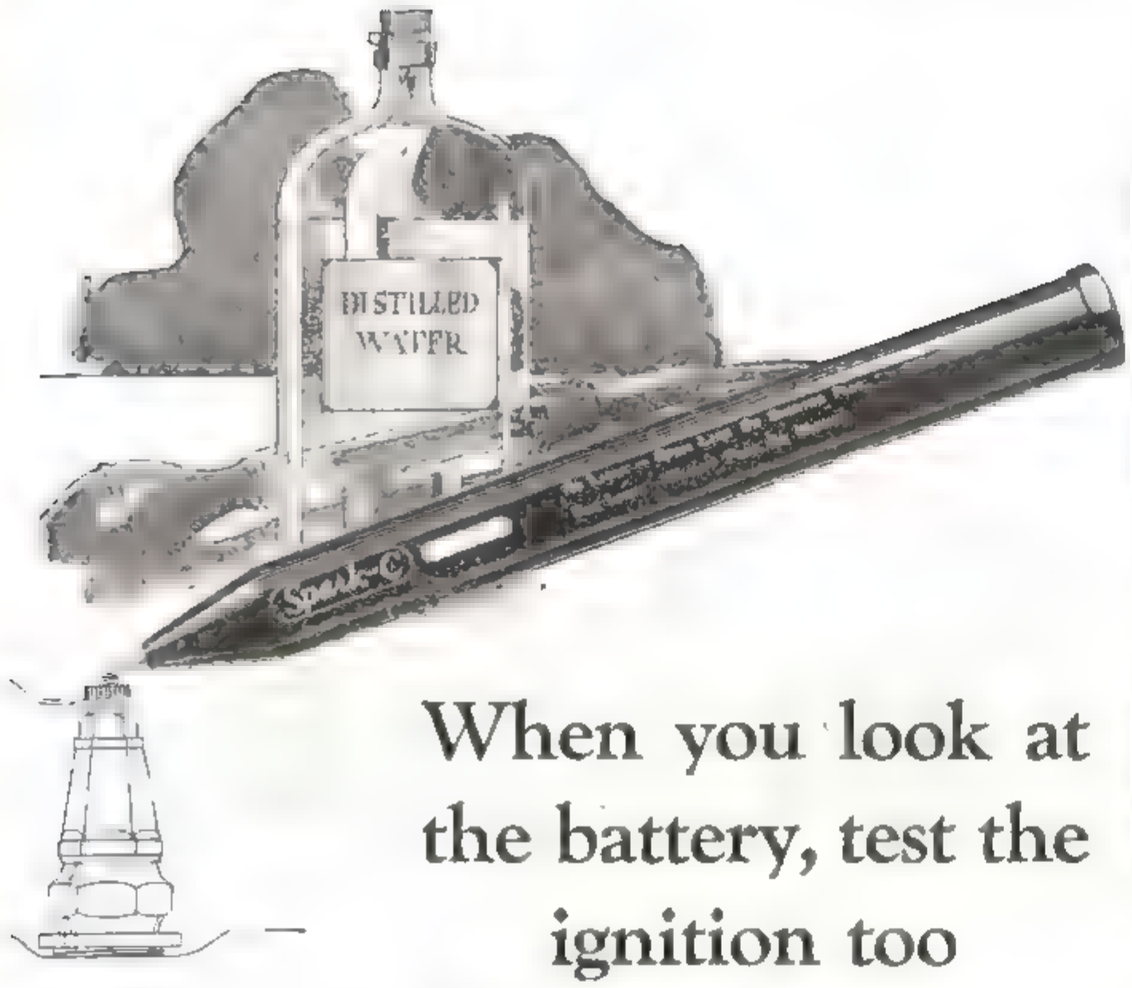


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*(Continued from Page 79)*

Sir William also disappeared along the gallery, and slammed his bedroom door.

*IV*

CYRIL was now alone with Lady Hunter. Lady Hunter leaned back in the settle, in an attitude which in a thinner woman would have been sinuous, but which now, as it were, made the configuration of the near view rather hilly and tussocky.

"Ah!" sighed she. "Relief! Relief from the uncongenial companionship of a man with a common soul!"

Cyril had really no wish to reply.

"Come and sit beside me," said Lady Hunter; and she gestured invitingly to the cushions that billowed around her.

Cyril seated himself gingerly beside her.

There was a pause, during which Cyril reluctantly knew that Lady Hunter experienced thrills.

"I wonder," said Lady Hunter rather coyly after a pause, "how it is that secretaries always fall in love with their employers' wives?"

Cyril ran a finger worriedly round inside his collar. He fidgeted. "It's often a *sine qua non* of the position," he replied apathetically.

"What's that?" said Lady Hunter with a thrilled look.

"A prerequisite," said Cyril, after thinking hard for a suitable translation.

"You are naughty, dear boy," sighed Lady Hunter.

The voice from the garden began calling again, a thought more stridently than before. The dovelike quality was absent from the coo.

Cyril listened.

"Who's that?" gasped Lady Hunter, starting violently.

"Another woman for Netherby," replied Cyril, listening.

"B-but they're all in bed," said Lady Hunter. "It can't be. No. I feel we may be watched, dear boy."

"You'd enjoy that, wouldn't you?" replied Cyril.

"We are being spied upon," asseverated Lady Hunter, gathering agitation.

"They wouldn't coo about it, y'know," said Cyril.

"I always fear that some day we shall be found out," said Lady Hunter.

"Well, we haven't incriminated ourselves yet," said Cyril haplessly; "and shan't, either," he added.

He was somehow feeling reckless of the consequences of any kind of speech to-night.

"Who knows," sighed Lady Hunter very truly, "what anybody may come to?"

"Hush!" said Cyril. "I heard something."

He rose and leaned nonchalantly on the back of the settle, his monocle turned upon the garden. Lady Hunter huddled, much struck by the situation, into her corner. Then the cook, a stoutish person in her cotton dress, apron and cap, appeared somewhat coyly in the open doorway. She was aghast at beholding Cyril and Lady Hunter.

"Ow!" said cook. "Ow! I'm sure I beg pardon."

Lady Hunter rose and fixed her through her lorgnette.

"Have you been instructed to watch me, cook?" said she heroically.

The cook regarded them both with a wary eye, and hesitated.

"Please," said she, "I'm looking for—for—for my cat."

Relieved at being able to undertake any sort of action save that expected of him by Lady Hunter, Cyril went down on his knees and looked under the furniture.

"Why!" said he obligingly. "Poor puss! Puss! Puss!"

No cat appeared. Cook stood fingering her apron in the doorway.

"Cyril!" said Lady Hunter. "You cannot ask the son of a peer to hunt cats, cook."

Cyril was on his knees before the settle. "'Fraid the poor animal is not here," said he sympathetically.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged," replied cook in a curious stifled voice. And she turned to withdraw.

Lady Hunter looked steadily after her. "Stay!" said she. Cook paused. "Do you truthfully mean to tell me that you were coo-eeing to a cat?"

"Well, why not, M' Lady?" replied cook, on guard but betraying a simper.

Cyril rose. "It doesn't seem altogether natural," he remarked, supporting Lady Hunter.

"Not na-ice!" said Lady Hunter. "And besides, a liberty to coo-ee so that I can hear you, in my garden."

The cook paused for a weighty moment. Then she replied darkly: "Well, M' Lady, I may be a cook now; but per'aps this ain't the last time I shall coo-ee in your garden."

The cook disappeared, leaving Lady Hunter and Cyril gazing for explanation at each other.

Cyril took a turn or two up and down the room.

"'I may be only a cook—now,'" he repeated pensively. "'I may be only a cook—now'"

"'But per'aps this isn't the last time I shall coo-ee in your garden,'" added Lady Hunter in staccato accents.

She made a rapid movement in the wake of the vanished cook, but Cyril held up a protesting hand.

"No, no!" he urged. "Keep her! Keep her! Let her yodel like blazes all over the place. Think of her savories."

"Yes, they do suit you, don't they, de-ar?" said Lady Hunter, relenting.

Lady Hunter was walking rather sinuously again towards Cyril, who was edging delicately away, when the door on the right was opened discreetly.

Lady Hunter started violently.

"Who's that?" she gasped.

It was Steers. He entered deprecatingly, but looking reassuringly confidential.

"Only me, M' Lady," said he. "I beg pardon. I came to see if I could lock up for the night."

"Certainly!" said Lady Hunter, registering guilty confusion. "Light my candle, please."

Steers went softly to the side table.

"I believe we are watched," Lady Hunter breathed in a dramatic whisper to Cyril.

The youth made no reply. He looked very tired indeed.

Steers approached, bearing the candlestick in quite a priestly way. He had a fine presence.

"Thank you, Steers," murmured Lady Hunter. "Good night, Cyril."

She went agitatedly to the foot of the stairs, Cyril following politely.

"It's no use trying to keep me, dear boy!" said Lady Hunter. "My nerves are on edge. Let me go!"

"I wouldn't think of detaining you, dear lady," replied Cyril languidly.

Reluctantly Lady Hunter mounted the stairs. In the gallery she paused and looked down.

Steers was lost in butlerly abstractions, folding up newspapers and the like. She blew a kiss to Cyril, who raised an eyebrow in reply. She vanished along the gallery.

Steers paused in his task and listened carefully.

Cyril took a cigarette and considered the work of lighting it.

"'Ave they all gone, sir?" asked Steers confidentially.

"Yes, Steers," said Cyril. He achieved the striking of a match.

Steers went softly to the door by which he had entered, opened it, and signed cautiously. Arthur came in, treading like a wild animal in the forest.

"Oh, hello, Netherby!" said Cyril, leaning on the settle.

The new undovelike voice from the garden rose before Arthur could make an answer:

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

Arthur started back convulsively.

"'Fraid someone wants you, old man," said Cyril with great sympathy.

Steers motioned Arthur forward. The cottage was full, and Arthur had been pushed into a little room that was really hardly more than a decent cupboard, under the stairs. Steers opened the door of the little room, and Arthur bolted in.

"Lock your door, Mr. Arthur," breathed Steers. "And don't show a light. I 'ope you'll sleep." He came forward, looking seriously at Cyril. "It's a good thing," said he, "as he 'as to sleep on the ground floor away from everybody, after all. I've had him in my pantry. It were the only place."

Steers looked around the hall and rang the bell.

"I've put whisky and soda in your room, Mr. Wakefield," he added.

"Thanks," said Cyril, moving from the support of the settle. "Good night."

Cyril went upstairs, along the gallery to his room, just as little Parks came into the hall in response to Steers' ring.

"Did you ring, Mr. Steers?" inquired she.

*(Continued on Page 85)*

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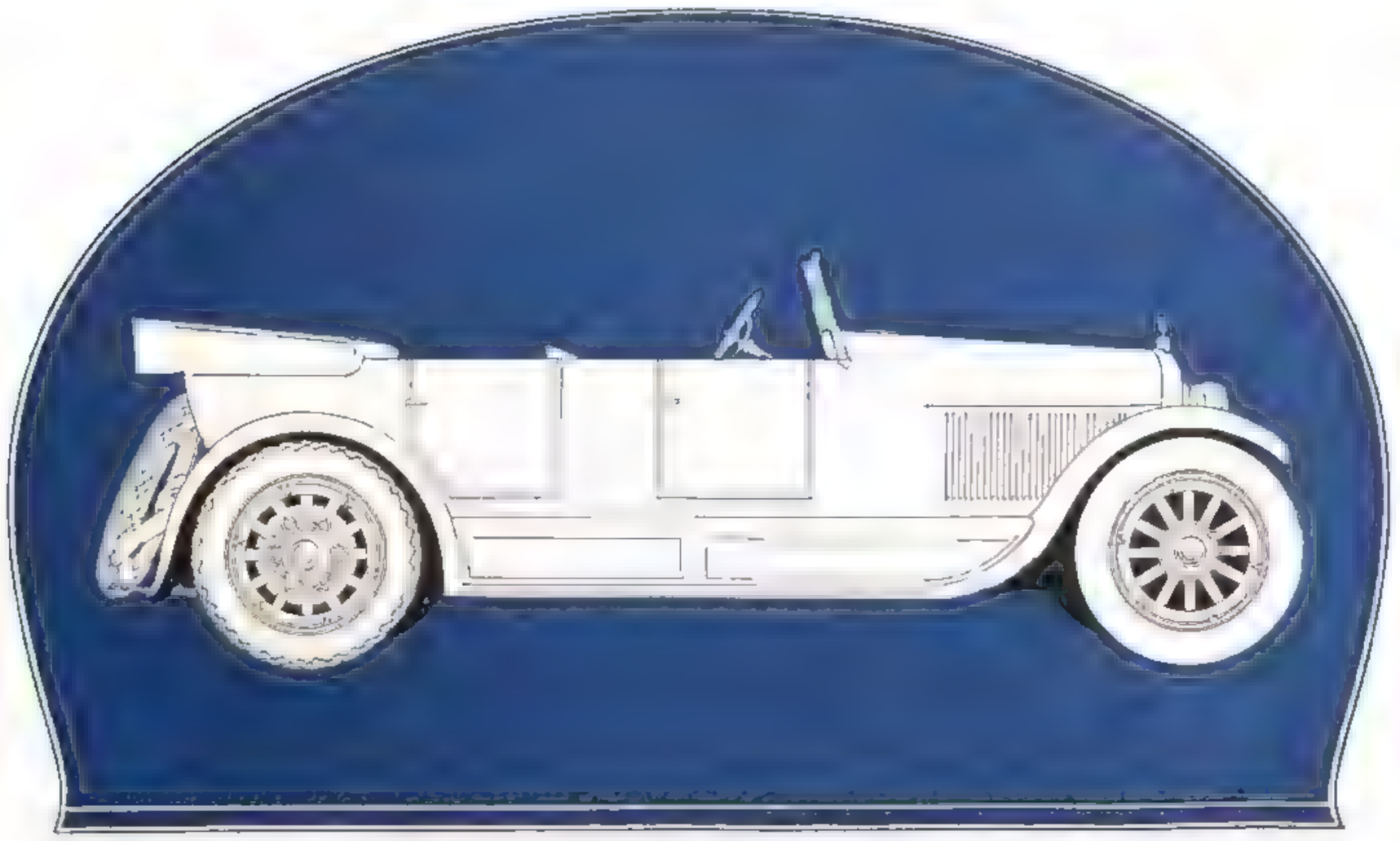

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# JORDAN

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(Continued from Page 82)

"I did," said Steers in a mellow voice, getting nearer to Parks. "I did, Emily. Shut up for me here, there's a love. I've been so 'indered all the evening."

"With pleasure, Mr. Steers," said the sweet-natured girl.

Steers got nearer. "Emily," he said.

"Oh, no, Mr. Steers!" said little Parks coaxingly, putting a yard or two of floor space between them by what seemed to be a mere wriggle.

"Of course," said Steers, "I'm a little bit on the experienced side for you ——"

"Ha!" chortled little Parks, interrupting him with a gurgle. "Ha, ha!"

"But you've took my fancy," Steers continued.

"Y-yes," said little Parks sympathetically. "I s'pose I am rather nice, aren't I?"

She accomplished another wriggle half across the hall.

"Oh-h-h!" said Steers with a frustrated groan.

"It does seem a shame, doesn't it?" murmured Parks.

She had one of the kindest hearts in the world.

"Em'ly," said Steers, "let's kiss you. Try me, Em'ly. A girl never knows a man till she's tried him."

"No, Mr. Steers," replied little Parks softly but firmly. "I—I—have other plans."

Steers was wounded in his sense of manly efficiency. "All the women in this 'ouse are full of plans!" he said.

He began to move with dignity toward the door, but paused again at the sound of the voice from the garden.

"Who's out there now?" said he.

"Cook," murmured little Parks.

Steers went out.

Little Parks remained passive for a few moments, while she thought upon the position. She put a finger tip in her mouth and sucked it pensively. Alternately she smiled and was very grave. She looked around the hall, and up at the gallery, and at the fast-closed door of Arthur's little room. At last she began to pick up books, which had been left about anywhere, and to tidy up. But in a moment or two she was interrupted by the sound of a door opening furtively in the gallery above, followed by a furtive voice.

Parks looked up and beheld Mrs. Drelincourt leaning over the gallery rail to peep into the hall; and so there they stood looking at each other.

Mrs. Drelincourt was a little confused and taken aback at seeing Parks.

"Oh!" said she, hesitating. "Oh!"

"Can I do anything for you, madam?" inquired Parks sweetly.

Mrs. Drelincourt put her finger on her lips, and stole along the gallery like a marauding cat.

"No, thank you," she breathed, *sotto voce*. She stole halfway down the staircase, caution incarnate. "I just—I just thought I heard someone moving about below," she whispered, "and I—I thought it might be ——"

"Yes, it was me, madam," said Parks very sweetly indeed.

She was a very obliging girl, always willing to ease a difficult moment by her finesse and tact.

"I thought it was you," said Mrs. Drelincourt, availing herself of Parks' tact in a somewhat transparent manner. "And—well—anyway, now it is you, I was going to say, I suppose all you people in the kitchen have been much amused over the little mystery to-night."

Mrs. Drelincourt had now arrived, catfooted, on the bottom stair, and there she stood, her hands on the banister, looking at Parks.

"Madam?" inquired Parks delicately.

"Well, of course," said Mrs. Drelincourt with a gracious smile, "you have your sense of humor, just as we have ours."

"Thank you, madam," murmured Parks.

"And you shall be first to break the news about Mr. Arthur and me," pursued Mrs. Drelincourt. "I dare say you all really guessed it was I; now, didn't you?"

"Well, madam," hesitated Parks artlessly—"well—well ——"

Mrs. Drelincourt smiled graciously.

"You guessed, I know," said she. "You seem to me such a shrewd girl, Parks; and as I say, such a sense of humor!" Parks looked down in demure confusion at this praise. "So I'm sure," added Mrs. Drelincourt, "that you'll love stealing a march on them all, and being the first with the news in the morning, eh?" She became vivacious, not to say playful. "You must tell me what they say when you bring me my early tea."

"Oh, yes, madam," said Parks.

Mrs. Drelincourt retreated quietly upstairs. "Wait a moment," she breathed, finger on lip. Little Parks stood obediently below. Mrs. Drelincourt hurried into her room and reappeared with a hat; she came halfway down again and held it out, over the banister. "Have you any use for this hat, which I don't require any more? I'm sure you have!"

"Oh, madam!" said little Parks, receiving the hat.

"Take it! Take it!" said Mrs. Drelincourt playfully. "I dare say you walk out with Steers on Sunday, eh? I hope he'll admire you in it. Good night. And be sure you break the news for me after all this mystery."

Mrs. Drelincourt had nearly got unobserved into her room again when a second door opened, and Angela stepped into the gallery. She looked very nice and carefully disheveled in a cunning wrapper.

"Y-y-you!" said Angela, starting back on seeing Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Yes, dear, I," said Mrs. Drelincourt coolly. "And you?"

"I—I left a book downstairs," said Angela, recovering. "Who's that down there?"

Mrs. Drelincourt replied maliciously, "Oh, only the housemaid clearing up. Good night, dear."

She shut herself into her room. Angela looked down over the rail at Parks, and Parks looked up at Angela.

"Oh—oh—you, Parks?" remarked Angela rather feebly.

"Yes, miss, me," said Parks. She laid the hat very lovingly upon a chair. "Can I do anything for you, miss?"

Angela descended. "I think perhaps I left a book downstairs."

"What was it called, miss?" asked Parks, looking round.

"Oh, I don't know, Parks," said Angela distractedly. "I'm sure you'll understand that after the mental struggle I've been through I'm perfectly demented. But so happy, Parks! So-o-o happy!"

"Oh, miss!" said Parks with glad sympathy.

Angela came into the hall, and leaned dreamily against the settle.

"Yes, in spite of all, so happy! I must tell someone; and after all, you're a woman, too, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, miss," replied Parks meekly.

"Give me your hand, Parks," said Angela in an emotional voice. Parks obeyed, and Angela squeezed the hand. "You're a perfect dear, Parks; so understanding; and you know what an awful thing it must be to fall in love with another man when one's engaged already."

"Oh, not awful, miss," said Parks. "Never awful to fall in love."

"You do understand so well," said Angela feverishly. "And how right you are! It's beautiful, only under the circumstances I—I hardly like to confess about it myself. I know you guess that it's I who am engaged to Mr. Netherby." She paused. "Parks! Will you spread the news? Take it right off my shoulders; tell people! Then—then my boats will be burnt."

"And Mr. Arthur's boats will be burned, too," added Parks thoughtfully.

"Exactly!" cried Angela. "That is—I mean—well, I had to tell someone! Good night." She squeezed Parks' hand once more, dropped it, sighed convulsively, and moved away. "Have you ever thought of bettering yourself?" she asked kindly.

"Yes, miss," replied Parks.

"You seem to me so superior," said Angela, more kindly than ever, as she crept upstairs.

But quietly as she crept, Gwen was opening her door.

"Ah!" said she spitefully. Angela was taken aback, but recovered herself swiftly.

"Good gracious!" said she. "Go back to bed, child!"

"What did you come down for?" asked Gwen spitefully.

"A book, darling," replied Angela.

"Well, I can't find my fountain pen," said Gwen. "Is that Parks?"

Little Parks was standing respectfully observing the scene from below.

"Yes, miss," she answered.

"Nonsense about your fountain pen!" said Angela. "It must be in your room."

"It isn't, you liar!" said Gwen with a ferocity appalling in one so young and at the same time small.


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*Frostilla Fragrant Lotion will prevent and relieve Sunburn and Windburn. It keeps the skin soft and smooth*

Wind dries the skin and sun burns it. Both are injurious—they roughen and coarsen the skin. Before going out apply a little Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. It will keep the skin soft and smooth. It quickly disappears and leaves a feeling of cooling freshness. It gives your skin perfect protection against sun, wind, dust or hard water.

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*Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is soothing after shaving. A little on the shaving brush helps to soften the beard*

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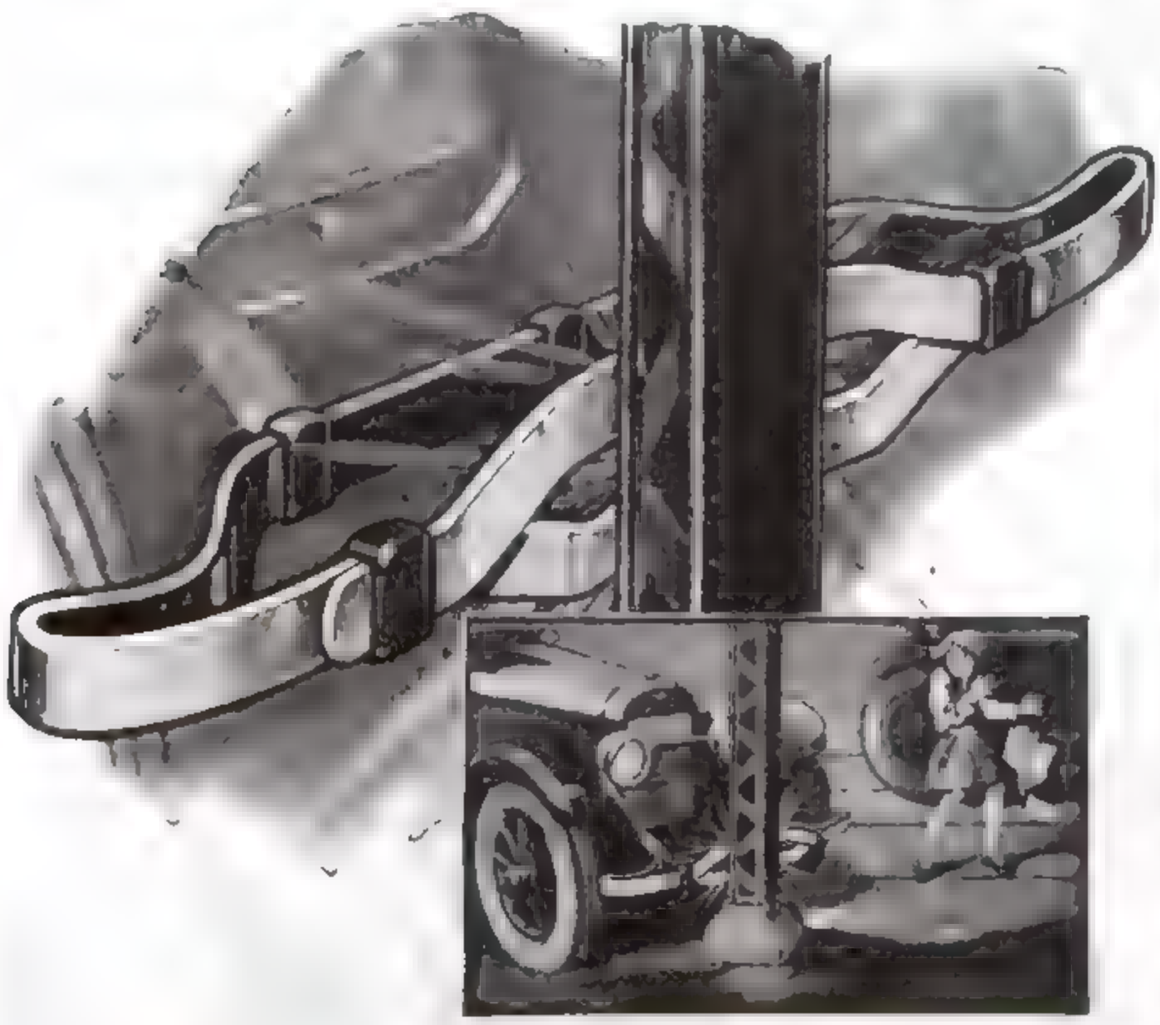

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**WEED SPRING-BAR BUMPER**


"Really," said Angela, "I'd be angry with you if I weren't so happy."

She moved on ecstatically.

"Happy!" cried Gwen.

"S-o-o happy," said Angela. "I love the whole world."

"Yes, my dear," said Gwen, "that's always your trouble."

"I can't resent anything to-night," Angela murmured, opening her door.

Gwen ran downstairs with the speed of a tornado. She, too, looked very nice and carefully disheveled in a bedroom get-up that would have done credit to the prime favorite in a Turkish harem.

"I think my fountain pen is in the hall, Parks," said she in a great rage.

"Yes, miss?" said Parks.

Angela again appeared above. "Parks!" said she.

Little Parks looked up, opened her arms, and a pair of silk stockings and buckled shoes dropped into them. Angela disappeared again, shutting her door.

"Is she throwing her old shoes about because she's so-o-o happy?" asked Gwen, gritting her teeth together.

Parks caressed the shoes, and looked with womanly eyes upon the silk stockings, which had dropped over her arm like lazy snakes.

"Not old shoes, miss," said she dreamily. "Lovely shoes; and silk stockings. Miss Harmony has given me these, miss."

Gwen stood in the center of the hall, full of suspicion.

"What for?" asked she.

Parks set the shoes neatly under the chair on which the hat reposed.

"She was kind enough to say she liked me, miss."

"Oh!" said Gwen ragefully. "I wonder, Parks, what you'd do if you had a twin."

"I couldn't bear it, miss," replied Parks. "I'd strangle her."

Gwen clasped and wrung her hands together. "You do understand so well, Parks," she sighed. "My sister has been trying to spoil everything for Mr. Netherby and me."

"Really, miss?" said Parks.

"You wouldn't think it of a sister, would you?" Gwen continued.

"Yes, I would believe anything of sisters, miss," replied Parks.

"Life has taught you to be a teeny bit ironical, Parks," said Gwen. "But then, perhaps I would be ironical if I were a housemaid"

"Oh, miss!" said Parks in an access of sincerity. "There are times when being a housemaid is a thing I enjoy excruciatingly."

"Indeed," said Gwen. "How funny!"

"Oh, yes, miss, it is," Parks replied.

She turned away and began to look under the settle and chairs.

"Did you lend the pen to someone or drop it, miss?" inquired she.

"Never mind the pen," said Gwen. "It may be upstairs, after all." She threw herself on the billowing cushions of the settle and eyed Parks. "Are all you people pleased about the engagement?"

Parks stopped her search to murmur "Engagement, miss?"

"Mr. Netherby and me," said Gwen nervously.

"Oh, miss," said Parks suavely after a pause, "that's most interesting. Shall I spread the news?"

"Tell anyone you wish," murmured Gwen nervously.

"I hope you'll be happy, miss, I'm sure," said Parks with great sweetness and suavity.

"Thank you, Parks," said Gwen. "You're really a girl one can talk to. You have wonderful sympathy."

She rose, gave a hitch to her harem skirt, and looked down at the mules on her little feet, very naturally regretting that only Parks was there to see. "Good night," she added, "you dear little Parks!" Slowly she ascended the stairs, for it seemed of no use to linger.

Neither Parks nor Gwen saw the cook peer cautiously into the hall from the garden, and draw back again.

"Wait a moment, Parks," Gwen called softly, hurrying upstairs.

Parks stood below and waited, and in a second of time Gwen was out of her room again with one of those small, slinky, impalpable frocks slung from her hand.

"Something smart for you to wear to church, you dear little Parks," she gushed out. She threw the frock down.

Parks received it tenderly into her arms, murmuring respectful words of thanks.

As she was surveying the frock with tenderest eyes, measuring it against herself, and assimilating, with deep sighs, its charm, cook looked again round the doorway, saw her at last alone, and entered.

"Oh, lovely!" said cook agitatedly. "Here you are!"

"Cook!" said Parks, starting from her dream. "Yes, I'm shutting up for Mr. Steers."

Cook looked at the frock. "What's that?" she asked.

"An old dress one of the ladies gave me," replied Parks guilelessly, folding the frock and laying it over the chair with the other things.

The cook was full of strange qualms and tremors and trepidations and conciliations.

"And I'm sure you deserve everything you get, dear," said she earnestly, "and more."

Parks turned to her work. She went to the door at the back, closed it and bolted it. The fragrant garden was shut out. Cook followed Parks.

"How kind everyone is to me," remarked little Parks.

She took hold of the left-hand curtain over the door, to draw it.

The cook seized the right-hand curtain and held it earnestly. "People can't help being kind to you, dear. You're so kind to people. And this is butler's work, this is; but you allow yourself to be imposed upon. Butlers loses all sense of reason and justice."

Parks began to draw her curtain, so the cook began mechanically to draw hers, and when the curtains met in the middle they stood face to face.

The cook continued, holding fast to her curtain, "I said to myself: 'There's that dear little Em'ly Parks helping somebody, as usual. I'll go in and see if I can't do something for her.'"

"Thank you, cook," said Parks mildly. "But you're not looking quite yourself, dear."

The cook gripped her curtain harshly, and advanced her face towards Parks. "What girl would feel quite herself, dear, if an Australian 'ad been making love to her? Australians are 'ectic."

"Has an Australian made love to you?" asked Parks guilelessly.

The cook dropped the curtain, stumbled forward and dropped into a chair. Her face was full of plot and yet strangely vacant.

"Oh, my dear!" groaned she.

She shook her head, and looked at the floor, and bit her lips.

"Tell me about it," Parks invited.

"Yes, Em'ly dearest, I'm going to," said cook, looking rather wildly at anything but Parks. "You might 'elp us to break it to the fam'ly. When Mr. Steers came into my kitchen and told us about Mr. Arthur's proposing in the dark to someone he didn't know which it were, I could have sunk into the ground. Mr. Arthur knew, lovey! Arthur knew!"

She sighed copiously and her head fell on one side. "I didn't ought to have been in the arbor, of course, but there I were; and he came in and he says: 'At last we are alone. I love you. Is it possible you can ever care for me?'"

There was a silence of some poignance.

"Well," said Parks thoughtfully—"well, there's hectic—and hectic."

The cook was nettled. "I can only tell you the beginning, dear." She sighed. "I dare say the fam'ly will be upset, but in the novel I'm reading the countess marries her groom, and I don't see nothing more discrepant in a knight's nephew marrying a good cook."

"Are you asking me to break the news?" said Parks in a very sympathetic voice.

"Well," said the cook, "just let it come trickling out, dear, trickling out. As much as you can put on a threep'n'y bit; and then as much as you can put on another threep'n'y bit, and so on. I gave her a 'int to-night, when she spoke to me about being noisome in the garden. I says, 'Per'aps this isn't the last time I shall coo-ee in your garden,' I says. But she didn't take it. Can I rely on you, dear?"

Little Parks looked extraordinarily firm.

"You can rely on me, cook," she replied, and her voice also was extraordinarily firm.

The cook rose and advanced to embrace her. "Thank you, Em'ly; thank you," she said. "Kiss me, Em'ly."

The cook enfolded her and kissed her.

"We girls must 'ang together," she said tearfully.

(Continued on Page 86)

# HYDRO-TORON TIRES

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# ARNOLD
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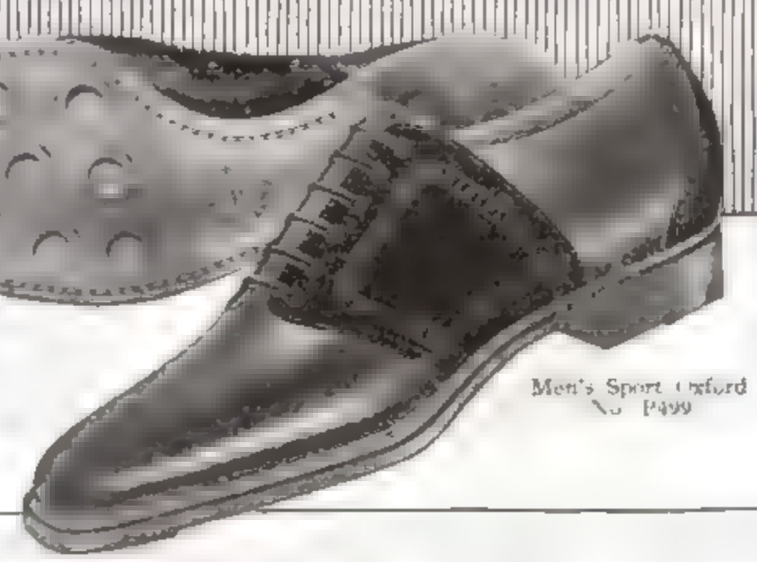


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This Glove Grip feature gently supports your feet in their natural position and keeps them from spreading. It raises the arches instead of pushing them down. It is patented and cannot be duplicated in any other shoe made.

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**M. N. ARNOLD SHOE COMPANY**
**North Abington, Massachusetts**

(Continued from Page 86)

She went out, catching painfully at her breath, by the door leading to the kitchen quarters.

So again little Parks was alone in the hall. She put a finger into her mouth and sucked it pensively. She looked around up at the gallery, and at Arthur's fast-closed door. Then suddenly she was across the hall, at that fast-closed door, knocking upon it softly, but with utter resolution.

"Mr. Arthur," said she urgently, *sotto voce*, and with utter resolution. "Mr. Arthur! Mr. Arthur!"

She knocked and knocked.

Arthur's door opened, and he appeared cautiously, in pajamas, holding the door. His relief at the harmless apparition of this kind girl was tremendous.

"Oh, you, Parks!" he kept muttering. "Just you! Only you! Thank God! I was afraid it was some woman."

"Oh, no, Mr. Arthur!" said Parks, smiling. "Only Parks. Dress yourself!"

"Eh?" whispered Arthur.

"Get dressed at once!" said Parks managingly. "I'll pack and send your things after you. Go home! Or there's three ladies and a woman who'll marry you out of hand."

"Eh, Parks?" whispered Arthur, agonized. "Eh? Eh?"

"Listen!" said little Parks managingly. "They all know it—that you don't know who you proposed to in the dark to-night; and they've seen the situation. And you're like baggage in a railway station—like a parcel in a lost-property office. Anyone can claim you who gives up the check. And they're all giving up checks—Mrs. Drelincourt, Miss Harmony, Miss Gwennie, and cook."

"C-c-cook?" faltered Arthur.

"Cook," said Parks, nodding. "And the young ladies have been down in this hall lookin' for you in negligys that would make a toad passionate."

"Help!" said Arthur in a lost voice.

"I'll help you, Mr. Arthur," promised Parks, very motherly. "Trust me."

"I do trust you," whispered Arthur.

"Never mind about your place not being ready for you," said Parks. "Home you go, quick!"

Arthur tottered back into his room, sank upon the bed and caught at a pair of socks. Parks followed him in to assist him. He did not mind her. She was all right. She had seen him unshaved, and prepared his bath. He began to put on his socks.

"I shan't wait to dress," he said.

"Better not," said Parks. She clasped her hands and looked at him. "Put on your warm coat. Take care of yourself."

"Get my boots, Parks," whispered Arthur with chattering teeth.

Parks placed his riding boots handy to his feet. "I'd call up the chauffeur," said she, "but I shouldn't rouse attention if I were you. What's a four-mile walk across country for a man in the hole you're in?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" chattered Arthur. "Only let me get away!"

He began to pull frenziedly at his boots.

Little Parks sank to her knees beside him, sat back on her heels and watched. A rucked-up pajama leg called for the attention of her neat fingers, and deftly she tucked it down into the boot top. Her eyes, turned away from Arthur, were dreamy. Her head felt full to bursting with many thoughts.

"'Y' know, Mr. Arthur ——" said she softly and paused.

Arthur tugged feverishly at his second boot.

"Be quiet!" he said. "Don't talk to me!"

"No, Mr. Arthur," murmured Parks hurriedly. "Only I just want to say that—that—perhaps you'd like it if you could be persuaded to try it, Mr. Arthur."

Arthur stamped his foot down.

"What?" he asked grimly.

Parks swayed slowly a thought farther towards him.

"G-g-getting married, Mr. Arthur."

"Now," said Arthur grimly, "no more of that! I've had enough this evening to last me a lifetime. I've just had a glimpse of what might happen to a man if he let it. I've made a mistake to-night. Dunno what got me; but it hasn't got me now, that's sure. I'm not a marrying kind of man at all."

"Oh," said Parks, clasping her hands and rocking a little, half in a dream and the other half out of it, keeping a shrewd eye on Arthur. "Oh, if you were just managed properly, Mr. Arthur—if a girl was a good manager—why, she'd just twist you right round her little finger, and you'd be surprised to find the kind of man you are."

Arthur's mouth dropped open while he looked at Parks. But she appeared wholly innocent, the complete altruist.

"No!" he said emphatically. "I tell you, no! It's all right talking to you. I'm used to you. You bring my shaving water 'n' all that. But other women—I can't get on with 'em at any price."

Little Parks sidled nearer. "'S easy, too, to get on with women if you'll try, Mr. Arthur," she remarked. "'S very easy."

Arthur rose, with alternate stamps of both feet. He was looking incomparably sturdy again. He did not trouble to answer.

"A man didn't ought to be made frightened," murmured Parks, pursuing a train of thought.

She rose with a wriggle like an eel, and moved to the door.

"Here!" said Arthur. "Keep still! Let's look at you."

"Oh, Mr. Arthur," murmured Parks. "You look at me every day."

"No, I don't," said Arthur sturdily. "I could, but I don't. Because I don't want to."

Parks pouted.

"You seem a darned capable sort of girl," said Arthur, ignoring the pout. "But don't you try to talk about managing me, for it can't be done. The blinkers were on for a bit; I'll allow that. But now they're off again, and they'll stay off. Give me my coat."

Little Parks passed meekly across the hall to the recess behind, where overcoats and things were stored. Arthur watched her to and fro, with some dim feeling about the slenderness of her black stockings. She returned, holding the coat out for him.

"So you think you'll be able to manage for yourself, Mr. Arthur—to-morrow?"

"To-morrow?" repeated Arthur.

"Well," said little Parks, quivering on tiptoe to hoist the coat on his shoulders, "things are liable to happen to-morrow, Mr. Arthur, aren't they?"

Arthur stood arrested. "You're right," he said.

"Things," added Parks, "can't be left where they are. They won't stay there."

Arthur stared forlornly at her, in full realization of possibilities.

"Shall I come and look after you to-morrow, then, Mr. Arthur?" asked Parks, smiling.

Arthur clutched at the straw of hope. "Why, that's an idea!" he said. "I'm used to you; you don't seem like a woman at all. If you can be spared ——"

"I'll manage that," she replied capably.

"Promise," urged Arthur.

"Trust me, Mr. Arthur," said she.

"I do trust you, Parks," replied Arthur with complete and devout simplicity.

He turned up his coat collar from a mechanical feeling of stealth, and began to creep towards the door.

Parks followed. "Got your cigarettes?" she whispered. "'N' matches? Got your handkerchief?"

"Parks," Arthur whispered back, feeling obediently in his pockets, "there was once a king or a queen who said to a man or a woman, 'Here's a ring; if you want anything send it to me, and I shall know.' I expect they teach you these things in those schools, Parks? Well, here isn't a ring, but if I can do you a kindness at any time, let me know. I will repay."

Parks seized his elbow and pushed him to the door.

"Stop talking," said she managingly. "Go! Go while the going's good!"

Parks' adjuration was justified, for just as they had parted the curtains, silently drawn the bolt, and were opening the door into the garden, a sound of movement came from the gallery above. Parks pushed Arthur out, ran the bolt silently home, and the curtains fell again reticently, at the very moment that Gwen leaned over the gallery rail and sent a searching look over the hall.

"Who's there?" she whispered. Then she saw Parks just gathering her loot from the chair whereon it had lain: the frock over her arm, the slippers pendent from one hand, the hat from the other. The hall was tidy, and, save for Parks, empty.

"I thought ——" whispered Gwen, her eyes roaming.

Parks looked up at Gwen respectfully. "It's only me, miss," purred she, "finishing. Can I get you anything, miss?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# THE NUMBER ONE BOY

(Continued from Page 19)

The sergeant again dropped his eyes to the letters in his hand.

The hawk got suddenly to his feet.

"Come on. You're not a kotowing Chinaman. You're an Irish leatherneck, and we're man to man. What do you think?"

"Well, thin, sorr," said Tim, "'tis a bit strange, whin all's said and done."

"Strange! The difference in our ages, you mean?"

"Not altogether, sorr," said Tim. "Ye see," he went on to explain, "ye've been philanderin' wid this wan and that wan like a bucko in spring for many's the year, and yer tongue in yer cheek whin the talk was of marriage. Ye've laughed wid me over more than wan of thim, sorr, and to hell, sez you, wid the name they name ye in the Army. Thin I foind a slip of a colleen wid a dirty face shlapin' under yer coat on the couch at Hawaii, an' ye sez, sez you, 'She's mine, Tim, that I took from the soower, an' now we'll make a lady av her.' But 'twas not naded, sorr. The makin' a lady av her, I mane. She was a lady born an' bred. I knew that the first toime she opened her mouth to me after her face was clane. Education you give her, sorr, that I know; but a lady she was, and a lady she would be whatever, for it's in the bones av her."

"Yes, she had blood," said the hawk.

"'It's the love av a child he's cravin' for,' thinks I to myself, 'and a father he'll be to her in the years to come.' An' so I thought until ——" The sergeant hesitated.

"Go on," said the hawk. "Until what?"

"Well, sorr, 'twas divil a lad near her own age she could have spache wid. Not wan could so much as git a squint at her. 'Tis not the way of a father,' sez I to myself, and knowin' you an' all, an' seein' her growin' up before me eyes, so to shpake —— Well, that's about the way av it, sorr."

"H'm," said the hawk. "Then you think this marriage was a mistake?"

"I'd not be sayin' that, sorr. If a mistake was made, 'tis me notion 'twas before yer marriage."

"Before?"

"About her bein' kep' so close, is what I mane, sorr. Niver havin' no thruck wid lads she's loike to be overfull av curiosity about thim—if ye want me thoughts, sorr. 'Tis no chance she's had to learn to kape her head against the pershwadin' tongue. Yer wife she is an' all, but it's yerself that knows how much that shtops a venturesome man."

"No, that wouldn't stop one," agreed the hawk. "But a forty-four bullet would. Most damn fools start shooting too late, Tim."

"Thrue," said the sergeant, "but her bein' what she is, there'd be no cause for gunplay, wid her havin' the fling that a gurrul expecks before settlin' down for good an' all."

The hawk fell into troubled thought.

"You're wrong, Tim," he said at last. "I couldn't run the chance of some young fool taking her away from me. I couldn't run the chance. And now I'll tell you why." He returned to the desk and confronted the sergeant. "I planned to make her my wife the minute I laid eyes on her. I fought shy of marriage all my life. I had a dread of it, for some reason. Then a screaming child runs out of an orphan asylum, a screaming dirty child, and throws herself at my feet; and I knew instantly she was meant to be my wife—must be my wife. What do you think of that?"

The grizzled, hard-bitten sergeant of marines proved true to his race.

"'Twas Fate, sorr," he said as one states a simple truth.

"Fate! Don't be a fool."

And now the Celt in the sergeant seized him entirely and rushed him headlong into a declaration of faith.

"'Tis well I know that blind I am and deaf I am to what's twistin' me hither an' yon. 'Tis diffirint in a new counthry like the U. S. A. But I was born in Lower Antrim, where a man knows by the feel av the air that a mist av dead are throopin' an' whinin' in the night. 'Tis so in an ould counthry wid the churchyards full an' runnin' over. Ireland is ould but nothin' so ould as the counthry we're in this minute. Why, sorr, onything can happen in this land. Look now at the praste av theirs, right here in Pekin'—this Chang Foo Low. God kape him from iver crossin' me path!"

The hawk laughed a sudden harsh laugh and dropped into the desk chair.

"So you believe the tales the ignorant coolies tell about that fakir?"

"Ignorunt coolies, is ut? Let me ask ye wan question: Phwat sort av a doctor now is the wan from New York over in the legation this minute, a little man wid a head on him like an owl?"

Among the Americans in Peking who had sought refuge in the legation at the beginning of the siege was a New York specialist with an international reputation.

"You mean Doctor Mossir?" said the hawk, naming this physician.

"Yis, sorr. Phwat sort av a doctor is he?"

"He's supposed to be one of the great nerve specialists of the world, Tim. Why?"

"Ye admit it!" exclaimed the sergeant triumphantly. "Phwat do ye suppose brought him to China? Not a thing but the wish to talk wid Chang Foo Low."

"Well," said the hawk, "most doctors are idiots, and I suppose this one is; but I'd hardly believe that about him."

"It's thrue, sorr; I have it straight as a shtring."

"How?"

"The doctor tells Captain Hays, who tells his shtriker, who tells Corporal Dolan, who tells Sergeant Anderson, who tells me. Straight as a shtring, sorr."

The hawk showed his teeth in a faint smile. "All right, Tim. You can deliver those now."

"Yis, sorr; an' if you'll deliver the bit av a message?"

"Tell her yourself, Tim. She'll be all right in a day or so."

"Don't I know it? She'll live to see the two av us dead an' buried."

The hawk's thin lips twitched slightly.

"No doubt. That's all, sergeant."

And the sergeant thought as he turned away, "Ye're a blunderin' fool, Tim Regan."

Alone once more the hawk sank back in his chair with an unaccustomed weariness. Not weariness of body—he still enjoyed immunity from that sort of thing. He had proved it during the recent siege when younger men had crumpled with fatigue all about him. It was a mental weariness that touched him now, touched him so strongly that his shoulders sagged with the weight of it. He turned brooding eyes to one of the black-and-gold screens, behind which was the door leading to his wife's room. His wife! Yes, his wife. The sag went out of his shoulders. He straightened in his chair. He had always believed in action. To hell with hemming and hawing. Why should he sit glooming like a timid calf? His wife! He got to his feet, walked quickly to the door and knocked.

"Yes? Who is it?"

"It's I—William."

"I'm still feeling badly."

A sudden flush darkened the habitual pallor of the hawk's face. He had an instinct to smash out the panels of the door with his fist. He waited an instant to control the instinct and his voice.

"I understand. I won't disturb you long. May I come in?"

"No, please; I'll come out."

Once more a flush, and then a shrug of the shoulders.

"Very well." He returned to the center of the room and waited. The door was unlocked and opened. His wife stepped from behind the screen and regarded him with great, dark, timid eyes.

"Well?"

How young she was! A child, a child! The hawk's assurance left him. It was replaced by a returning swarm of doubts and fears.

"Come and sit down—Elizabeth."

She took a few uncertain steps away from the screen.

"I've been lying down. I think I'll stand if you don't mind."

He took a cigarette from a lacquer box on the desk and lighted it. He found that his hand was trembling. This enraged him, but no sign of it was in his voice when he spoke.

"Now, my dear, I simply want to help you—you understand that."

She nodded.

(Continued on Page 91)

Spur Tie

Patented—Trade Mark reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FASHION has called for the bow tie this year. It seems to team it off better with the new style in collars.

So exit four-in-hand—and enter the bow tie. But not the kind that you have been accustomed to that you had to tie yourself. Instead—the Spur Tie—all made up for you, ready to slip on.

Not like grandad's ready-to-wear bow, of course, but—new—natty—neat—its careless-but-dressy look retained by an exclusive patented feature that holds it in shape.

Your dealer will show you the Spur Tie in two attractive sizes, large and small—two styles—elastic neckband or slip-on-grip, guaranteed not to rust or soil the collar. Numerous patterns:—black, polka, fancy and many others. Get your Spur Tie today.

*If your dealer won't supply you, send $1.00 for two, 50c for one, specifying size, color preference and whether elastic band or slip-on-grip*

50¢ TWO FOR $1.00

MR. DEALER:
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LOOK FOR THE NAME SPUR ON THE TIE

HEWES & POTTER, BOSTON
Makers of
BULL DOG: SUSPENDERS (double wear), BELTS, GARTERS (wide and narrow web), and VESTOFF SUSPENDERS (worn out of sight, under the shirt), 75c.

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SUSPENDERS

MORE-AND BETTER RUBBER-LONGER WEAR

GREATER COMFORT-GUARANTEED TO WEAR 365 DAYS

Duck Load
*Also for Pheasant*
*In 12, 16 and 20 Gauge*

# The New Remington Game Loads

***20 Special Loads in 12, 16 and 20 gauge —practically designed and scientifically made for best results in shot-gun shooting.***

WHY carry the handicap of *doubt* when you go hunting? Remington Game Loads replace doubt with *assurance*.

Ask your dealer for Remington Game Loads by *name*, stating merely the *kind of game* you are going after.

You will get the *right shell*—loaded with the right kind and quantity of *powder*, the right size and quantity of *shot*.

* * *

Many a sportsman has been experimenting with various combinations of powder and shot for years.

Remington has covered that field for you. Remington Game Loads are the result of 60 years' experience, research and scientific tests—*no guess-work*.

Take no chances. Remington Game Loads were designed and made to fit your case. 102,000 Remington dealers will supply them.

Remington stands squarely behind them and behind every material in their make-up. Only best American smokeless powders are used, in each case the best powder for the specific purpose intended and the proper quantity to give best results. Chilled shot of Remington manufacture, every shot uniform in size and shape; insuring even velocity and uniform pattern.

Every Remington Game Load is furnished in the "Nitro Club" *Wetproof* shell, an exclusive Remington feature—sealing the powder and primer against moisture. Will not swell if a rainstorm catches you a-field.

See margin for the load you want. You'll find there everything you need and the results will please you.

For trap-shooting, ask for *Remington Trap Loads*.

For sportsmen who prefer them, the complete list of all standard loads heretofore supplied will still be furnished in Remington Wetproof Shells in all powders and combinations of powder and shot.

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*Also for Brant*
*In 12 and 20 Gauge*

Quail Load
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*Also for Squirrel*
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Brant Load
*Also for Large Ducks*
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Goose Load
*Also for Fox, Turkey and Raccoon*
*In 12 Gauge*

Trap Load
*In 12 Gauge*

Remington Arms Company, Inc.
General Offices: 25 Broadway New York City
1816–1922
*Remington Products are sold throughout the World*

Remington

(Continued from Page 89)

"Just forget that I'm your—husband. Think of me as your old Gardy. I'm that still. I'll be nothing more until you feel—better."

Her eyes dropped to a prayer rug at her feet. She seemed to be absorbed in the rug's pattern for a moment. At last she looked up.

"Thank you."

His lips twitched slightly. He hurried on:

"To begin with, you are perfectly safe. No Boxers can ever trouble you again ——"

He broke off as the voice of a sentry floated in from the moonlit night:

"Post Number One. Eight o'clock, and a-all's well."

"Post Number Two. Eight o'clock, and a-all's well," from another direction and fainter this time, but still quite clear.

And then, from still another direction, like an echo barely heard, "Post Number Three. Eight o'clock, and a-all's well."

"Hear that?" said the hawk. "They are all about us, guarding us from harm. Now think. Some of the American forces leave Peking in the morning. There will be a detachment added to the guard here, of course, but do you think General Andrews would withdraw any troops to the coast if there was still danger?"

"I'm not afraid of Boxers."

He saw fit to take her words at their face value.

"I'm glad to hear it. Now, why not take up your household duties to-morrow? It will give you something to think about. Let me call in the Number One boy."

"Number One boy?" she repeated dully.

"Yes," he explained; "the Number One boy is a sort of major-domo. You will give your orders through him. Let me call him in." He would have struck the gong had she not interfered.

"Not to-night, please. I'll see him to-morrow."

"Very well. We'll wait until to-morrow." He tossed his cigarette into the fireplace and held out his hand. "Now come here to me"

She crossed the room slowly. He took both her hands in one of his and put an arm about her shoulders.

"Little girl of mine, I'm still your old Gardy. See?"

"I know - I've been dreadful. I can't help it. You've been kind to me always. I want so much to be kind to you."

His arm tightened suddenly about her shoulders.

"Do you, my dear?"

"I do; I do. But I can't just yet. Oh, what must you think of me?"

The haggard expression of the hawk departed at her sudden softness, her confession, her repentance.

"Why, nothing," he assured her. "You've known me so long the other way, and then you had such a fearful experience in that temple."

With a gasp she turned and threw herself into his arms.

"Don't speak of it! Don't speak of it! That's what I'm trying to forget. That's what I must forget. Oh, Gardy, dear, never mention that temple again!"

Would he ever learn women? Never, the hawk decided. A rush of nerves to the head and they became as impenetrably mysterious as the insane. For four days he had been in a hell of uncertainty, all on account of an attack of nerves. He could see that plainly now.

"Of course I won't," he said soothingly. "Never again." He lifted the arm which was around her shoulders and began to stroke her hair. In doing so he brushed a dark swirl of it away from her neck. "Why, how did you get that scar?"

He felt her stiffen slightly.

"It isn't a scar; I was born with it."

"Peculiar birthmark," said the hawk. "Funny I never noticed it before. I suppose I'll be discovering all sorts of things about you now. Oh, my little wife!" He strained her to him, his lips descending. She managed to turn her cheek as they arrived.

"Not yet—not yet."

This time it was anger, not humiliation, that drove the dull red to his face. His arms grew rigid about her.

"It's time to stop this nonsense. Please remember I'm your husband."

She made no effort to free herself. She only closed her eyes with a faint shudder. It was enough. The hawk's resolution ran from him like water. He released her. She turned from him, walked to the doorway leading into the garden, and stood looking out into the moonlight. There was a silence that all but screamed. At last she spoke:

"I'd like to go out and sit in the garden for a little while—alone. May I?"

"You've been alone for three days," he reminded her.

"I know, but I'm—better now. And just to-night—may I, please?"

"No, I think not," said the hawk, his voice shaking with sudden fury. He controlled himself and went on: "You'll be really ill if you keep this up—this moping by yourself. I think fresh air will do you good. Get a wrap and we'll go and sit in the garden for a while."

"Yes, Gardy."

She went listlessly to her room and returned with the wrap. As he was helping her into it the bell to the front door clattered. They stood waiting until a servant appeared.

"Yes, Ty Ming," said the hawk.

"Have got one top-soldier wanchee see master."

The hawk frowned. His wife moved to the doorway into the garden.

"An officer to see me," he explained. "Go ahead. I'll come out in a minute." He nodded to the servant. "Bring this side."

A lieutenant of infantry entered the room a moment later, halted and saluted. There was no outward indication that the heart of the lieutenant was beating like a trip hammer, no sign that the salute delivered with customary snap and precision was addressed to a hideously familiar figure that produced a sudden feeling of nausea in the younger officer.

"Orders to report to you, sir, from Colonel Blair," said Jimmy. He drew a folded paper from his belt and presented it.

The hawk eyed him as he took the order.

"Ah, yes, lieutenant. We've met before. I'm in your debt, I believe."

"Not at all, sir. It was a pleasure."

The hawk read the order rapidly aloud: "'By order of Major General Andrews I have detached one hundred men from my forces to be attached to the Legation Guard. They are under Lieutenant Lee—Acting Captain. I think you will find him an efficient young officer. Blair.' H'm. Welcome to my command, lieutenant."

"Thank you, sir," said Jimmy, and went on to say that his men would arrive in a half hour or so under a sergeant. The Seventeenth, he explained, had been punished a bit on the way up, and were short of officers.

Before he could ask for an order assigning his men to quarters a staff officer was announced by an orderly and appeared. He bore, so he said, General Andrews' compliments to Colonel Bradley, and would Colonel Bradley step across to the legation for a moment, where General Andrews was waiting to discuss a certain item in a requisition on the supply train of the relief expedition? Without being asked to do so, the staff officer went on to explain that the item in question was a rather large number of cans of condensed milk. This item he stated frankly had jolted the old boy to a noticeable degree.

Colonel Bradley did not smile.

"Do you happen to know why General Andrews objects to the item?" he asked coldly.

"I can only give you his own words," said the unabashed staff officer. "He said, as I remember, that he'd be damned if he'd hauled milk all the way from the coast with tired horses for a lot of leathernecks to bathe in."

Colonel Bradley seized a campaign hat lying on the desk and jammed it on his head.

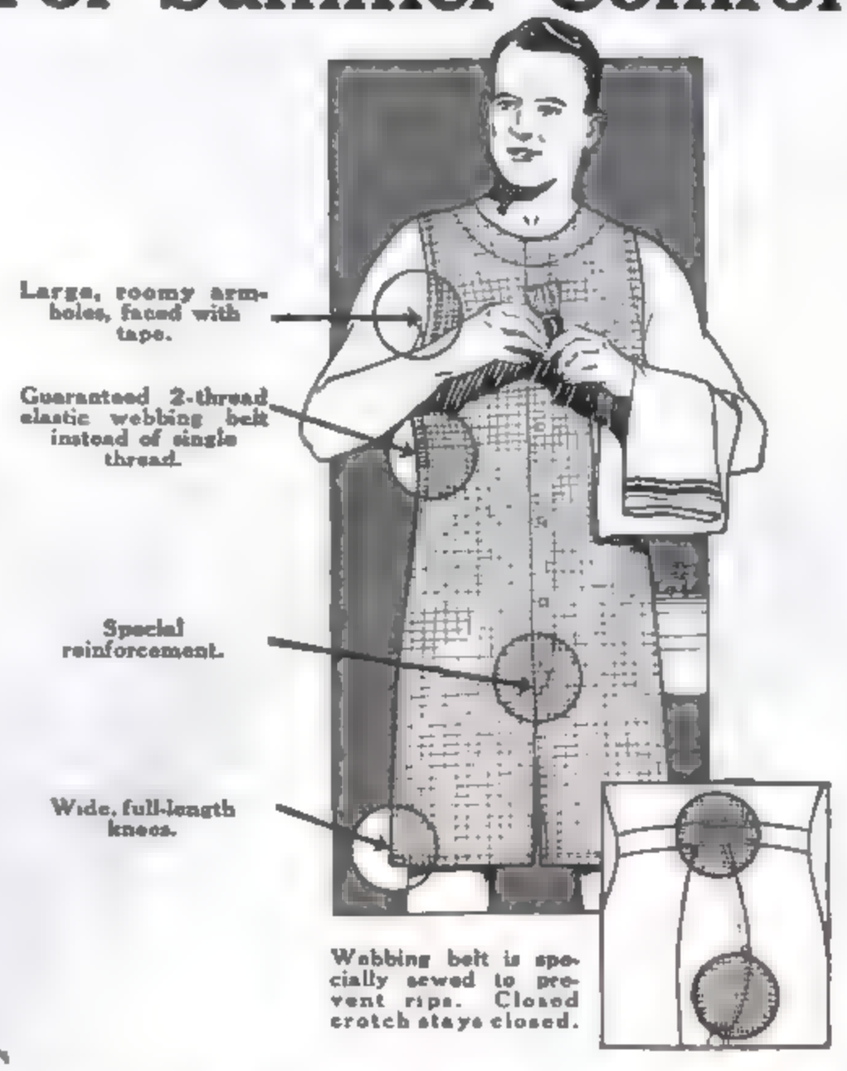
"I'll return with you to General Andrews," he said, and made for the door. "Wait here a few moments, lieutenant," he threw over his shoulder before he disappeared.

The staff officer winked cheerfully at Jimmy and followed in the wake of the tight-lipped hawk. Jimmy was left alone with his whirling thoughts and a renewed pounding of his heart.

This was her home. Perhaps she was somewhere in the house at this moment. No, she was more apt to be spending the evening in the legation, talking to the other women. But she was in this room every day. He looked about the room eagerly and shuddered. He wondered what she thought of the unrestfulness he saw on every side. He wondered if her life was

(Continued on Page 93)


# Sign Up *NOW* For Summer Comfort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NECK "V" or circular style, strongly reinforced with nainsook. Stays up on the shoulders without a hint of chokiness.

CLOSED CROTCH stays closed. (See illustration above.) Crotch lap buttons sewed on the seam—**4** thicknesses of material instead of **2.** No patch used.

WEBBING BELT guaranteed two-thread elastic webbing instead of single thread, gives more elasticity and greater strength. Specially sewed to prevent tearing or ripping.

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REINFORCEMENTS at every point of strain safeguard against all chance of seam-rips.

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**$1.00 A SUIT**

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***Full Cut***

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# *Why the Beauty of Silvore Endures*

PERHAPS you have an old piece of silver plate that never has lost its lustre. Still glowing with a soft radiance when cleaned, it seems to grow even more beautiful with time. This enduring loveliness is due largely to the base on which much of the best silver plate is made—the lustrous manufactured metal called "Silvore."

Beauty of color and fineness of texture, extreme durability, resistance to corrosion, economy of cost, all are characteristic of Silvore.

Using it as a base, manufacturers of famous brands of silver plate are enabled to offer the public plated ware practically as lasting in attractiveness as though made of sterling, and at a very important saving in cost to the ultimate purchaser.

We want you to know about Silvore; to know that it not only puts permanence into the beauty of silver plate, but that unplated, it invests hardware and household utensils, furnishings and fittings with all the appeal of the more costly metal.

Of the same silvery appearance and texture throughout; so nearly like silver that they might readily be mistaken for silver, articles made of it or plated over it always wear white, thus retaining their original color indefinitely.

When a dealer or a salesman assures you that an article is made of Silvore, or on a Silvore base, you may be sure that it is of high quality and that the beauty you behold in the showroom will not become less in your home.

## SEYMOUR SILVORE

MARK OF (S) SILVORE

THE SEYMOUR MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Seymour, Connecticut Cable Address: Seymourco

(Continued from Page 91)

like this room. Surely it must be. Surely she must realize already what a hopeless thing she had done. He understood now exactly why she had done it. There had been a ripple of talk about it among the senior officers gathered in Peking, to which he had listened with strained, heartsick attention. He had even dared to ask a few casual-seeming questions. Yes, he understood how her undoing had been accomplished.

But not his own. There was no answer to his own fearful riddle. Why had demons of darkness—they could be no less—tampered with him, all helpless in sleep? Why had they led him across the world to her the day before they gave her to another? And that other—an impotent, shuddering rage would seize him whenever he thought about that other.

"What a terrible room! The spirit of beauty, ages old, at grips with a new and hard materialism. Heavens, what a room! The soft-toned rugs on that screaming carpet; the shimmering vases on the hopeless mantel."

His eye caught the picture in the gold frame in the midst of the vases. In three strides he was at the mantel. As he stood there bending forward to drink in the photograph the room behind him was reflected in the mirror. Someone stepped through the moonlighted doorway leading into the garden, and entered. Jimmy ceased to breathe. He found it impossible to move. He simply stood frozen, looking into the mirror.

And then she saw him. She, too, was stricken into absolute stillness.

Then came wonder into her face—into her eyes. And then a surge of gladness, a mad, transfiguring gladness, which went as quickly as it came. She turned and was stealing back toward the door into the garden when Jimmy, without moving, spoke:

"Don't run away."

She stopped and turned.

"Oh—I was just going into the garden."

"You just came from the garden," said Jimmy, wheeling from the mirror.

"Yes, I was going back. I—I—left something. How do you do, lieutenant? I haven't had a chance to thank you for ——"

"Don't make silly speeches to me."

The roughness of his tone seemed to bring back her poise. She took off her cloak and dropped it over the back of a chair.

"Why are you here?" she demanded abruptly. "Why did you come?"

"What if I told you that I came because I couldn't stay away?"

"Don't say such things to me."

"Why not?"

"Because you have no right. Where is Colonel Bradley, please?"

"He's gone."

"Where?"

"To the legation."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him go," Jimmy assured her.

"Oh," she said, and became crimson as she came to the conclusion his words invited. "How did you get in?"

"Servant," said Jimmy dryly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed again. "You must go at once."

"I'm afraid I can't."

She stared at him in helpless horror for a moment, then darted to the desk and struck the gong sharply several times.

"Why do you do that?" asked Jimmy.

She made no reply.

"You won't answer?"

She still remained silent.

"Not if I tell you that I have a right to be here—that I must be here?"

As she was about to strike the gong again a servant appeared.

"Missy ling?"

"I want the Number One boy," said she.

The servant did an astonishing thing. He fell on his knees with a smothered cry: "*King gay gee yun!*"—Master of Souls.

She turned in amazement to follow the direction of his bulging eyes. Another servant was standing motionless in the room. He had entered silently through the door into the garden. He was tall; he was old; his face was unutterably calm. As she saw this much with her first startled glance he spoke in Chinese to the other servant.

The man addressed got to his feet and faded from the room. The old servant moved forward and spoke.

"Madam wishes the Number One boy? I am he."

"You? You—the Number One boy? Why, you are ——"

His hand rose and passed before her eyes. Once more she was in the dark and soundless chamber within her own brain.

"I am the Number One boy of this house," said a calm voice within that silent chamber.

"You are the Number One boy of this house," her lips replied.

"You have never seen me before."

"I have never seen you before."

Jimmy was still standing by the mantel, so utterly dazed that movement or speech had not occurred to him. Now he wrenched himself free from a sort of waking stupor and sprang forward.

"Look here," he cried, "you can't do that!"

The somber eyes of this unbelievable servant flashed upon him with the force of a blow. A quiet voice that had the quality of thunder in it beat in his ears:

"If you love this maiden and your honor do not interfere."

Jimmy faced the commanding eyes a moment longer with the feeling that this was another dream. Such things could not happen to people awake—and he was awake. He was in China. That was it! Things were different in China. Before him, dressed like a servant, was a super-Chinaman—Jimmy had found out all about the immortal Chang Foo Low—who with a wave of the hand had just taken away the mind of his lady of dreams. Well, such things could happen in China, evidently, and if he did not trust this mysterious Chinaman who had given him his only hope, who was there to trust? Jimmy bowed his surrender and fell back to the mantel.

"That is well," said Chang. Once more his hand lifted and waved. "Madam wishes to give an order?"

The girl of Jimmy's dreams gave a puzzled look about the room. Her eyes encountered Jimmy's

"Oh, yes," said she, her face clearing. "Lieutenant Lee is going now. If he should call again I am not at home."

The Number One boy bowed respectfully.

"I hear your order, madam. But Lieutenant Lee has likewise heard an order. The colonel, your husband, told him to remain until he returned."

Even in the vast wonder in which his mind was floundering Jimmy was stricken by her sudden vivid blush, caused by the false position he had led her into. He had done it in a fit of anger at her feminine pretense of lightness when she had first spoken to him. Now he was sorry and ashamed.

"I came here on military duty to see Colonel Bradley," he explained contritely.

She turned to the Number One boy, her flush subsiding.

"There has been a mistake. You may go."

The Number One boy bowed and left the room.

Jimmy, without knowing what he did, followed to the door and stared, wondering, awe-stricken, after the tall figure. Dark and mysterious powers were fighting on his side—he knew that now—but how far could they, would they go? Had a genie entirely beyond his control been summoned to his aid that would stop at nothing?

"Why didn't you tell me?" a mortified voice demanded.

Jimmy, pondering by the door, was too deep in speculation to hear.

"I've asked you a question."

The voice was sharper now. It brought Jimmy to a consciousness of the present and turned him toward her.

"I beg your pardon. What did you say?"

"Why didn't you explain that you hadn't come to see me?"

"Well, I was angry," Jimmy admitted, "and I acted like a fool. You see, you pretended at first, and it made me angry."

"Pretended?" Her eyebrows went up. "Pretended what?"

"Exactly what you're pretending now—that there's nothing between us."

"There is nothing between us."

"That," said Jimmy, "isn't true, and you know it."

She picked up her cloak as if about to leave the room, but changed her mind and replaced it on the chair.

"I never expected to see you again," she said slowly. "But since you are here I think I should tell you how sorry I am for what I did, and ask you to forgive me."

"Forgive you for what?"

"For letting you talk to me—like that, and for—what happened."

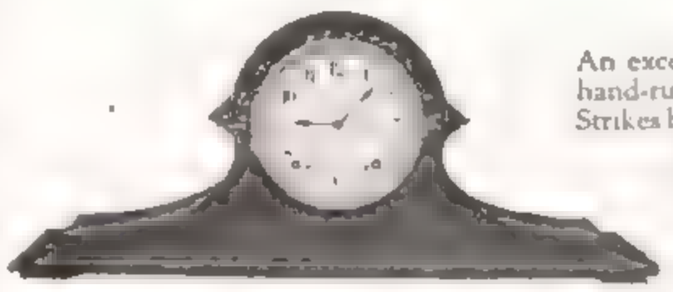

SETH THOMAS

What time is it?

THIS WATCH gives one answer; hers another. And the clock disagrees with both. In the name of all important engagements, which one of the three is correct?

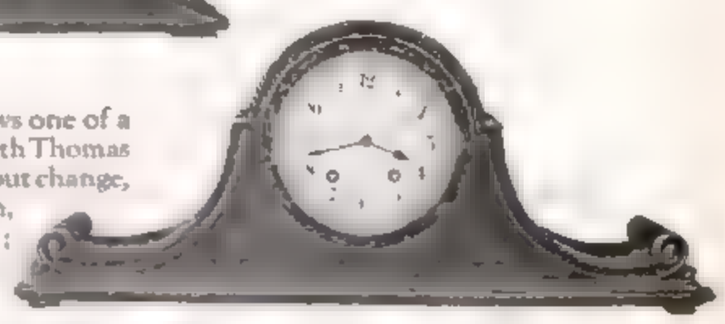
There is a simple way to remove such annoying discussions from the realm of family life. One hundred and nine years ago Seth Thomas began building accurate clocks.

Some Seth Thomas Clocks cost thousands, like the one on the tower of Independence Hall. But the clocks for the home cost very much less than you have probably been led to suppose. Their attractive appearance inspires your faith, and your Jeweler will tell you that your faith is more than justified by the mechanism inside.



An excellent clock—a fine movement in a hand-rubbed mahogany case, plain or carved. Strikes hour and half-hour on a rich cathedral gong. It is 21 inches long. Prices from $27 to $45.

The illustration at the right shows one of a group of mantel clocks made by Seth Thomas for over 40 years, practically without change, and still without a peer. Pendulum, lever or ship's bell movement; mahogany case; $40 to $60.



*A Seth Thomas Clock is a welcome gift that becomes a life-long friend*

SETH THOMAS

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ACTUAL SIZE

All you need are your fingers, pair of pliers, and three minutes to attach a Trex Lock to your tire.

Simply take out the ordinary valve inside and throw away. Then attach the Trex Lock onto the regular valve stem.

Fits any tire; any motorist can attach.

Price $1 for each tire

Until recently the only way to keep proper inflation was the regular trip to the Service Station every week or two for air—waiting in line—half an hour's time—grease and dirt—washing up—and all the rest.

No wonder all this work was neglected. But the neglect meant soft tires, rim-cutting, and the early ruin of expensive tires.

Then came the Trex Lock. This wonderful invention is simple and effective. It positively locks the air in the tire.

It keeps perfect inflation, which adds greatly to the life of the tire. It affords all the increased mileage—but with no irksome duty for the motorist. There is nothing to take care of.

Put a set in your car today and eliminate the most disagreeable part of motoring. Sold by dealers everywhere. In sets of five, or singly if you desire—only $1 for each tire.

If your dealer has not yet put in his stock, write direct to us.

THE TREXLER COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

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TREX

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AIR VALVE LOCK


"You mean that you kissed me?"

"Oh, don't! It isn't fair. Please—just forget it."

"I wish I could."

"You must—you simply must!"

"Can you?" asked Jimmy.

She made a gesture of distress, half turned from him, and remained silent.

"You don't have to answer," said Jimmy softly; "I know already. I saw your face in the mirror when you came in and recognized me. Don't try to hide it any more—you owe me that much. I know why you married him. I found out about it all; and it's a crime—a wicked crime. He took advantage." His voice became a suppressed cry. "I found you just too late. That's what I don't understand about the whole hellish business. To find you at last—and then ——"

"Don't! Don't!" she returned his cry. "I'm so sorry—so terribly sorry for—you."

"For me?" said Jimmy savagely. "What about you? With your life smashed to pieces before it's begun. Don't be sorry for just me. We're both in this. What are we going to do?"

"I've told you," she said with some firmness. "We must forget it."

He gave her one look.

"I know," she went on quickly. "It seems impossible now, but time makes such a great difference. When my father died I thought I could never get over it, but I did—I did. It will be that way about this. Each day will make a difference. Soon—you'll be surprised how soon—it won't"—her hand went unconsciously to her breast—"hurt so much. You'll go back to your friends; and you'll meet another girl. I hope for your sake it will be soon. I hope—you'll be very happy. I—I ——" She suddenly turned her back to him.

Jimmy addressed an agonized whisper to his soul: "My sweetheart—my own sweetheart!"

When she turned to him again her lips no longer quivered. Her tight-closed fists had become hands, one of which she extended toward him.

"We must say good-by now."

"No," said Jimmy. "Just good night."

"But I shan't see you again before you leave."

"I'm not going to leave."

A sudden fear leaped to her eyes.

"You're not going with the troops in the morning?"

"A detachment from the Seventeenth was added to the guard here. I volunteered to stay with the detachment."

"Under Colonel Bradley?" It was a horror-stricken whisper.

"Yes."

"Why did you do that?"

"To be near you."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"There's nothing for me anywhere else in the world; the other fellows wanted to get home."

"How can you think of them—when we—when you ——" She stared at him for a moment, then clutched his arm. "Go quickly now, before it's too late, and say you've changed your mind—that you want to go."

"Why should I do that?"

"You know; oh, you know!"

"But I don't. I can't bear to think what it would be like if I went. If I stay here I can see you now and then; perhaps hear your voice."

"No! No! No! You must go—you must!"

"But I can't," said Jimmy. "You see, I ——"

She cut him short with a feverish "You say you—love me."

This got a look from him that sent her plunging on.

"Well, love, if it's—the right sort—is—unselfish. I must tell you something. I couldn't have you stay. I couldn't bear it. Now will you go?"

This time Jimmy's whisper, as he seized her by the shoulders, could be heard.

"Sweetheart!"

She only shrank from him a little, but her face became so piteous that Jimmy came to himself. He, James Lee, was in the home of his commanding officer. This girl with the pleading eyes was that officer's wife. Those were the facts. To set against them were twenty years of dreams. Behind the dreams were—devils, judging by what he had been led into. Part of their devilishness was that the dreams seemed much more real than the facts. He could not explain about the dreams and devils to the world. He could not explain it to himself. The world of course would judge him by the facts. His arms dropped to his sides.

"I'd go if I could," he said dully. "But I can't. I volunteered for the duty, and I can't withdraw."

"Isn't there some way?" she urged. Then in a sudden panic, "There must be some way—there's got to be a way."

He shook his head.

"There's no way. I'm acceptable to Colonel Bradley. That settles it."

The smooth ivory of her brow was broken as she thought intently for a moment.

"What if you weren't acceptable to Colonel Bradley?"

"Why, if he didn't like me he'd say so, I suppose, and ask for someone else."

"You must ask Colonel Bradley to ask for someone else."

"Ask him? What reason could I give?"

"Make up a reason," she urged. "You can do it."

"He'd think I was shirking," said Jimmy.

This left her helpless so far as argument went, but she fell back to a world-old appeal.

"Please, please, for my sake!"

Jimmy was moved by that appeal. He had a sudden youthful exultation at the thought of sharing martyrdom with her. But it must be definitely branded as a mutual renunciation. She owed him that.

"I'll try," he promised. "But say something that will help me do it. Say—'I love you.' I want to hear you say it, and it's the truth."

The hawk had left the legation and sought his home by way of the garden. He was entirely unmoved by its spectral beauty. He was still fuming at the thought that he had been dragged into a belittling argument over condensed milk for his men by a puttering old fool. As he reached the door into the living room all thoughts of his recent unpleasant interview with the general in command were swept, as by a hurricane, from his mind.

Until that moment he had forgotten the young officer whom he had ordered to wait. He had even forgotten his wife, who should have been in the garden. Both violently and at the same instant recalled themselves to him. He also had a curious, almost photographic recollection of two youthful figures standing alone and close together in a great dim chamber with only the aloof and eyeless Buddha to observe them. As he stepped into the living room the two figures drew apart.

A clear, young, untroubled voice said, "I was just thanking Lieutenant Lee."

The hawk barely heard the voice. Although in the same room with him it seemed faint, much fainter than an Irish voice which kept repeating, "'Tis no chance she's had to learn to kape her head against the pershwadin' tongue." He replied to the fainter present voice.

"So I see."

"He wants to ask a favor of you."

The hawk turned a face of chiseled stone to Jimmy.

"He does, does he?"

Jimmy, marveling at her calmness, managed to keep his glance from faltering before that coldly blazing look, but was incapable of speech. The girl of his dreams supplied it.

"We're indebted to him, you know."

"Are we?"

"You remember what he did the other day—in the temple?"

The hawk's face—he was all hawk now—turned her way. Its fierce gaze raked her like talons.

"And you wanted to forget what happened in the temple."

"Yes." Her clear eyes were unclouded, unafraid. "But I must speak of it because the lieutenant was kind to me then, and you can help him now, if you will."

"Help him, eh? Help him?"

The words were as menacing as the look that went with them, but Jimmy, filled with pride at his lady of dreams, caught at her courage and sustained himself.

"Yes, sir," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "If you'd ask for another officer for the detachment I'd appreciate it more than I can say. I want to leave Peking at once."

"You want to leave here? Why?"

Jimmy did the best he could.

"I have a reason, sir. It's a personal matter. I don't care to state it."

The piercing eyes explored his face. "A reason you don't care to state. You don't

(Continued on Page 96)

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"I have used many makes of high grade cars, but none of them have ever had any harder service than my two Marmons. The principal reason for this is that since using the Marmon I have undertaken the manufacture of Oldfield tires, which I test personally. To get definite, personal knowledge of how my tires stand up, I have driven my Marmon Speedster continuously under most extreme conditions—high speed on race tracks and on bad roads and hard going in cross country trips. This car has not only served as a pacemaker for a lot of races during the past two years, but has been driven across the country from coast to coast three times, and on many trips visiting Oldfield tire dealers everywhere in the United States. It has covered a total of 36,000 miles and is today running as well as it was the day it left the factory.

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Barney Oldfield

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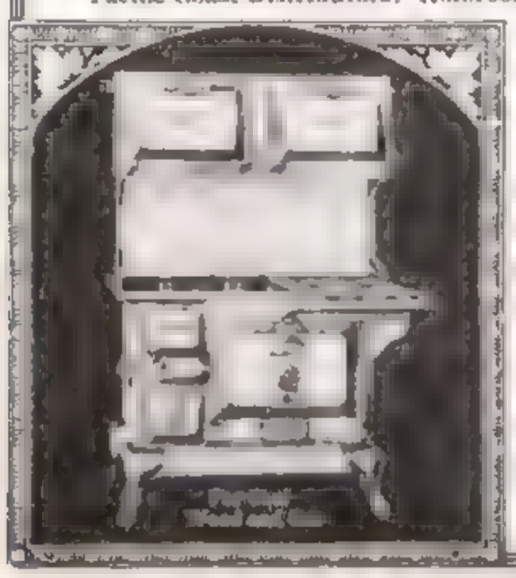

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*(Continued from Page 94)*

want to get away because you've done something here you're ashamed of?"

"No, sir," said Jimmy, with a ring in his voice not meant for the hawk. "I've done nothing I'm ashamed of."

"Then what is it?"

Jimmy's sudden exultation died.

"I don't care to say, sir," he affirmed doggedly.

"I'll tell you," said the girl of Jimmy's dreams.

Her sudden interjection froze the blood in Jimmy's veins.

"The lieutenant has confided in me," she went on calmly. "He's told me that he's in love. He wants to go back to the United States because he loves a girl."

If Jimmy had been proud of her before he was now lost in admiration.

The hawk expelled his breath with a slight hissing sound.

"Oh," said he, "is that it?"

It was as though a little of the quiet peace of the Oriental garden had stolen into the charged atmosphere of that room of Occidental happenings and cleared it.

"And you thought my wife might help you with me?"

"Well, I wanted very much to get back, sir," admitted Jimmy.

"Yes, that's apparent," said the hawk dryly. He moved to the desk and sat down rather heavily in the desk chair. "Of course you know that someone has to stay and take your place if you leave?"

"Yes, sir."

"Others have homes and families and perhaps—girls, they want to get back to. You realize that?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you asked my wife to help you get out of your duty?"

Jimmy stiffened.

"It looks that way. Yes, sir."

She tried to rescue him.

"It wasn't the lieutenant's idea at all," she said eagerly. "He never thought of such a thing. I suggested it on account of the girl."

"You had no right to suggest such a thing to an officer, my dear—no right whatever. Lieutenant Lee bears an illustrious name, the name of a great soldier." His commanding officer whirled suddenly on Jimmy. "Do you wish to be relieved?"

Jimmy went red to the ears.

"No, sir, I ——"

He broke off. It was not the appealing clutch of her hands that stopped him. It was a revulsion against further scenes and nerve tension. Devils of some sort had gotten him into all this, and he'd get out if he could. It was all too unreal, too weird. That Chinaman was in it now with his mesmerism business and heaven only knew what else. No telling what might happen. Best get out of China quickly before anything else did happen.

"Yes, sir; I do."

"They've been together twice—alone," was the hawk's rapid thought. "She rushed to defend him just now." Aloud he said, "I shall ask Colonel Blair for another officer. The adjutant will assign your men to quarters when they come. Remain in officers' quarters here until you are ordered back to the Seventeenth."

"Thank you, sir." Jimmy saluted.

"Good-by, lieutenant." She was holding out her hand.

At her words Jimmy's heart strings tightened. She was all that counted on earth. A fine, quixotic fool he had been, to arrange to put an ocean between them. Things looked impossible for them, but there was always the future. They should have discussed that. They must discuss that! It was too late now, though; too late. He took her hand.

Their eyes clung together for an agonized instant. He bowed and was gone.

In the room he had left, the things of China still clashed irrevocably with the objects of a newer, harsher civilization. But the girl, standing nerveless, utterly undone, still looking at the doorway through which Jimmy had disappeared, did not know it. She seemed to be in a hopeless void in which nothing mattered, nothing could ever happen again.

Something did happen, almost at once. Her husband crossed the room, took her in his arms and crushed her to him.

"You're mine—mine!" he said.

She was startled by a piercing shriek, then another, and another. She was astonished to find that her mouth was wide open. She realized that she was the one who was screaming. She knew it perfectly well, although she had nothing whatever to do with it. For some reason shriek on shriek was pouring from her throat. For some reason she could not close her mouth to silence them. It remained wide open as she continued to scream.

The arms which held her fell away suddenly.

"Good God! What's the matter?" she heard.

She staggered away from that voice, still screaming.

Between the shrieks she heard another voice, shrill as the screams with which the words were interspersed. "I want to die! I want to die!" It was her own voice.

Blundering against the couch she fell upon it, face down. Beat at it with her fists, still screaming. Rolled off the couch to the floor and beat at the floor, screaming, screaming.

Still another voice—Tim's voice—good old Sergeant Tim.

"What is it, sorr?"

"Ask that New York doctor in the legation to come here quick."

"Yes, sorr. Get back, you Chinks, ye're not wanted in here."

"Betty! Elizabeth! What is it?"

"I want to die. I must die. I will die."

"Quiet. Quiet. I've sent for a doctor."

Hands tried to lift her from the floor. She rolled away from them and got to her feet.

A doctor! That was funny. She screamed with laughter. "No doctor can help me. No one can help me."

"I'll help you, dearest, if you'll tell me what's the matter."

Her mouth had closed at last, but he was coming toward her. He might touch her. If he did she knew it would open again and the screams would start.

"Don't come near me! Don't come near me!"

She backed into a screen. It was the screen before the door of her room. She flung herself at the door, just as the screams started again. She pushed the door to behind her, fell upon the bed and stifled the screams with a pillow. Presently they became wrenching sobs, but anything was better than those frightful screams.

A baffled hawk, a floundering hawk, unable to lift himself above a tide of new doubts and fears, paced up and down the living room with the sound of muffled sobbing in his ears. At last Tim appeared, followed by a small black-eyed man with a sensitive, almost effeminate face and a high bulging forehead.

"Here's the doctor, sorr."

The hawk had an abiding contempt for many things which he mentally described as folderol. Among such things he had never had a sick moment in his life. He now looked at the first physician whom he had ever summoned, and saw no reason to change his opinion. So this was one of the big nerve specialists of the world—a sniveling little pup of an M. D. if ever there was one. Nerves, eh? Of course—women's nerves. H'm!

"What can I do for you, colonel?"

A surprisingly incisive voice; the black eyes, too, were keen, now that he got a good look at them. H'm! A slightly altered tone to that second mental exclamation.

Aloud he said, "My wife has had an attack of some sort. I think it's in your line. She's"—he indicated the door behind the screen—"in there."

"Shall we go right in?"

"Go ahead. I'll stay here."

One quick look from the black eyes before they disappeared behind the screen.

"Shall I knock?"

"If you like."

There was a brisk rap on the door.

The screams began again.

"Go away! Let me alone! Let me die!"

The door clicked as it was flung open. A voice cut through the screaming like a whiplash.

"Stop this instantly, young woman!"

Silence and the closing of a door.

"H'm!" Aloud this time, and with an almost respectful inflection. The hawk reached for a cigarette, secured and lit it. He seated himself at the desk and attempted to read the O. D.'s reports lying thereon. Failing in this he passed his hand across his brow, then suddenly discarded the cigarette. He knew what he needed now. He struck the gong and waited impatiently for an answer to the miniature boom of its summons. After a sufficient interval he struck the gong savagely again. He was about to rise from his chair to storm kitchenward when he saw the figure of a servant appearing from that direction.

"I ring two times," he broke out. "You no come. You deaf? Catchee me ——" He observed a tray with bottles and glasses being borne silently toward him. "Ah, that's what I want. Set it down here."

The tray was placed on the desk. The hawk poured some whisky in a glass and filled it with soda.

A thought struck him as he was about to lift the glass to his lips.

"How you savvee I want this?" He raised his eyes to the servant's face as he asked the question. The glass sank untasted to the desk. In his sudden surprise he forgot his pidgin. "Who the devil are you?"

"I am the Number One boy."

The hawk rose slowly to his feet. At last his face was on a level with the lofty Oriental visage at which he had been gazing.

"Like hell you are! Ty Ming is Number One boy."

Not the faintest atom was subtracted from the tremendous total of the servant's extraordinary calm.

"Ty Ming has left. I have taken his place."

"When did he leave?"

"Within the hour."

"Who sent you here?"

"Those who know where my service is needed."

A curious reply, the hawk thought. An explanation of it came to him.

"I suppose you mean the mission agency. Have you a card?"

The customary mission employment card was produced from somewhere within the man's blue nankeen house jacket.

"The bearer is highly recommended for the position of Number One boy," it read.

"Your name is not mentioned here," said the hawk.

"Call me Ty Ming. It will save Your Excellency the small trouble of a change."

"How did you learn to speak English so well?"

"I have thoughtfully studied the words of those greater than myself."

The hawk thoughtfully studied the face of the speaker while consuming the larger part of his glass of whisky and soda. A queer old Chink, he thought, an unusual combination of humbleness and dignity. His suggestion that he assume the name of his predecessor was an odd idea and not a bad one.

"If I give you a trial do you think you can please us?"

"I shall hope to bring peace to this house."

The eyes of the master of that house narrowed suddenly. He smiled a grim, an altogether mirthless smile.

"You may stay and try it. Leave these things here."

The new Number One boy bowed and was silently withdrawing.

"Ty Ming."

The tall retreating figure halted and turned.

"How did you know I wanted ——" The glass was slightly raised.

"It is the duty of the servant to anticipate the wants of the master."

"Perhaps. But how did you happen to guess what mine were?"

A faint, a very faint suggestion of amusement—or was it irony?—appeared in the face of the Number One boy.

"I have also studied the honorable customs of those who speak in the English tongue."

"Even so—it is my custom to ring for many things."

"True, Excellency. But your manner of ringing suggested an urgent desire. Of those things which a servant may bring to a master only food and drink are sufficiently important to be so honored. Since you have already dined ——"

"I see. All right. Go ahead."

The new Ty Ming completed his silent, unhurried departure, with his new employer gazing after him.

What a queer lot Chinks were, thought the hawk, clever in unimportant things—like women. Hard for an intelligent man to understand—like women. The thought produced another look at the door behind the screen, and a pinched grayness in his face.

Fifteen minutes later the door opened and closed. The physician appeared.

"Well?" asked the hawk wearily.

"Hysterics. Nothing to worry about, as yet."

"As yet?"

"Your wife is in a highly nervous condition."

A typical physician, after all, thought the hawk.

"So I gathered. What's the cause of this condition?"

"I am not prepared to say. It is hidden"—the specialist tapped his prominent brow with a slender forefinger—"here."

"Do you mean her mind's affected?" The hawk asked the question with a feeling of relief, almost of satisfaction.

"Not in a pathological sense. All nervous breakdowns are primarily mental. In your wife's case I feel that a shock of some sort is responsible."

"Shock!" The hawk leaped at the word. He had been clinging to the idea for the last four days. "Sit down, doctor."

He was presently describing the affair with the Boxers and the subsequent rescue in the temple.

"Why, they had a knife at her throat. A Chinaman was shot a few feet from where she stood. There you have your shock."

The physician seemed unimpressed by the recital.

"Well, perhaps," he said doubtfully. He got up from his chair and gazed about the room for a moment; then he, too, walked over to the mantel and, stooping, looked at the photograph. "Lovely," he murmured, half to himself. Suddenly he turned to the hawk. "Colonel Bradley," he shot out, "you are many years your wife's senior. You have seen fit to risk the uncertainties of such a union. Let me say to you that your chance for happiness—for peace of mind—can be utterly destroyed at this time if you fail to understand the psychology of the situation."

"Understand? I've been trying to understand her ever since I married her. Psychology? Rat! It's just a fine mouth-filling word. I've got a woman to deal with."

"Yes, I see," said the specialist softly. "Well, I'll be getting along. I must tell you before I go that Mrs. Bradley must have quiet and complete rest for some time to come. Every allowance should be made for her until she is entirely normal."

"Thanks," said the hawk dryly. "I'll remember. Will you have a drink?"

"No, I believe not. Thank you."

"Well, is there anything I can do for you while you are in China?"

The physician hesitated, then admitted that he had a problem. He had been trying all day, he explained, to see the lama, Chang Foo Low.

"The priests," he said, "tell me he is not in the temple, and either can't or won't direct me to him."

The hawk smiled.

"I remember now. Someone told me you had come all the way from the United States just to meet that Chinaman. Is it true?"

Doctor Mossir admitted that it was.

"I believe him to be the greatest mystic, hypnotist and psychic the world has ever seen," he added.

Folderol. Folderol with a vengeance, thought the hawk.

"Can a rational man, a physician of standing, be interested in that sort of thing?" he asked.

The physician returned to his chair. "I think I am a rational man," he said, "and I've come to see Chang Foo Low because I am a physician. Many intelligent physicians of to-day have given up pills. We rely on hygienics and mental suggestion. A few of us go further than that. We are trying to reach and treat the soul."

"Why not try to catch moonbeams?" suggested the hawk.

"You deny the existence of the soul?"

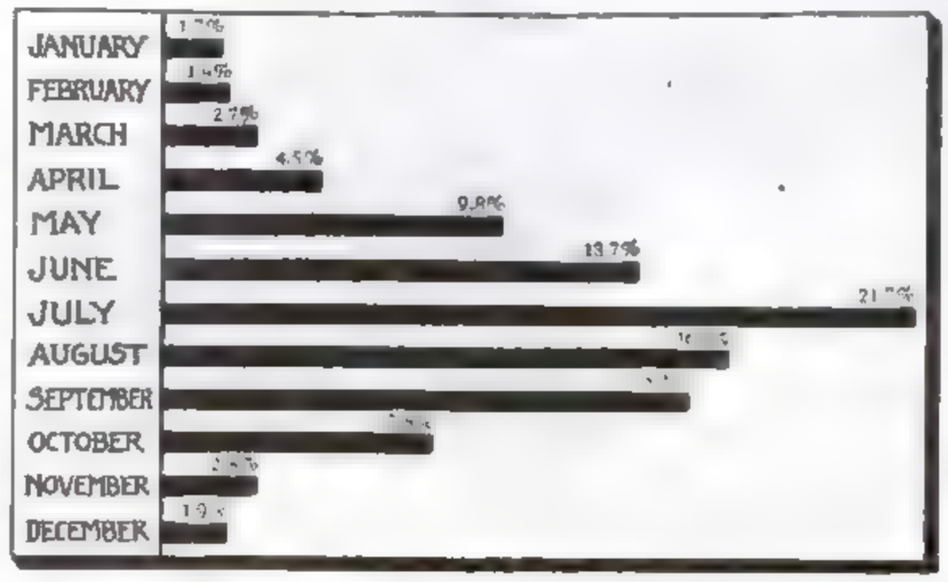
"Why shouldn't I? I am an animal. I have a sort of pudding in my skull called a brain. It is so arranged that I can reason with it better than the dog, but the dog's nose is a marvelous affair—much more effective than mine. I can think—he can smell. The worms get us both in the end."

The eyes of the physician grew thoughtful. He leaned forward in his chair and examined the bronze decoration on the desk lamp.

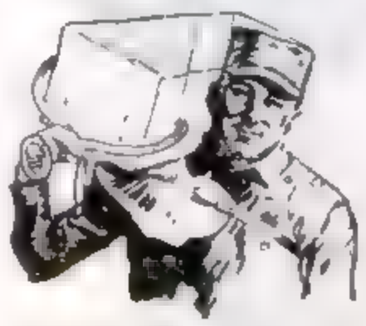
"The materialistic theory," he said, still observing the lamp's decoration, "works with the certainty of mathematics up to a certain point, but it belongs to the past. For a great many centuries man has been absorbed in establishing his material comfort. An age must come in which he must realize the futility of bodily security without security of mind. When that time comes he must tackle the riddle of the universe. He must find out his reason for being, and his ultimate destination."


# How Ice Consumption Varies in Different Months

The following figures show an ice delivery in July over twelve times as great as in January. They are taken from the delivery records of a typical ice company serving the residential trade.




OF COURSE, people need much less ice in Winter than in Summer; but they need *some* ice the year 'round. The ice dealer, therefore, has to keep his plant going and his delivery wagons in service, whatever the demand. This is one of the largest items of expense in the ice business. During the five Winter months ice companies lose heavily on every ton delivered; in the Spring and Autumn months they rarely break even. To take care of the rush demand of June, July, August and September, it is necessary to make or have abundant ice and also the men and wagons to deliver it. This requires months of preparation—heavy investment for so short a season, and for four months all the effort which men and horses can endure.



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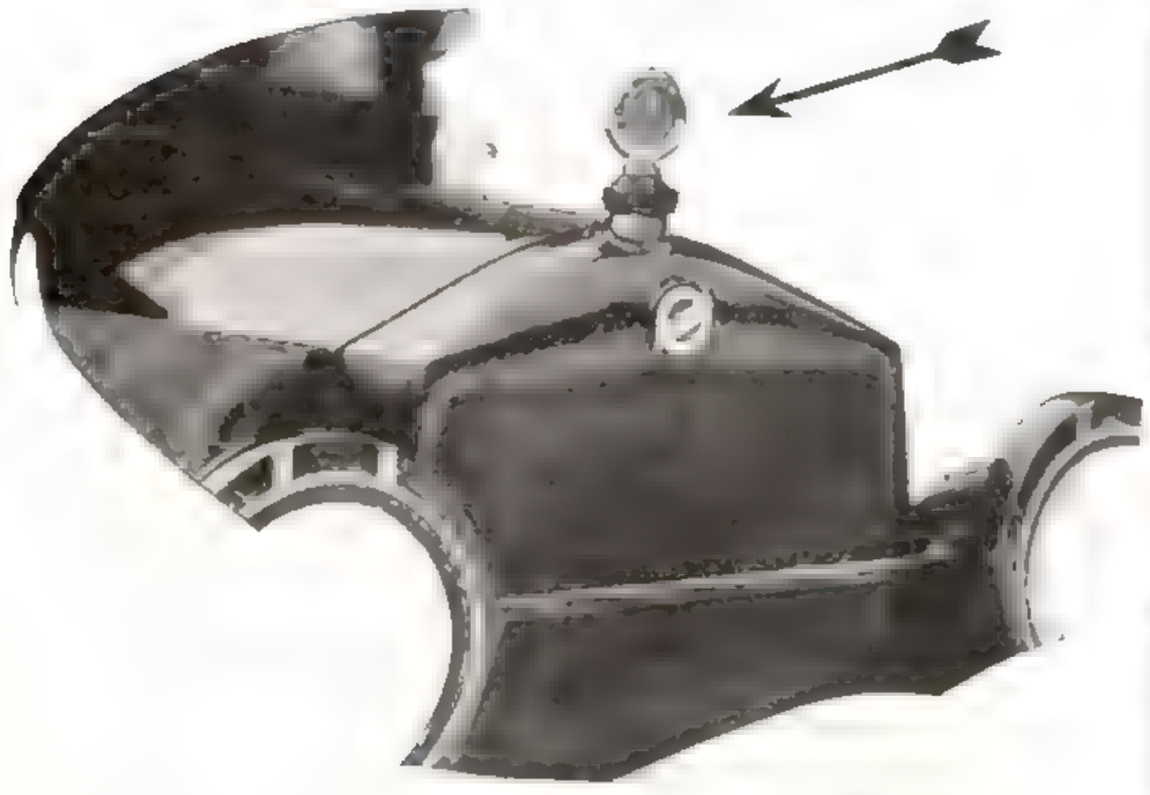

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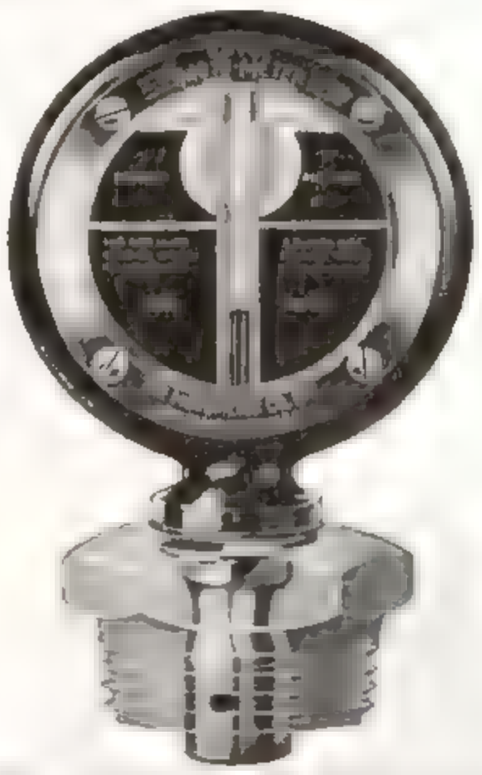

The instrument shown on the right is the Standard Model. Recommended for use on all high grade cars.

He raised his eyes from the lamp, their keenness supplanted by a look of dreamy speculation.

"You think that riddle can be solved?" The smile that went with the question was openly contemptuous.

"I think so," said the physician, the dreaminess of his look unabated. "Spiritual discoveries are ahead that will match the discovery of fire, iron, steam and electricity of the materialistic age. I believe the spiritistic age has dawned. I believe this Chinaman is far in advance of his time. I believe he already knows much that is hidden from the rest of us. Can you tell me how to meet him?"

The hawk intimated that he had been too busy of late observing the effect of rifle fire on the Chinese to know much about their dignitaries or how to get in touch with them.

"However," he added, "one of the servants might give you some pointers." He reached across the desk and struck the gong. "We'll see."

"I hardly think so," said the physician doubtfully. "This man is a sort of superbeing among the Chinese. They grow dumb if you mention his name." He looked up as a servant, a tall servant, seemed to float forward and become motionless.

"This is Ty Ming, my Number One boy," said the hawk. "You might talk to him."

The servant turned respectfully to the visitor.

Doctor Mossir sat up suddenly in his chair and frankly stared. At last, still staring, he spoke.

"You savvee English?"

The Number One boy bowed slightly.

"I come long way United States China," the physician went on to explain. "I likee talk with Chang Foo Low. You savvee?"

There came a voice like soft bells chiming. It was indubitably the voice of the Number One boy:

"Why should the great Doctor Mossir, of New York, waste his valuable thoughts on the ignorant heathen, Chang Foo Low?"

Observing the face of the great Doctor Mossir the hawk for the first time in many hours laughed aloud—a harsh laugh that crashed jarringly into the after tones of his servant's musical syllables.

"He doesn't seem to grow dumb, doctor"

The physician threw off his bewilderment and regained his poise.

"Pardon me," he said. "I didn't know you were an educated man."

Again the soft chiming of bells:

"Education is a bright pebble on the shores of wisdom for children to play with"

The black eyes of the specialist lit with the sudden fires of the born investigator. He turned eagerly to his host:

"This man has a mind! He interests me tremendously. Could I—may I ask him to sit down?"

Again the harsh laugh. "Go ahead and amuse yourself."

The physician indicated a chair to the Number One boy, who remained erect and motionless.

"It is the honorable privilege of those who serve to remain standing."

The hawk did not laugh as he saw his guest get promptly to his feet and with something of the eagerness of a boy confront his Chinese servant.

He settled back in his chair with a mixture of amusement and irritation, and was presently listening to a most amazing exhibition of folderol.

"Why were you sarcastic about my wish to see Chang Foo Low?"

"Your country sends missionaries to show us the way to God. Since you know God, what more is there to learn?"

"There are many ways to God. Surely if our missionaries point out the path they take, it does you no harm."

"I spoke without reflection. The fault was mine."

"In the United States we are immensely busy with the things we can see, and hear, and touch."

"Your country ——" The Number One boy left the sentence unfinished and turned to the hawk. "Is it the wish of His Excellency that I who am his servant speak to his honorable guest as one seeker to another?"

"The doctor is a seeker, all right, Ty Ming. Speak to him any way you like."

The Number One boy bowed and turned again to the physician.

"Your country is young. With age come meditation and the desire to know what is behind the curtain."

"Some of us already have that desire. I am one."

"To what purpose?"

"I am a nerve specialist. I learned early to cure through the waking mind. Next I went deeper and found the subconscious mind—the mind of dreams. Now I would go deeper still and find the soul."

"It will avail you nothing."

"Why not?"

"A soul in torment is bound to the wheel of life. It will remain so bound until atonement sets it free. Just is the wheel."

"You think, then, that anguish of the soul is retribution for past misdeeds; is that it?"

"There are no misdeeds, only errors. Those which do not affect the destiny of others are slight. Those which change the destiny of others are grave. The soul which commits grave error is bound to the wheel of life. It cannot go on until it atones."

"But death may interfere with atonement."

"Death will not interfere."

"I don't follow you. At death the soul emerges from the body as the mature chrysalis leaves the cocoon."

"A free spirit leaves the body and starts its journey through the seven spheres. The soul that has committed grave error must return to a new body, again and again and again. No other mind can set it free. Just is the wheel."

"Can such a soul be helped to free itself?"

"I do not know."

"Do you know the lama, Chang Foo Low?"

"I know the servant of Buddha."

"Does he credit these theories you have just expressed to me?"

"As Chang Foo Low believes, so do I believe."

"Do you think Chang Foo Low knows whether or not an earth-bound soul can be helped to free itself?"

A strange faint gleam flickered for an instant in the eyes of the Number One boy.

"He hopes to learn. Ask him that question to-morrow."

"But how can I meet him?" cried the specialist.

"Go to the lama temple at the hour of eleven. Give your name to a priest. Chang Foo Low will be there."

"Perhaps. But will he see me?"

"He will see you."

The hawk had been listening with extraordinary patience to this interview. He now spoke and brought it to an abrupt close:

"There you are, doctor. That's what we wanted to know, Ty Ming. You have my permission to go."

The Number One boy bowed and withdrew.

Doctor Mossir returned to his chair mechanically and sank into it. His brows were knitted, his eyes unseeing.

"Well, doctor?" said the hawk at last. "You seemed interested."

The physician spoke aloud, but his words, coming from his reverie, were not addressed to the hawk:

"We have scientific indications of transmigration—the Paris and Boston experiments almost prove it. Why not atonement? A further earth experience when needed for enlightenment? Why not? Why not?" He got to his feet, still muttering, and moved toward the door. "Marvelous personality—marvelous! I hope he's right about to-morrow."

"Going, doctor?"

"Oh—er—yes."

"Through this door then, and straight across the garden"

"Er - yes, thanks."

The hawk watched a small retreating figure moving slowly in the direction of the legation through the moonlit garden.

"Why not?" he heard faintly; and then again, "Why not?"

"Fool!" said the hawk aloud. His mirthless laugh seemed to explode in the stillness about him.

He frowned at the great round moon, now well above the garden wall, his face hardening to silver in its rays.

"Psychology! Humph! Give her plenty of time, though—he's right about that. I made a mistake. Well, we'll see. We'll see."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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# AN AUDIENCE WITH THE JAPANESE PRINCE REGENT

(Continued from Page 4)

Hara thought he was establishing a precedent that would break up the military clique. He did more than this, for he was opposed to the custom of individual ministerial responsibility to the Emperor and sought to substitute for it a joint responsibility of the entire cabinet, following the British example. The whole Hara idea was for wider exercise of party influence on national affairs.

Though Hara's death was a deplorable political loss the process of transition in Japan was too well under way to be stopped. It gained momentum from the Washington conference. Viewed at first with suspicion and alarm by the Japanese bureaucracy, it proved to be a godsend to a country whose military obsession was driving it toward bankruptcy.

The conference put the spotlight on the whole Japanese plan of expansion and sterilized some of its undesirable features. It was another step toward what many Liberals call the emancipation of Japan from machine rule

The passing of Yamagata was a further breach in the wall of reaction. The big question in Japan to-day is: "Has the Genro type of rule, which made for might at the expense of economic welfare at home and political peace abroad, declined?" This and many other problems of Japan, however, will be dealt with in succeeding articles. The task here is to place the Prince Regent in the moving picture of his times.

It is evident that he has taken over his responsibilities at a critical period in the nation's history, and when the menace is from within and not from without. It is also a time when the personality and resource of the head of the empire, whatever they may be, have an unprecedented opportunity for assertion.

No sooner had he assumed his new rank than he began to justify the hope that he would develop into more than a figurehead. He displayed interest in large affairs and, thanks to his trip to Europe last year, has been able to bring a larger world viewpoint to local questions. He attended meetings of the Privy Council and he now presides at a few choice and exclusive gatherings. He took up horseback riding and thus set a fashion for the Tokio smart set. Even in so mild a diversion as this he was breaking new ground, for no ruler before had ever established a precedent for anything. Court etiquette invariably has prescribed every daily task.

### Ambassador Warren

I went to Japan to try to make some appraisal of the consequences of the Washington conference. I expected to find those inevitable changes born of a reversal of international policy. I not only discovered these but many more. While Europe is slowly beginning to stabilize itself after the wrack and ravage of the World War, Japan, who knew only profit in that great struggle, is facing a whirlwind due to inflation, profiteering and extravagance. Thus the empire is undergoing drastic economic as well as political readjustment.

Since Prince Hirohito, now as Regent and later on as Emperor, must stand as the symbol of authority in this new Japan in the making—a Japan that will continue to be the compelling influence in the Orient—this account of my meeting with him may be regarded as the prelude to the larger narrative of a changing East.

I left America early in February, determined to get an audience and if possible an interview with the Prince Regent. At that time it looked like a forlorn hope. When I mentioned the matter to members of the Japanese delegation at the Washington conference before I started I was told that it could not be done, first because of the inaccessibility of the royal family, and second because there was no precedent. Some of them who were more kindly disposed said that if I waited until the imperial garden party, held during the cherry-blossom season in April, I stood some chance of being presented with a group. Even that was regarded as a gamble. The war, as I had discovered, shattered a good many precedents, and I hoped that this kind of history would be repeated in Japan.

Immediately upon my arrival in Tokio I confided my ambition to Ambassador Charles B. Warren, and here I got my first encouragement. He not only approved of it but said he would do everything within his power to help consummate it. His attitude in this delicate matter discloses the secret of his success with the Japanese Government in one of the most critical periods in the relationships between the two nations. From the time of his arrival he has employed a frank and open method of dealing with a government that in the past has exhibited remarkable proficiency in the art of sidestepping. He has taken the short cut in every negotiation, and my audience was a good example of it. Most ambassadors would have become involved in an interminable correspondence that would get nowhere. In this case all the negotiations were verbal.

Within twenty-four hours after I reached Japan I had been with him to see Viscount Takahashi, the Premier, and Count Uchida, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. I cite this to show what can be done by an alert diplomat in a country where indirection of speech and sometimes of method is an outstanding national characteristic.

In Japan everything is slow of development. After Mr. Warren suggested the audience to Count Uchida there was a period of two weeks during which nothing transpired. I mentioned the delay in getting action to a prominent Japanese, whose reply was: "Would you think of calling up heaven on the telephone?" It expressed the Japanese attitude toward the head of the empire.

### Japanese Court Dress

Innumerable difficulties beset my project. In England or Belgium the way to kingly presence is not easy, but it is a path of roses when compared with a similar approach in Japan. I have already indicated the aloofness of the royal person. But that was only one obstacle. The court circle stood in fear that once I got the audience His Imperial Highness might say something bearing on international relations.

Finally it got down to two qualifications: Had I ever been presented at a European court, and did I want an actual interview for publication? Happily I was able to qualify on the first count, and verbally, through the Ambassador, I gave my word that I would not quote the Prince Regent on any political subject.

Meanwhile a month had passed and I began to despair of success. The Ambassador, however, kept on plugging the game, and he succeeded. One Monday evening, exactly four weeks after I arrived, I called up the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs to find out about a statement that Count Uchida was preparing for me. The first thing his confidential secretary said was, "I congratulate you on your good luck." When I asked him what had happened to me he said, "You are to have an audience with the Prince Regent on Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock."

It appears that the Ambassador had been officially apprised during the afternoon, but he was out making a speech. I saw him that night at a dinner and he told me that everything was arranged and that a final stipulation had been made that I ask no questions that would involve the Prince in a discussion of politics.

The way was now clear and the usual instructions for attire attendant upon such a visit were given. In England and Belgium it is customary nowadays to wear a morning coat at a daytime audience. Formerly the frock coat was used, but since the war it has fallen more or less into disrepute, although you can still call on King George attired in one. In Japan, however, the frock coat continues to maintain its prestige, and it is the favorite costume for cabinet officials and Diet members.

In this connection, and by way of digression, let me interpolate an amusing incident that preceded the visit of the Prince of Wales to Japan. At the time of my sojourn in Tokio elaborate preparations were being made for his entertainment. This included many garden parties and luncheons. For these occasions etiquette demands a frock coat.

(Continued on Page 103)

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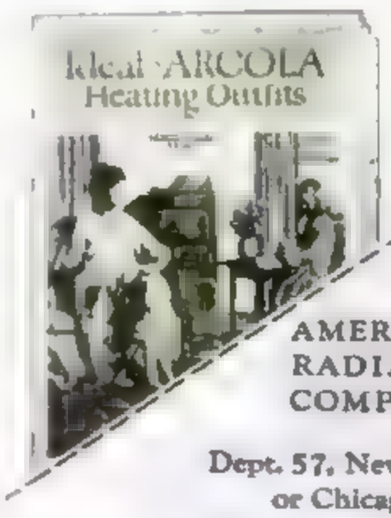


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# HOW TO SHAMPOO—PROPERLY

## A Simple, Easy Way To Make Your Hair Look Its Best

*Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips*

*You can have beautiful hair—soft and silky, bright, fresh looking and luxuriant—if you follow this simple, easy method*

*The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water*

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

### A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear, warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

*When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers*

### Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

*When the hair is dry, always give it a good thorough brushing*

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

### Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair; and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

(Continued from Page 100)

When the tentative program was cabled to the prince, then in India, the answer came back that neither he nor any member of his suite had a frock coat. Great consternation followed, and the British Embassy in Tokio was in a state of concern over the consequences. At the time I write this article a serious effort is being made to have a moratorium on frock coats declared during the visit of the British heir.

To return to my enterprise, members of the diplomatic corps are required to wear full evening dress when they call on members of the Japanese royal household, regardless of the hour. The same rule obtains at the Elysée Palace, in Paris. This means all the necessary trimmings, including a silk hat. I had the evening clothes, of course, but I never carry a tile. I have a conscientious objection to this particular kind of headpiece, although I keep one in London, another in Paris, and a third in Brussels for just the kind of state emergency that I faced in Tokio. I might add that the one in Brussels has come to be a stock hat for all visiting Americans who have a hurry-up call for a function that demands this formal gear.

I tried to buy a silk hat in Tokio, but since most Japanese wear smaller sizes than I, this was impossible. In desperation I turned to the Ambassador, who loaned me his extra topper.

In coming to my aid Mr. Warren was performing a second act of rescue of this sort. The other beneficiary was John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who visited Japan last year. An imperial garden party was about to be held and the Ambassador included him in the list of guests whom he was to chaperon. He told Mr. Rockefeller, however, that he would have to wear a frock coat, whereupon the son of the richest man in the world said, "I have none with me." Fortunately for him, Mr. Warren had an extra frock coat, which Mr. Rockefeller wore on this occasion.

### On the Way to the Palace

After almost endless rain the morning of the audience broke brilliant with sunshine. At ten o'clock I went to the embassy and rode with the Ambassador to the palace. It is located, as I have pointed out, in the very heart of the metropolis. The approach lies beyond an imposing plaza, flanked by the second, or outer, moat. Formerly three moats surrounded the imperial palace, but on account of the growing need of the city for space it became necessary to abandon the third one. It has been filled up and now merges into the Tokio streets.

A story is told that hundreds of years ago the reigning shogun, whose residence occupied the site of the present palace, was entertained so lavishly by one of the feudal war lords in the south that he said to him, "You have too much wealth, so I command you to build three moats around my palace." In carrying out this royal command the daimio added much to the picturesqueness of Tokio, but bankrupted himself.

The palace precincts consist of two inclosures, one within the other. The inner inclosure forms the palace proper and is jealously guarded against the entrance of the public. Two bridges and two ponderous old towered gateways defend, as it were, the entrance to the front wing of the building.

Behind us I could see the tall steel skeletons of a group of skyscrapers, the first in Tokio, being built by a New York construction firm. Before us was the secluded place that sheltered the rulers of Japan back in the Middle Ages. Here was one of the many picturesque contrasts to be encountered in Tokio.

We passed through the inner gateway, crossed the inside moat and found ourselves within the royal preserve. At the right is a modern brick building in which are housed the business offices of the imperial household. The officials who occupy them not only attend to the fiscal needs of the royal family but also manage the immense investments of the imperial family. Like the former German Kaiser, the Emperor of Japan is financially interested in a variety of enterprises. The imperial household, for example, owns a 60 per cent interest in the Imperial Hotel, in which I write this article. It also has large holdings in a dozen banks, cotton-spinning mills and mining companies. This operation was inaugurated by the Emperor Meiji.

In a few moments we drew up before the entrance to the palace proper. It was formerly the residential seat of the Tokugawa shoguns and originally was completed in 1456. For more than two hundred and seventy years it was occupied by the shoguns. In 1868, when the shogunate surrendered to the Imperial Court the sovereignty held in trust, the Emperor removed here from Kioto, where he had been living in retirement with his court. Up to that time Tokio was called Yedo. It then received the name it bears to-day, which means "eastern capital." The palace has been burned down repeatedly, the last time in 1873, when the Emperor and Empress removed to the detached palace at Akasaka and remained there until 1888, when the present structure was completed.

Like most typical Japanese buildings, it is low, rambling, built of wood, and has an overhanging tile roof. On the broad stairway was the traditional red carpet one always associates with royalty. Ranged in columns on the stairway and well into the reception hall were rows of flunkies wearing gorgeously brocaded coats and all the essentials of small clothes, with silver buckles on their patent-leather pumps. This costume, so familiar in European palaces and the homes of British nobility, looked rather strange in the somewhat medieval setting. The palace itself suggests a bygone era.

Once we divested ourselves of hats and overcoats we were led in solemn procession down a series of really noble corridors. The walls were a succession of those beautiful Japanese screens which provide the mural detail of so many Japanese houses. In front of us marched a chamberlain gorgeously attired, who was flanked by two subordinates in equally resplendent raiment, while four others brought up the rear.

Before long we were ushered into a magnificent hall. It was the famous Homeiden, which means Hall of the Phœnix. The phœnix has been regarded for many years as the imperial bird of good omen in Japan. It is always painted or embroidered upon the souvenirs of coronations, and figures prominently in most of the royal decorations. This hall is high of ceiling, and on one of the walls are immense paintings depicting scenes in medieval Japanese history. In the ceiling were what seemed to be enameled chrysanthemums, and on the massive lacquered doors the Japanese royal flower was impressed in brass. Through the windows we got glimpses of the imperial gardens, where the plum trees, then in the fullness of their rich blossom, provided a brilliant splash of color for the background of innumerable dwarf pines.

A moment later we received our first welcome. It was extended by Marquis Inouye, adopted son and heir of the great Genro of the same name, and Master of Ceremonies of the Imperial Household. After the greeting he said to the Ambassador, "His Imperial Highness will shake hands with you."

### The Presentation Ceremony

I mention this because at ordinary presentations the ruler, or the acting ruler, merely bows. In Japan there is no handshaking among the natives. All greetings are in the form of low ceremonial bows. We were advised about the imperial handshake so as to be ready for it.

At this juncture one of the court chamberlains closed the door leading out to the corridor, whereupon the marquis said, "His Imperial Highness is about to pass on his way to the reception room."

There was also a definite reason for this. No one who calls at the palace is permitted to catch a glimpse of Emperor or Regent until the royal person is ready for the formal reception.

In a few moments the door was opened and we were told that all was ready. Preceded once more by the chief chamberlain, and again flanked by numerous attendants, we walked down another series of corridors and finally found ourselves at the entrance to the reception room. As we paused at the threshold to make our first bows—court ceremony in Japan as elsewhere dictates that you bow at the door, and again before reaching the royal presence—I got a swift bird's-eye view of a scene that might have come out of the pages of some romantic novel.

In the center of a chamber smaller than the Homeiden, but vying with it in beauty and dignity, stood the Prince Regent at almost rigid attention. He was attired in the buff-colored uniform and carried the sword of the Japanese infantry, in which he is a major. His cap was pressed tightly under his left arm, the hand of which rested on his sword hilt. The only decoration he wore was the star of the Grand Cordon of the Chrysanthemum, the highest of all Japanese orders. He is of average Japanese height, slight, almost spare of figure, with high cheek bones. There was an earnest and almost solemn look on his boyish face. He appeared much more matured than when I saw him in London a year ago. His speech is nervous.

Behind him stood General Uchiyama, his chief military aide. It was interesting to note that this grizzled old warrior, who looked almost patriarchal with his spectacles and gray hair, outranked as a soldier the royal person in front of him. The Regent will not become commander in chief of the Japanese armies until he is made Emperor. Forming a sort of hollow square into which we entered were frock-coated gentlemen in waiting. No one spoke.

After our second bow, in the center of the room, the Ambassador stepped forward, whereupon the Regent extended his hand. Mr. Warren then asked the conventional questions which must always be asked in Japan, whether you meet royalty or ordinary folk. They consist of inquiries about the health of mother, father and, when the occasion demands, wife and children.

These preliminaries disposed of, His Excellency asked if he might present me, continuing in English that I had been presented at the Belgian court, that I had had many interesting experiences with world personages, and desired to add to them by paying my respects to him. Let me say here that the Prince speaks only Japanese and that our whole interview was carried on through an interpreter. The Prince bowed assent and smiled. I stepped forward and was formally introduced, receiving a warm grasp of the hand.

### Chatting With Royalty

Realizing the limitations set upon the conversation, I was curious to know what the Regent would say. Royalty, as most people know, always must lead in dialogue, and I have found, from experience with King Albert, for example, who is very slow of speech, that it involves a considerable nervous strain.

The first utterance of the Regent was: "I am glad that you have come to Japan to see things for yourself and I think it will be a good thing for both countries."

He then asked me how long I had been in Japan and when I expected to leave. When I told him that I was planning to depart within a fortnight he said, "I am so sorry that you will miss the cherry-blossom season. It is very beautiful."

I replied that though I was sorry to miss the cherry blossoms I had had the compensation of seeing the plum blossoms and the magnolias.

In expressing his regret that I would miss the cherry blossoms, the Prince Regent touched on a subject dear to every Japanese heart. During those few April weeks when those exquisite pinkish-white blooms flaunt their beauty everywhere, all Japan is filled with the carnival spirit. The cherry blossom seems to stir the national consciousness of beauty and sentiment. The country-folk flock to the towns; the most temperate celebrate with *sake*, and even old animosities are forgotten in the exuberance born of the season.

"How do you find Japan?" next queried the Regent.

I responded that I was pleased to find everyone apparently so busy and full of the spirit of endeavor. There were various other queries and replies, at the end of which I wished him good health and prosperity. He bowed, smiled again and extended his hand for a farewell shake. The Ambassador stepped forward, said his good-bys, we backed out of the room, bowing as we went, and the audience was at an end.

No one can meet the Prince Regent without carrying away the impression that he is sincere, earnest and eager to do his best. He has something of the quiet reserve of the Duke of Brabant, who will some day be King of the Belgians. In temperament and training he is the exact reverse of the blithe and buoyant Prince of Wales. This animated young hope of Britain was destined from the start to be a democrat among royalties, and he has lived up to the behest.

(Continued on Page 105)

DUTCH BRAND PRODUCTS

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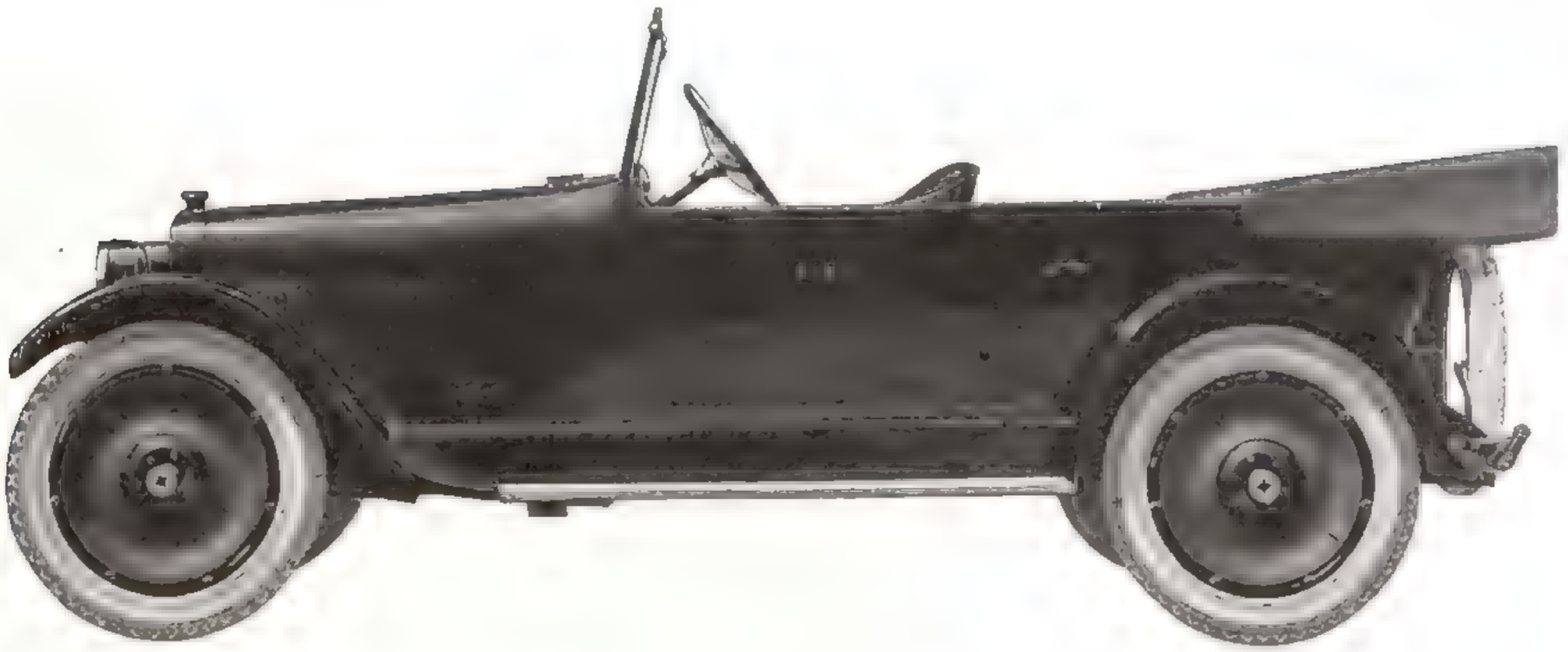

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Exhibited first at the New York Automobile Show and at all of the other leading Shows from coast to coast it has continually been a center of attraction and always held large crowds!

In the words of many of the industry's leading engineers—"The Rickenbacker organization has given to the world a new creation in a fine motor car based on new fundamental engineering principles that have never before been incorporated in an automobile."

Do you realize, for example, that the Rickenbacker has no period of vibration? Rather a surprising statement—isn't it? Well, it's a positive fact nevertheless. Take this car at any speed you wish—start it at 2 miles an hour and put it right up to better than 60 miles an hour and never once will you feel or find the slightest bit of vibration!

You will be interested in looking over the Rickenbacker creation to see the reason for this. A new engineering achievement is the reason. Go to the dealer in your town and see for yourself.

Smooth! You never rode in such a smooth riding car in your life. At high speed or at low speed it just purrs or flies along with perfect precision, and an almost uncanny silence.

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**$1485**
5-Passenger Phaeton

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*Prices F. O. B. factory plus war tax*

Rickenbacker Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

# Rickenbacker

A CAR WORTHY OF ITS NAME

**Organization Builds Success**

(Continued from Page 103)

Prince Hirohito, on the other hand, was cradled in aloofness, schooled in restraint, and from his earliest boyhood was taught that he was the inspired medium of an unearthly power. Only what seems to be an innate sense of independence, enhanced perhaps by his European experience, has warranted the belief that he will establish a new tradition for the empire.

You have now had a glimpse of the Prince Regent and gained some passing insight into the transition of the nation he will some day rule. With the inevitable break-up of the Genro type of rule, and the development of something like democracy, he will become more and more a personal factor in national and, for that matter, international affairs. It may be well therefore, in conclusion, to enumerate briefly the principal facts of his life and more especially his experiences of the past twelvemonths. The latter in particular will serve to shed more light upon a changing Japan.

Prince Hirohito by our reckoning is twenty-one years old. According to the Japanese system, however, he is twenty-two. In Japan a baby is called a year old the day it is born, and this applies to everyone, regardless of rank or station. Moreover, every Japanese celebrates his birthday on January first each year, without consideration for the day on which he was born.

The outside world knew practically nothing about Prince Hirohito—in fact, the law of the empire prohibited the publication of his photograph—until preparations began for his European trip. The day he departed, March 3, 1921, was a memorable one in the history of Japan, because it marked an epoch in modernity.

Prior to that time no crown prince had ever left the country, with the exception of the present Emperor, who as Crown Prince went to Korea in 1909. But Korea then had already been benevolently assimilated by Japan, and in reality was Japanese soil. Throughout the whole long history of the empire no Emperor has ever stirred outside the confines of his country save when Meiji went aboard a Russian battleship at Shimonoseki in May, 1891, after an attempt had been made on the life of the then Czarevitch—the late Czar Nicholas II—to express the regret of the country.

### The Prince in Europe

You can get some idea of the departure from tradition involved in the Prince Regent's trip abroad when I say that the empire was shaken with controversy over it. Thousands of fervid Japanese journeyed to Tokio to pray at the famous shrine of Meiji as a protest against what they considered was the heresy of the Prince in leaving his country. A group of one hundred students leagued themselves together and offered to commit suicide if he would abstain from going. Here you get a twentieth-century manifestation of the fanatically religious veneration in which members of the imperial Japanese family are held. The Japanese look upon themselves as children of the Emperor, and as such they did not want their future father to expose himself, as they termed it, to the perils of the outside world.

Still another event, more intimate perhaps, yet indicative of the changes crowding so thick and fast in Japan, preceded the Prince's departure. His betrothal to Princess Nagako, daughter of Prince Kuni, was announced. Prince Kuni is a member of the Satsuma clan. Prince Yamagata, who was the head and front of the Choshu clan, bitterly opposed this union. He was strong for a lady of the Choshu.

When his will was frustrated he threatened to resign as president of the Privy Council. As head of this all-important body he had exercised for years the domination over imperial affairs that I have already described. The very fact that he did not have his way was one conclusive evidence that his type of rule was on the wane.

Behind the determination of the imperial advisers to send the Prince abroad at that time was their realization that the physical incapacity of the Emperor would soon necessitate a regency. They wanted the coming Emperor to see something of the world before his approaching eminence would make the contemplated journey impossible.

The Prince spent six months abroad, during which time he visited England, France, Belgium and Italy, where he was received by the Pope. He stopped at various intermediate ports going and coming.

In Paris he had an adventure which shows that he really has a democratic spirit. He desired to have the thrill of a ride on the subway, so he made the trip incognito. Upon entering one of the stations off the Boulevard Champs Elysées he retained part of the ticket, following the custom of Japan. He had never ridden on a train as a commoner in Japan, but he had been told of the system. The Paris wicket guard, however, called him down sharply, whereupon the Prince handed over the rest of the ticket with a polite bow. It was the first and only time that a member of the royal family of Japan was ever rebuked.

The Prince's return home was marked by a demonstration that in form and expression was another manifestation of Japan in transition. Under ordinary circumstances royalty is never cheered in the empire. Whenever the Emperor drove by, the way was lined with troops and the people bowed low. Prior to Hirohito's return there were only two occasions when the populace departed from this custom of silence. One was in 1889, when Meiji passed through the streets after promulgating the Constitution. For the first time the crowds shouted. The second occasion was when he returned to the capital from Kioto after the victorious conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War.

### The Spread of Democracy

The ovation accorded Hirohito last year was far more tumultuous. At Yokohama and Tokio the police orders regulating the movements of the crowds stated that cheering was not forbidden. The result was that there was incessant yelling of "Banzai!" wherever the Prince appeared. The people were even allowed to make snapshots of him, a performance heretofore strictly forbidden.

Prince Hirohito returned to Japan on September seventh. During his absence his imperial father had failed perceptibly in health. He will never again appear in public. So along towards the middle of November at a conference of the imperial family it was decided to make the Crown Prince, Regent. This significant procedure, you will observe, emanated from a family council. In this respect the royal procedure was merely following the procedure in every Japanese family. In no nation is the family spirit so strong or powerful as in the Island Empire. One reason why you rarely see a beggar on the streets in Japan is because family pride makes it almost obligatory to succor needy relatives.

Although the Emperor is hopelessly incapacitated, the Empress, Sadako, is a strong and active person and still in the prime of life. She moves about the country and makes numerous pilgrimages to shrines to pray for her husband's recovery. When in Tokio she resides in the inner inclosure of the imperial palace where I had the audience with the Prince Regent. The Prince uses the outer palace as a sort of office and place to hold audiences and receptions. He resides in the Kasumagaseki detached palace not far from the imperial palace.

The imperial rescript naming Hirohito as Prince Regent was promulgated on November twenty-fifth and he immediately assumed the virtual headship of the Imperial Government. I have already indicated various expressions of the Regent's growing sense of democracy. My audience with him was merely another. Five years ago, or even two, such an event would have been absolutely impossible.

More important than these personal details is the larger connection of Prince Hirohito and his country with the evolution of the Orient, where during the past few years the clash of nationalistic and commercial ambitions brought about a crisis that threatened the peace of the world. Thanks to the Washington conference, this dangerous situation has been clarified and the friction between the United States and Japan eliminated. The naval holiday is but a phase of a larger respite from irritation that, at the moment, seems to mean a stabilization of the whole East. The Prince Regent can, in the years to come, by the exercise of the principles laid down at Washington, achieve for himself an enduring fame.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will appear in an early issue.

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Lyon Spring Bumpers *do* protect and they do resist collision damage. With your car Lyon-equipped—front and rear—you can drive with a feeling of safety and the assurance of having maximum collision protection.

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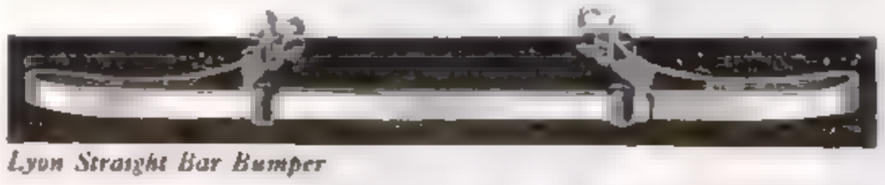

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There are two ways of buying shoes.

One is to pay so high a price that your selection will be sure to possess a certain degree of merit.

The other is to go to a responsible merchant, pay a moderate price and look for some sort of plain, visible evidence that you are getting the value of your money. That is the logical way.

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With Beacon prices for Spring at $5 to $8, you have a logical basis to go upon.

Shoe buying should be a logical procedure. If it is done logically it will be done safely.

*We are as Proud of the Prices as we are of the Shoes!*

F. M. Hoyt Shoe Co., *Makers*
Manchester, New Hampshire

*Knowing Beacon Shoes as we do and knowing what goes into them, we can unhesitatingly impress our trademark on every pair with the full knowledge that we have been logical.*


# WILD GAME

(Continued from Page 15)

given studious and intensive attention to matters of nutrition, and, while I'm not a scientist, I have been forced to pick up considerable knowledge along this line. This is precisely what anyone must do to make an assured success of raising pheasants and other wild game.

"This is a field of effort in which success lies in the observation and mastery of minute details. No matter how much business ability you may have, if you lack the capacity for taking pains, the patience to master an almost infinite range of details, you are always vulnerable to defeat. Personally I cannot see how any man who is not naturally fond of birds and wild game would attempt to go into this business, and I am sure that any such attempt would meet with failure. It is one of those callings in which the most important element of capital is an inherent fondness for the thing itself. Those who go into it without this essential element of equipment are certain to fail.

"Of course success in this peculiar line requires much more than a distinct liking for work with birds. It takes substantial financial capital and good business judgment. But one may have both of these in plenty, and still fail from lack of an instinctive fondness for the work itself. The fact is that thousands of pheasantries have been started, only to end in disaster because their owners lacked a natural liking for the work. They went into it because they wanted to make a little extra money on the side, because they thought pheasant raising was a light and agreeable vocation that could be followed at home, or because they had the notion that it could be made to yield large profits.

"Personally, I would prefer never to sell foundation stock to anyone who is not drawn into the work by a natural liking for it. I like the birds too well myself to get any satisfaction from a profitable sale which I know means the sacrifice of the birds as well as the failure of the enterprise. Of course I sell thousands of ringneck pheasants to states and gun clubs with the knowledge that they will be shot—but that is far different from knowing that the birds will die of disease or improper handling. In one case they serve their natural purpose; in the other they do not.

"There are really very few persons who are naturally adapted to the task of raising pheasants. I have already mentioned some of the major requirements for that work. Another is almost infinite patience. It would be difficult to name another calling which requires so much of this rare article. There is not an hour of the day that does not place heavy demands on this quality in the keeper of wild game birds."

### Women as Pheasant-Raisers

"Patience in generous quantities and an unlimited capacity for taking pains are rather common feminine characteristics. In other words, the average woman is disciplined to dealing with small and fussy details and to the exercise of a degree of patience which the average man does not achieve. Therefore women have, as a rule, certain natural advantages over men in the difficult and detailed task of pheasant raising. The Belgian women proved this in the years preceding the World War. They were master hands at raising the fancy or aviary varieties of pheasants. What is more, they succeeded under severe handicaps in the way of a very limited range for their birds. Belgium is densely populated and ground there is in great demand. The average American living in a town or village has generous facilities for pheasant-raising compared with the Belgian.

"There is no reason why many American women should not be successful raisers of fancy pheasants. Thousands of them are naturally disposed towards it, have need of a home industry and have patience and a capacity for dealing with small details. But they should not expect quick results or immense profits. And they should realize that this is a business which must be learned. My own notion is that as a rule women are better qualified to raise pheasants than to sell them; that they will fail on the score of marketing and business management more frequently than on that of production. Therefore they should, if going into the venture, fortify themselves against this weakness and know where and how they are going to sell their birds after they have raised them.

"Of course, the principal sale of fancy pheasants is to parks, zoos and private estates, where these birds are kept for their beauty. In the Old World the decorative value of these beautiful birds is far more generally appreciated than in America. But the owners of many of the fine estates, especially on the Atlantic Seaboard, are beginning to realize how much these creatures of brilliant plumage contribute to the beauty and interest of a landscape. Therefore the demand for them is steadily increasing and will, I think, increase steadily for years to come.

"And this observation applies to the rarer and the more attractive kinds of waterfowl as well as to fancy pheasants. There is, for example, scarcely anything in nature more beautiful than a male American wood duck in full plumage. The Australian sheldrake, the mandarin ducks and the Egyptian geese make a water picture which is attractive beyond anything possible without them. Not only are the owners of private estates and country homes coming to appreciate this to an increasing extent, but so also are the superintendents of small parks in cities and towns. Those responsible for the attractiveness of these public rest and recreation places are realizing that a very good showing of birds may be made under conditions which would make the maintenance of even a small zoo impracticable. And they also find that children and even adults appreciate the beauty of a brilliant bird far more than they do the mere novelty of some captive wild animal which may be of repellent appearance. These are my reasons for feeling that there is bound to be an increasing demand for birds of this character and that women who like the work may find it profitable to specialize in some one species of aviary birds."

### A Game Warden's Troubles

How great a task is the shipment of more than a hundred thousand eggs for setting cannot be understood without the information that it is impossible to use commercial egg cases or anything like them for this purpose. Each egg must be wrapped in a protective coating of soft dead grass. Gathering this grass from the ungrazed fields and roadsides in the fall is no small job, for nearly two hundred sacks, for example, must be put away for the upholstering of next year's shipments of pheasant eggs from this interesting farm.

Ordinary bushel baskets are used for packing. The bottom, sides and top are thickly padded with a coarser and more springy grass. Wrapping a pheasant egg is a rather delicate and deft process. A bunch of the soft grass is cupped into the palm of the left hand; then the egg is nested into this, and with a twisting motion of his right hand the packer completely encircles the egg in its soft resilient overcoat. When the basket is filled and covered with a mat of coarser grass a tight canvas cover is sewed into place. Packed in this manner the number of eggs broken in transit is negligible. The most expert packer of pheasant eggs known to this farm is a disabled soldier who wrapped and packed as high as three thousand eggs in a day.

To learn how much a state may accomplish in giving its citizens a wealth of game, an appreciation of its value and a respect for game laws and the men who administer them it is not necessary to look farther than Ohio.

Early in the warden's experience he realized that public sentiment was against the enforcement of the game laws and that a warden was commonly regarded as an officious interloper.

"Just to illustrate the hostile attitude of public sentiment when we started in on the job of making the game department a real asset to the state," declares the chief warden, "let me give a typical experience. I went down into the reservoir to look into some enforcement cases. Naturally I went to the hotel. But I didn't stay there. The instant the proprietor discovered that I was there for the enforcement of the game laws he made it mighty clear to me that he didn't want me about the place. When I undertook to reason with him he demonstrated that it would be impossible for me

(Continued on Page 109)

# Bigger, Stronger, Better by 6 Decided Improvements

Now come the perfected polish mops. Your favorite O-Cedar vastly improved. These improvements are for your convenience and perfect satisfaction. Please study them. The cotton yarn is longer and stronger and more of it. (Improvement No. 1.) The new handle socket is stronger and permits better adjustment of the handle. (Improvement No. 2.) The pad is riveted to the steel center—it can not come off or be taken off. (Improvement No. 3.) The longer yarn and the new head give the mop a bigger spread, cover more space. (Improvement No. 4.) A better handle than ever before. (Improvement No. 5.) The double padding and the manner of riveting the mop to the head prevent the scratching of floors or the marring of furniture. (Improvement No. 6.)

All of these improvements mean easier, quicker and better dusting, cleaning and polishing and a mop that will last longer and do better work. Make sure your next mop is the new and improved O-Cedar.

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## Please Note the Ease and Convenience of Washing, Cleaning and Renewing

No tricks to learn. No taking apart, no tugging and pulling, no putting together. When your O-Cedar Polish Mop becomes dirty and filled with dust, simply wash it in boiling water. Add soap or borax to cut the dirt. Several changes of water if the mop is very dirty. Or boil it if you prefer. Then let it become almost dry. Pour 3 or 4 ounces of O-Cedar Polish in a pan and let the mop stand in it over night. The next morning your O-Cedar Mop is practically as good as new.

## Cuts Housework in Half Cleaner, Brighter, Prettier Floors

With the O-Cedar Polish Mop you do these three things at one time: you dust, you clean and you polish. You save getting down on your hands and knees. You save back-breaking stooping and bending. You have cleaner, brighter and prettier floors. You banish the dust problem and danger. You save time, work and money.

## Sold on Trial

Every O-Cedar Mop is sold with this distinct understanding: If you are not delighted with the results it gives and the time, work and money it saves, your money will be refunded without a question. Practically every grocery, hardware, housefurnishing and department store in the country sells and guarantees O-Cedar Polish Mops and O-Cedar Polish.

Clean, Dust, Polish, Brighten and Beautify with One Operation

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# MICHELIN

## ring-shaped tubes

# fit

Michelin Red Inner Tubes being ring-shaped like all casings fit without stretching or wrinkling.

Other tubes being straight, must wrinkle in an attempt to conform to the shape of the casing.

Ask any automobile owner what make of inner tube is best.

**Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.**

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*Dealers in all parts of the world.*

*Illustration shows sections of a Michelin tube and of another standard make cemented together and placed in half a casing.*

(Continued from Page 106)

to remain with any comfort. He had nothing against me personally—but officially I was impossible as a patron or guest.

"Then I went out in search of temporary shelter—and found it in the form of a little summer cottage. It was decidedly temporary, for the instant the owner learned of my mission he warned me off the property with convincing enthusiasm. Of course I realized that a row and perhaps a physical fight with the business men and land owners of a community would be a poor way in which to start a campaign of education having for its objective the winning of the moral support of the whole public. Therefore I swallowed my pride, restrained my fists and exercised my authority with all the discretion I could command. It was a common thing in those days for hotel keepers to refuse to shelter or feed me. I had to be prepared to rough it and take care of myself.

"While I avoided trouble with hotel and boarding house keepers I went after those who deliberately defied the game laws. This helped to create respect. But still the law was unpopular and I saw that no law could be enforced without the moral support of the people. How to secure this was the problem. I was satisfied that ours was a law which deserved the unqualified support of every man, and that every honest man would give that support just as soon as he understood the law and the inevitable results of its enforcement.

"I worked out my plans carefully and then started in on the big task of changing the public sentiment of almost the entire state on this subject. I say 'almost,' because I realized that in every county there were at least two or three real sportsmen who already had an intelligent understanding of the benefits of impartial game-law enforcement and of the possibilities of a constructive game administration. It was clear to me that my hope was in these men and that I must use them as a nucleus for inoculating the potentially good sportsmen in their various communities with respect for the game laws and for those responsible for their administration.

"Well, I went from one county to another, found in each the two or three men most interested in hunting and holding the highest ideals of clean sportsmanship, explained to them that the administration was pledged to the serious and beneficial purpose of making Ohio the best game state in the Union, if possible, and that this could not be accomplished without the active and persistent support of the decent sportsmen in every county of the state."

### *Changes in Public Sentiment*

"The results have been better than I dared hope at the outset—far better! There are only eighty-eight counties in Ohio, but the Buckeye State contains one hundred and forty associations of sportsmen organized to stimulate the protection of game and to promote its increase. The association in Cincinnati, for example, has five thousand members; in Cleveland, six thousand; in Columbus, two thousand four hundred; and in Akron, three thousand. All these county and local associations are federated into the Ohio Sportsmen's League, with a membership of more than two hundred thousand men who are keenly interested in making Ohio an ideal state for hunters and for wild game.

"The results of this organization work are surprising. Ohio's annual income from hunting licenses is now two hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and the law says that one-half of all income from that source must be spent for stocking the state with game birds. And speaking of legislation, it should be remarked that our plan of local associations of sportsmen federated into a state league seems to be highly effective in securing the right game laws and in preventing the passage of foolish and ill-considered ones.

"First, we are careful to ask for only such legislation as is needful, constructive and very carefully prepared. When a member of the Legislature opposes such a measure the association of sportsmen in his county promptly asks him to explain his attitude. These sportsmen then do some explaining themselves, and as a result there are few members of the General Assembly who are not well informed as to what the game administration is doing and what legislation is needed to make its work more successful, more beneficial to the people of the state.

"Now a word about the present-day enforcement of the game laws here in Ohio. The situation is absolutely reversed from that which I faced when the constructive program of game stocking was begun. There is not a protective association of sportsmen in the state outside of the large cities which is not mainly composed of farmers. At least there are few in which the farmers are not heavily represented. And they are the men who are in position to see that the game laws are enforced. And make no mistake about it, that is precisely what they do, everywhere. They are now the staunchest supporters of law enforcement, whereas they were once the most difficult element with which the game warden had to deal. And this change has come about because the farmer has been made to understand that an abundance of splendid game birds on his farm is a substantial asset—one on which he can realize cash money in the way of selling shooting privileges or, better yet, can turn to good account as a means of food supply for his own table.

"Infractions of the game laws have been reduced to so low a minimum in this state that it is no exaggeration to say that would-be offenders are no longer afraid of the local game wardens but rather of their own neighbors. So far as being a restraining influence felt by those who would like to do illicit shooting is concerned, every decent citizen is now in effect a game warden. His moral force counts about as much as if he carried a warden's star under his coat."

### *Distribution of Birds*

"For several years we have been buying and distributing both English pheasants and their eggs in large numbers—with the result that several counties in the state have now—according to the most careful estimates which we are able to make—about thirty-five thousand English pheasants within their borders. I believe this is true of Miami, Clark and Montgomery counties, and several other counties would not fall far behind this figure if a pheasant census could be taken. The citizens of these counties, particularly the farmers, are proud of their birds. They realize that these beautiful and delicious wild birds are worth a whole lot—first, as exterminators of insects; second, as an attraction to hunters who are cheerful spenders for the privilege of enjoying such rich sport; and third, as a luxury which they and their sons and hired men can enjoy. There are few things which make farm life more attractive to boys and young men than an abundance of wild game within easy reach. Those who doubt this statement need only ask a few young men who take part in the pheasant shooting in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York or any other well-stocked state. This attraction counts with them far more than they are willing to admit as a rule. It helps to hold them to country life.

"Please let me emphasize the fact that pheasants and pheasant eggs are not distributed in this state on a political basis. No one needs a political pull to get as many birds for liberation or as many eggs for setting as any other person is allowed to have. Birds and eggs distributed as petty political handouts seldom get into the right hands or really contribute to stocking the state. Distribution for production is the only kind that counts.

"In Ohio we have gone into the task of stocking the state with English pheasants on the basis that we do not intend to have an egg or a bird wasted. To this end I have twelve picked wardens, each having supervision of a district of several counties, who are carefully taught the handling of pheasants. They are the faculty of our state normal school in the science of pheasant breeding.

"These district wardens are the men who do the actual work of raising the birds on the game farm—and last season seven thousand ringnecks were raised on our two game farms. Very nearly 85 per cent of the pheasant eggs handled on the farm were hatched and the young raised to maturity—which I am told by experts is a record of which any pheasant farm might be proud. From the setting of the eggs to the liberating of a bunch of birds on a farm, these men are drilled in every art and device that promises to contribute to the success of the undertaking.

"Twice a year we hold what I would call a normal school or a short course for the benefit of the salaried wardens of the state. As there are more than fifty of these men, not all of them are able to attend the class sessions. But they get the benefit of the instruction indirectly through those who do attend. It is difficult to tell how intensely interested all the men are who take this instruction. If I were to find a man who is not interested I would know that he was not suited for the position which he holds. But I do not recall that a single warden on the staff has thus far failed to show a genuine and spontaneous interest in learning the trade of pheasant raising.

"Of course this is mighty important because the local game warden is naturally regarded by the farmers as an instructor in liberating birds and in setting allotments of pheasant eggs for hatching and in the difficult task of caring for the young until they are large enough to look out for themselves.

"The work of distributing pheasants and eggs is no small job in this state, for we have eighty-eight counties and last year about two hundred birds were liberated in each county and about eight hundred eggs to the county were allotted and distributed throughout the farming sections. Both the birds and the eggs are allotted in advance of the actual distribution and are given out on applications from farmers.

"Every county in Ohio has what is called a game refuge, which is a tract of land on which no shooting is allowed and which offers a natural and attractive cover for the birds. These areas of refuge are under lease, so far as shooting privileges are concerned, at an extremely small expense. The overflow of birds from these protected spots is much more than ample to furnish prime hunting for all who take out licenses.

"In this connection it should be explained that our open season on pheasants is eleven days and each hunter is allowed to kill three old cocks each day. Suppose a hunter bags his full quota—as many of them do—this gives him thirty-three pheasant cocks, weighing about three pounds each, for a license fee of one dollar. I have yet to find a sportsman who did not cheerfully admit that this is as liberal an allowance as any hunter could have the nerve to ask for!"

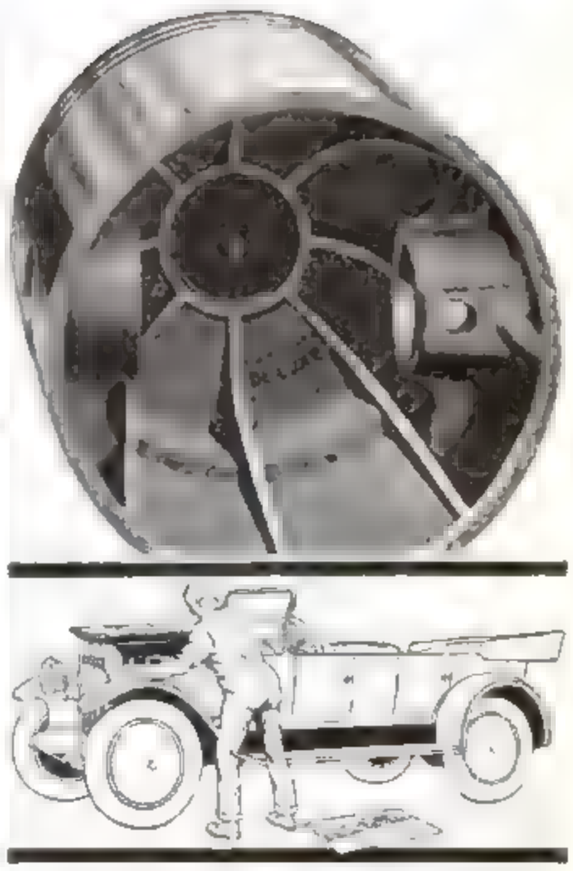
### *Public Shooting Grounds*

"Already we have sixty thousand acres of game-refuge territory in the state. But this is only a starter. Last year the Legislature passed a law, which has been signed by the governor, authorizing the purchase of public shooting grounds. This is a most important step. It puts us in position to acquire about fifty thousand acres of the wildest land in Ohio, which is ideal for stocking with deer, wild turkeys, pheasants and any other wild game birds. The proper legislative committee has already inspected lands of this character in Scioto and Adams counties. The state of Pennsylvania has set the pace in the matter of public shooting grounds and has not only demonstrated what they will do to build up the game supply of a commonwealth in the shortest time possible but also the extent to which these grounds stimulate the interest of hunters.

"In the center of every public shooting ground is a game refuge, which is fenced and within which shooting is never allowed. For example, the ideal size of a public shooting ground is perhaps twenty-two thousand acres. The game refuge in the center of this would be about three thousand acres in extent. Pennsylvania has three big public shooting grounds, the largest of which contains about twenty thousand acres.

"Ohio has acquired a large acreage of marsh ground along the south shore of Lake Erie. Here we are going to sow quantities of wild rice. The effectiveness of this practice in providing wild ducks with an ample supply of their favorite food has been well proven by the big gun clubs and hunting clubs of the country.

"Many persons will be inclined to ask: 'Why do we need public shooting grounds?' The answer is because the farmers of the country, to a steadily increasing extent, are posting their lands and thereby putting up a legal barrier against all hunters excepting themselves and those to whom they may give or sell hunting privileges. The villages, towns and cities of every state are full of men who look forward each year to the coming of the hunting season. Without public shooting grounds only the well-to-do hunters of the towns and cities will be able to indulge their liking for this sport."

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# THE PRICE OF PEARLS

(Continued from Page 13)

"You've got a little string of beads here we want to see," quoth Billy in response to Godfrey's look.

"Miss Lucretia Perrimain's pearls," added Alicia with biting dignity and aloofness.

"Yes, yes—a very nice little string of beads," said Mr. Godfrey, rather ignoring Alicia. "One of the prettiest that has been in my hands for some time. Largely collected by that great connoisseur, Mr. Halstead, I understand. If you will excuse me ——"

A worn leather box, faded vermilion, faintly tooled in gold, appeared. Mr. Godfrey opened it and lifted carefully with the tips of the fingers—Beauty, Magic, Romance!

Even Billy Dancy caught his breath at the sight; and Jean and Alicia exclaimed aloud. Frail loveliness, the shimmer of first dawn, the heart of white flowers, the iridescence of sea foam tossed in sunlight, memories of just-born rainbows—it was all in these small matched spheres, perfect spheres, perfectly matched and perfectly graduated.

"Some beads!" said Billy Dancy.

"Some beads!" repeated Mr. Godfrey with a reverent twinkle.

Alicia had been mistaken about the clasp. It was not a cluster of canary diamonds, but four of them, cut square and set in a square, charming, naïve in their golden luster. They gave a note of old-time sophistication to the pearls.

"Put them on, Jean," said Billy manfully.

Mr. Godfrey rose, and slowly, with measured, ritualistic step, approached Jean and clasped the pearls in place. If they had been beautiful before, now they became superb, matchless. No woman ever has in her lifetime more than one ornament that is supremely, individually her own, intrinsically a part of her beauty, and not a mere decoration for it. These pearls were Jean's, absolutely, without question. Her fair delicacy, her evanescent color, was theirs and theirs was hers. Looking at her Billy Dancy's heart melted in a painful, choking tenderness. To think that she, so rare, so lovely, was his own.

"They were made for you," said Mrs. Perrimain in maternal ecstasy.

Mr. Perrimain said nothing. Pearls are not edible. But he looked at Jean attentively and seemed to enjoy what he saw.

"They were made for you," offered Alicia, repeating her mother's words. But she did not look at Jean. She looked at Billy.

"I may say," twinkled Mr. Godfrey with honest admiration, "I have never before seen a wearer and a jewel so well suited."

There was a silence. Jean looked down at the pearls and touched them caressingly, her rosy finger tips living pearls against the gems. It was plain that she longed for them as only beauty itself can desire beauty that matches and complements and belongs. But she would not say so. The motion of her fingers revealed it.

"How much do they cost?" asked Billy abruptly. He couldn't bear much more of watching Jean, so utterly adorable, with the things against that lovely throat of hers—wanting them. Suppose they should be sixty or seventy thousand! Suppose they should be a hundred thousand! He realized as never before how ignorant he was of the relative values of luxuries like these.

"Those pearls," mused Mr. Godfrey, "are a most remarkable bargain. A perfectly matched and graduated string, in such wonderful condition, isn't to be come across in a blue moon. They're unfindable. They're not on the market at any price. Only when some collector is forced to sell or an estate is to be closed—and then rarely, very rarely—do we get anything like this. This string is as good as anything I've ever held in my hands." His tone implied that he had held many, and of the best. Billy's faint hopes grew fainter.

"But"—and now Mr. Godfrey twinkled magnificently and directly at Billy—"Miss Lucretia Perrimain requested her executors, in case the pearls were bought by any member of her family, however remote, to permit the sale at exactly the original cost. She had kept a detailed and accurate record of it, I am happy to say. The result is astounding. Astounding! Even if you could find another such string of pearls on the market to-day it would cost four, probably five times as much as the amount named by Miss Lucretia Perrimain's generous provision."

Billy licked his lips furtively. They felt dry, hot. Would this bird never come to the point and name a figure? It was awful to have him go prosing on while Jean, that angel, sat there loving the pearls with her touching fingers.

"What is that amount?" he asked, perceiving a slackening in the flow of Mr. Godfrey's eloquence.

"Thirty-eight thousand dollars."

Billy Dancy's heart turned a somersault of relief and hilarity. Oh, boy! Oh, joy! Where was Alicia now! Where—where! With histrionic intent he allowed his shoulders to slump, his mouth to droop, as if completely floored, flattened with disappointment.

"Oh!" cried Jean impulsively. "That's far too much!"

"Of course it is," echoed Mrs. Perrimain with infinite longing and regret.

"Humph—yes," grunted Mr. Perrimain.

"I thought so," said Alicia in chilly triumph. "I felt that we ought not to ask Mr. Godfrey to bother to show them to us." She indicated Billy as the culprit, the guilty wretch who had instigated this raw blunder.

"It seems a great deal," admitted Billy wickedly, leading her on.

"It is, of course," twinkled Mr. Godfrey with sympathy and understanding; "though they are really a superlative investment. If you wished to dispose of them at any time I could easily resell them for a hundred thousand—perhaps a hundred and twenty-five thousand. Or I would hold them as security and advance on them—more than their present cost price."

"This fellow is good," thought Billy.

"If you are not satisfied with my valuation," continued Mr. Godfrey, "I wish you would take them to anyone else, either here or in New York."

"It isn't a question of valuation or resale," remarked Alicia. "We are not—in trade, Mr. Godfrey."

Mr. Godfrey's twinkle comprehended Alicia perfectly. "Ah, but I am, Miss Perrimain," he answered.

Billy could have kissed his bald head for that gentle slam. But Mrs. Perrimain was gathering up her wraps, Mr. Perrimain was reaching for his stick, Alicia was making little premonitory movements of departure.

"It's been delightful to see them," said Mrs. Perrimain bravely.

Alicia grasped the opportunity to give one more dig to Billy.

"Yes—it's been delightful to see them, and they're quite wonderful. I was sure that it was useless for us to come, but my brother-in-law insisted. We must thank you, Mr. Godfrey, for your kindness—and patience."

Slowly, reluctantly, Jean's little hands crept up to unclasp the pearls. And now Billy stepped into the center of the scene.

"Don't take them off, Jean," he said. "Of course we're going to take them. I wouldn't think of trying Mr. Godfrey's kindness and patience for nothing."

It was delicious to see how utterly at a loss his plunge left Alicia. She hadn't a word to say. Billy felt a low impulse to wiggle his fingers at her and stick out his tongue and say "Yah!"

But another surprise for them all came from Jean. "No, Billy, no," she exclaimed. "I won't think of it. It's far too much. I told you ——" It was evident that she was deeply in earnest, that her protest was real.

"I know, dear," said Billy, "but you thought they'd cost a lot more."

"It's too much to spend for an ornament," said Jean clearly. "Later, perhaps, when we're better established—but not now. Just because they look well on me and I want them—I won't let you do it. It wouldn't be right—it wouldn't be fair to you."

The Perrimain family in the background were registering well-bred displeasure at this outburst of emotion before a stranger. Alicia could not resist comment. She saw a chance to redeem her spite from failure.

"Of course, Jean darling, if you know that Billy can't afford them you oughtn't to let him do it."

(Continued on Page 112

# On the Altar of Happiness

Commencement becomes one of life's rose-leaf memories. *Gifts that Last* keep these memories fresh.

*WEDDING* gifts bind together into a fuller life, old joys and new happiness. They symbolize the hope and promise of the future and recall the tender associations of the past.

A gift of Jewelry, because it is intrinsically precious, preserves throughout life in undimmed beauty, all the poetry and romance that enshrine the wedding day.

Your jeweler's array is by no means confined to expensive articles. Worthy gifts abound in every price range. Through years of training he is competent to advise you.

**GIFTS THAT LAST**

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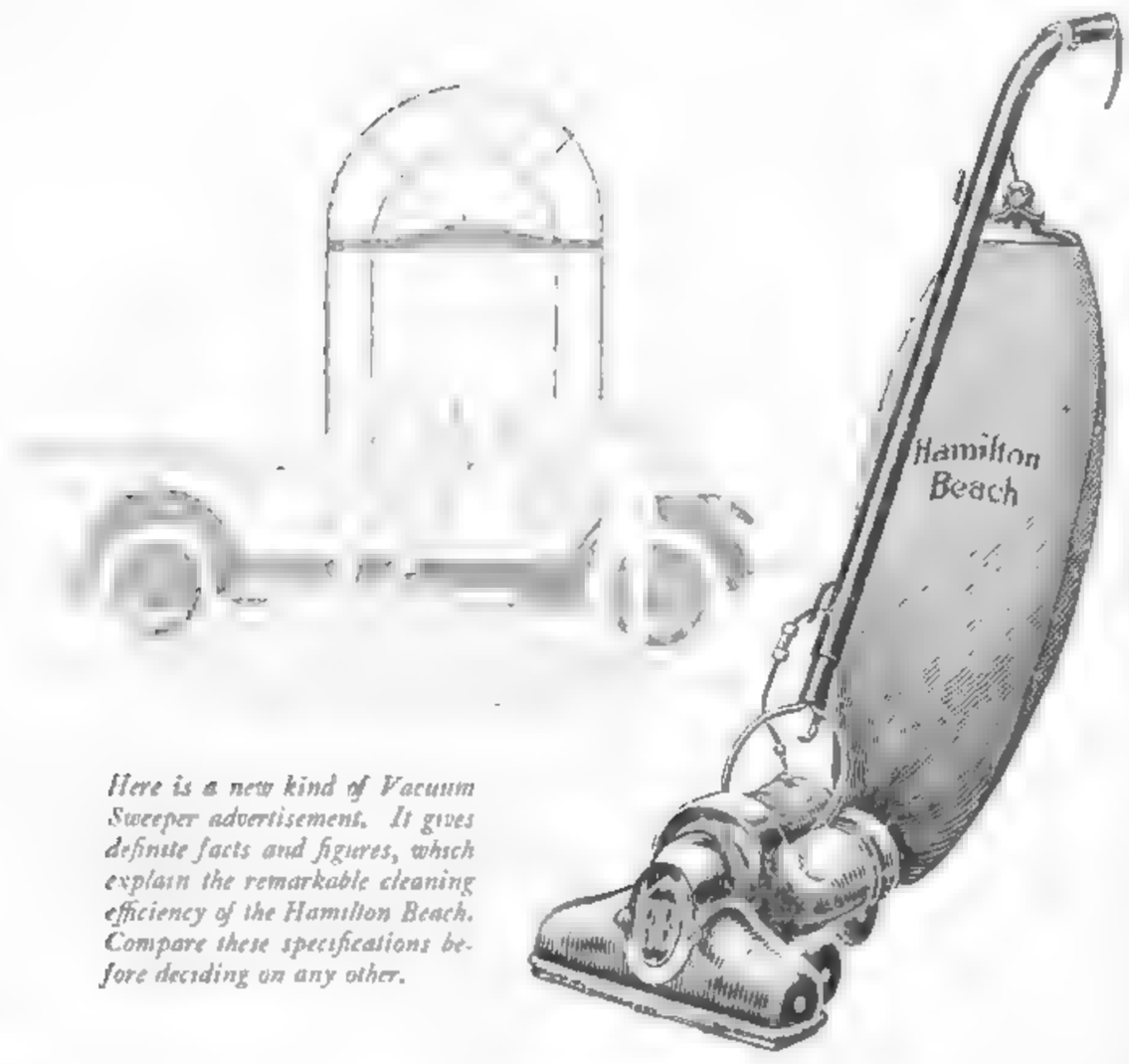


*Here is a new kind of Vacuum Sweeper advertisement. It gives definite facts and figures, which explain the remarkable cleaning efficiency of the Hamilton Beach. Compare these specifications before deciding on any other.*

# Buy your cleaner as you do your car

## *On Specifications and Performance*

**At last, super-suction has been added to the beating brush; so that the advantages of both these good types of cleaners are now merged in one amazing machine with multiplied cleaning power. It easily gives most value for the money. Read these detailed laboratory specifications, then have your dealer demonstrate on your own fine rugs. On request, we send FREE folder, with name of nearest dealer. Ask any questions! Absolutely no obligation.**

**MOTOR** The Motor is self-ventilated, operating perfectly on 100 to 120 Volt A. C. or D. C. current.

One-fifth H. P. Speed 7,900 to 8,100 R. P. M.

Maximum current consumption, 2.2 amperes.

Maximum wattage, 200 to 225.

Bearings are of Non-Gran bronze, one inch long, self-aligning type, grooved and wick-threaded along entire length to insure constant lubrication.

Armature shaft is oversize, providing extra large bearing surfaces to minimize wear.

Commutator is 36 bar, with pure mica, representing utmost fineness of manufacture and quality construction.

Carbon brushes are easily replaceable.

Cord is armored at motor case with a V shield and wire guard. No breakage is possible.

**BRUSH** Speed, 2,000 R. P. M.

Single row of bristles; only one-half as many contacts with carpet as brushes with two rows.

Four easy adjustments compensate for brush wear

Hinged wire-guard absolutely prevents carpet from sealing nozzle and reducing efficiency.

**NOZZLE** Interior of nozzle is scientifically stream-lined to reduce eddy currents and provide for greatest velocity.

Four-wheel compensating carriage insures easy running.

Instantaneous finger-tip nozzle adjustment gives three positions of nozzle, one for every type and thickness of carpet and rug; no screw drivers or tools of any kind required. The little black lever does it!

All-over height is 7¼ inches, making it one of the lowest cleaners on the market, handy for operating under very low furniture.

Bumper cord is spring-secured and effectively prevents the marring of furniture.

**FAN** Extra strong and perfectly balanced, with blade curvature scientifically determined for maximum efficiency.

Air displacement, 219 cubic feet per minute.

Air velocity, 71.4 feet per second, or nearly a mile a minute.

Vacuum, 12.75 inches "U" tube water-lift at 110 volts.

Fan shaft shield absolutely prevents accumulation of hair or string on shaft.

Belt is direct-connected; no idlers or long cross-overs. We guarantee it.

**BAG** The bag is of heavy khaki and guaranteed. Throat-flap at intake point prevents dust from falling back into fan and dropping on carpet.

Jiffy bag connection—a turn of the wrist and it's off. Simple spring clip secures other end of bag through which dirt is emptied.

Tension pad of felt absolutely seals this end under clip against any leaking or sifting of even minutest particles.

**HANDLE** The handle has a convenient curve to eliminate awkward and tiresome position when used.

Switch in handle for starting and stopping is at finger tips.

Length of cord outside of handle, 18½ feet.

*All dealers are glad to show you the famous three-point demonstration and to name convenient terms, on request*

*Note how the air sweeps the surface, besides cleaning through the rug*

# Hamilton Beach Vacuum Sweeper

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., Racine, Wis.


*(Continued from Page 110)*

"Please don't interfere, Alicia. Billy can afford them or he wouldn't have said he'd buy them. It's not that. It's just that it seems too much—he's given me so many things."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Godfrey tactfully, "you and Mrs. Dancy would like to talk it over for a few minutes in my inner office."

Within and alone, Jean rushed into the instant shelter of her husband's arms.

"Don't -don't buy them, darling!" she begged. "It's such a lot of money. It isn't right. I don't care—really!"

She wanted to say to him, "Don't let Alicia goad you into this piece of extravagance." But she would not so belittle him.

"Now see here," answered Billy, holding her close, "you know—you know that I wouldn't buy you anything we couldn't afford. I was so relieved and glad when he said thirty-eight thousand "

"Billy," said Jean, "will you give me—your word of honor—that to pay for these pearls won't embarrass you? That it won't hurt the business—that you won't have to give up doing anything personally you want to do? It is such a lot of money."

For a mere flicker of an instant Billy Dancy thought of telling his wife everything, the exact situation. But that flicker vanished.

Why burden that little fluffy head with a lot of dry details that she wouldn't understand, and from which she might draw entirely the wrong conclusion?

"Jean, darling, I give you my word that I've got that much money—and more—not doing a thing—simply lying idle in the bank—and I don't need it in the business or for myself. It would give me the greatest joy and happiness to buy these pearls for you. If you could see how you look with them on! And there'll never be such another chance to get anything so good at such a price! Now—did I ever tell you a lie?"

"Oh, I should say not! How can you ask such a thing?"

They appeared before the waiting Perrimains and Mr. Godfrey, smiling and content.

"We're all set," announced Billy cheerfully. "Mr. Godfrey and I will now have a few words in private. And then Jean will have the pearls."

"Oh, I'm so glad, so gratified!" cried Mrs. Perrimain. "You have no idea, Billy, how thankful I am that they're to stay in the family."

Mr. Perrimain also made sounds of joy. Only Alicia remained aloof and silent, and by that Billy measured the keenness of her disappointment. But he did not pay very much attention to Alicia. Her spite, her malice seemed smaller, less important. It was Jean and her loveliness, Jean and her delight that were uppermost in his mind, and the warm happiness of giving her something precious and beautiful.

His few little words in private with Mr. Godfrey were exceedingly satisfactory.

"Don't forget," said the agent, "if at any time you should want to dispose of them I'll arrange it for you very greatly to your advantage. Or if you should need to raise money quickly—pearls are very negotiable."

"I hope I won't have to sell them or raise money on them," said Billy, laughing. "But I appreciate your information."

Five minutes later Jean held the faded vermilion case in her hands.

"Don't you want to wear them?" asked Billy.

But she shook her head and slipped the case into her velvet purse, tucked the purse under her elbow and held the top of it tight.

In the elevator she slipped the hand that was not engaged with the purse into Billy's. He squeezed it happily.

"Won't you come and have dinner with us?" urged Mrs. Perrimain.

"Got some fine wild duck from North Carolina," said Mr. Perrimain.

"Not to-night, thank you," said Billy, and swept Jean away.

Dine there when he didn't have to? Not much! His last view of the Perrimains showed him Alicia's rigid back, an exclamation point of thwarted fell intent.

"What price pearls, Alicia?" he wanted to call after her.

II

SUCCESS is a sweet and heady liquor. There had been many drafts of it in Billy Dancy's life—his promotions before old Gertner's death; his succession afterward; his enlargement of his factory; his consolidation and weeding out of his employes; his increasing circle of friends, young men like himself, who put him up at clubs and urged him to sports; and sweetest of all, and most decisive, perhaps, his invasion of the city's elect and his marriage to Jean Perrimain.

Like most rising young men with the world to conquer and big plans to put through, he had not wanted to marry. He would have indignantly denied that statement had you asked him now. But nevertheless it was true. He had had no obscure longings for domesticity, nor was he that type of egoist who feels that the reproduction of himself is a duty to the race. He enjoyed having his scant leisure for himself, with no claim on it save those he chose to admit. But—he saw Jean Perrimain selling flowers at a charity bazaar and—click-click went the little electric spark of first love, and all his aversion to marriage vanished on the instant.

He bought her flowers, he was introduced to her, and he laid siege to her with a complete unawareness of the social gulf he would have to bridge to win her. Not that it turned out to be such a gulf, finally, for Jean met him halfway across it, as unquestionably and as surely as he had gone to her.

And for men like Billy Dancy, social gulfs do not exist. Having seen Jean and loved her he courted her ardently, earnestly; and married her. He would have done so if she had been a beggar. He found in his marriage a height of happiness that few men attain. Now, at last, was there a reason for his work and for his ambition—Jean.

Though he had never thought of her social place as an asset to himself while he was seeking her—indeed it was then a drawback, and he had to endure many distasteful things on account of it—once he had won her it became inextricably mixed and mingled with the worth of her; another attribute that proved how wonderful she was. Strangely woven in with the warp and woof of his dear affection for her was pride—pride that she should be a creature a little above others and yet his own. Pride that, coming from people whom common acclaim placed above him, she should be his beneficiary; that he could, even so, give to her much that she had not. Her trust in him, her unquestioning love subtly flattered him, even while he knew it was his infinitely most precious possession. And so he had from the first treated her not like a comrade and an equal but as an adored, shielded child. He did not know it, did Billy, but he was the complete pattern of the dominant male whose autocratic superiority to the female of his species is never questionable in his own mind. Had he loved her less he would have been unbearable.

Yet with his pride and his unconscious dominance was so much thoughtful tenderness, so much touching humility—for he could never understand the wonder of her answering love for him—and withal a boyishness so sudden and utterly appealing that his tyranny was unconscious, and even Jean, who was beginning to perceive it dimly, would not so have named it.

This purchase of pearls was significant to him. It was another open proof of his material success, and another lavish gift that he could give to her who was his motive for seeking material success. And here again, with this double significance came the third—this gift would establish him with Jean's family as he had always determined some day to be established—in a superior niche.

And as for Alicia—he had utterly flattened her. She might be as sneery now as Ethel Monticute, but he could smile. He'd put armor on his vulnerable spots. Dinner at the Perrimains', with Jean wearing the pearls, became distinctly possible.

"I believe you like them more than I do," Jean accused him after one of these occasions.

"No, I don't."

"No, you don't, because I am simply mad about them. I gloat when other women envy me."

"Other women might envy you more than the pearls—it's you who make the pearls so effective."

"Oh, of course—pearls are nothing unless the right person wears them."

"Vanity's a terrible thing," Billy apostrophized the world at large. "But it's a comfort to me to think that if my life insurance ran out, and I were to die and you couldn't get a cent from anyone, you'd

still have a decent little fortune hanging round your neck."

"Don't, don't say such things! It's bad luck."

"Oh, come—you don't believe in luck."

Jean thought it over. "No—not exactly. But, Billy—sometimes I think we've got too much—that we're too happy—that things have gone too well. I feel as though the gods might be envious and send a pestilence or something."

"For heaven's sake, child, you're morbid! Don't imagine things like that. Believe me, with everything as jumpy as it is at the plant, life's not all beer and skittles by any means."

"What do you mean—jumpy?" She was instantly interested.

"Oh, conditions are so unsettled." He frowned vaguely. "And I keep hearing rumors. But there—why should I bring my troubles home? Angel and blessed, I haven't a care or a worry in the world—except that I have to spend so much time away from you."

It occurred to Jean that their conversations, no matter how they began, always ended in love making. It was a pleasant way to have them end, but—she wondered.

Conditions were—as Billy had said—jumpy. Money was tight, orders small. There were strikes and threats of strikes in allied industries, and though the lightning of unrest had not yet struck his own business it had played about much too near. There was trouble in the air.

"We've got to go at it one day at a time," Billy had told Beazley, and the old man agreed.

"But that slump in the silk market's about due," he added sagely. "I got a hunch. And then, Mr. Dancy, we want to buy every cent's worth of cones we can extend ourselves for. If we do we can tide over, no matter what happens."

It was a blow straight between the eyes. Billy sat staring at the door long after Beazley had left. With conditions as they were he had had no chance to recruit his surplus. Beazley had said nothing for so long about the slump in silk that Billy had put it into the limbo of impossibilities.

And now—well, maybe old Beazley was a false alarm again. But this time Billy didn't think so. That mysterious sixth sense that is the possession of all keen business men warned him that Beazley's vindication was at hand.

If he could rush into a broken thread market and buy largely he'd have the bulge on a lot of his smaller competitors, who were, he knew, in as tight coils financially as himself. Such purchase would cheapen manufacturing costs wonderfully—for a while at least. Of course the market would recover.

If he didn't buy—why, a lot of other people in the hosiery business would, and he'd be pinched; he'd lose orders, they'd underprice him.

He shut his jaws with a snap. No, by golly, they weren't going to get him! He'd raise money—a lot of money—somehow if he had to sandbag somebody to get it. He could scrape up a measly five thousand, no more, and that was nothing.

"But I've crawled out of lots worse places than this," he told himself.

He would not have thought about the pearls at all had not Jean that very night said that she must take them in town and have them restrung. His answer had not been inspired by any other motive than appeared on the surface.

"I'll take them in for you to-morrow morning, if you like," he had said. "I'm going to look in at the jeweler's anyway—somebody's birthday's coming along pretty soon—and I want to find something for her. She's a very fussy little person, the one who has this birthday, so I have to start in plenty of time and look at everything in town before I feel sure of suiting her."

"Don't you want a lady with very good taste to go with you and help you make your choice?" asked Jean innocently. "I'm sure we could find the perfect shopping companion for you."

"On this errand I trust my own very good taste," returned Billy. "No lady shopping companions for me. What are you trying to do—have your birthday present no surprise? If so, your wicked schemes and machinations are an utter failure."

It was not until the pearls were in his pocket and he was on his way to town that there came to him a quick, vivid memory of what the man Godfrey had said when he sold them. "Pearls are negotiable."

Negotiable! A fine suggestive word. Here in his pocket he had property on which a sufficient sum might be raised to lift him out of all his present difficulties.

Only, of course, it wasn't feasible. He couldn't ask Jean for the pearls for any length of time. He utterly revolted against letting her know that he'd been obliged to raise money on any of her ornaments, especially this, her most loved and cherished. Women didn't understand these things. She'd think they were next door to the poorhouse and be terribly distressed.

No, he'd have to think of a better plan than that. But—it would be so easy—so exceedingly, beautifully easy—if he could only do it. If—he—could—only—do- it! A bunch of ready money, and no one knowing about it. By golly—what a chance!

Instinct, which is at all times stronger than reason, led him, when he got off the train, not toward the jeweler's but toward the Walnut Street office of Mr. Godfrey. He'd just get some idea of what might be done, in case —

Mr. Godfrey, as twinkling as ever, seemed glad to see Billy, and offered a suggestion that was illuminating.

"You think you'll only need this money for a few days?" he asked.

"I can't be sure," said Billy. "If the silk market doesn't slump, but is tided over, I won't need it at all. Then I could return it at once. If it does slump and I go in and buy cones—our thread silk comes to us ready for use in one-pound cones, you understand—then I'll need it longer, for I'd have to repay it out of my profits, accruing from month to month. That's what puzzles me. I can't keep the pearls that long on a pretext of having them restrung. My wife would know it wasn't necessary."

"Why don't you tell your wife, frankly, all about it, Mr. Dancy?" asked Mr. Godfrey. "As I recall her—and I recall her very distinctly—she was endowed not only with far more than the average degree of beauty, but oddly enough, with brains also."

Billy brushed that away. "Of course she's clever," he granted. "But she knows nothing about business—and takes no interest in it. It's been my happiness to shield her and keep her away from everything that is part of the sordid grind of running a factory and making money. My wife—she's, she's exquisite—untouched."

He groped for words and could find none to convey what he wanted to say. But Mr. Godfrey seemed to understand. He did not urge his idea.

"And besides," Billy went on practically, "I don't want her people to get hold of it. Jean's a child about such things, and she might inadvertently let them know. And you know how it is with in-laws."

Yes, Mr. Godfrey knew. He tapped with his pencil on the top of the vermilion box and spoke wisely: "Then let me have the real pearls duplicated for you, Mr. Dancy. No one will know the difference. At least, it would take a great expert. And they are rare."

"But can they be duplicated?" The merits of the idea ranged themselves quickly before him.

"Oh, yes. I'd take them over to New York. There's a man there whose chief business is doing just this thing. He keeps a marvelous stock on hand. The duplicates will cost you seven hundred dollars. My time and my services will cost you two hundred. I will personally choose the pearls for the duplicate string. You will use the original clasp; it is unique and couldn't be changed. And then I will lend you"—he paused and thought—"I will lend you forty-five thousand on these, for six months, at the usual interest."

Forty-five thousand for six months, obtained in secret, and at no more than legal interest! Manna in the wilderness!

"Oh, but I won't need it for anything like six months," protested Billy.

Mr. Godfrey permitted himself a smile. "They all say that," he observed. "Now I suppose the need is haste, isn't it? I will go over to New York to-day—and to-morrow afternoon you can stop in and take the duplicate pearls home with you."

More and more was Billy's opinion of Mr. Godfrey rising.

"That would be bully!" he answered heartily.

By all means, the sooner Jean had the duplicate pearls the safer he'd feel.

So it was arranged, and he went on to his factory—stopping at the bank to leave Mr. Godfrey's promptly tendered check,


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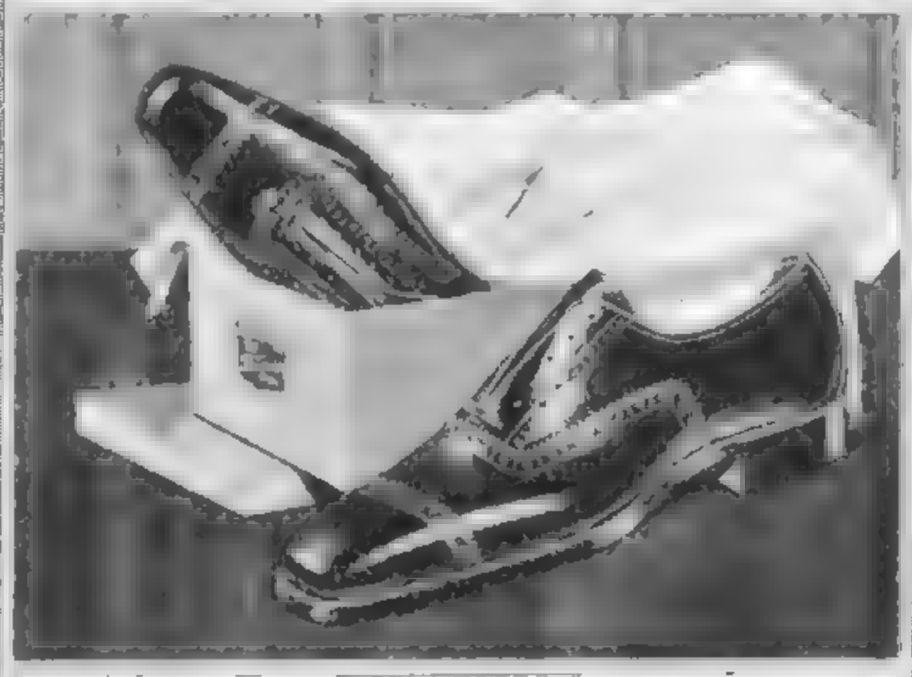

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with the feeling of a man who thought he was stepping off a high cliff and found the drop was only a couple of inches. He'd gotten all excited and worried about nothing. The whole thing had been superlatively easy. Now he was heeled against trouble from any point.

It must be admitted that he had felt very distinct qualms about passing off the artificial pearls on Jean. But he counseled himself to be practical. The use to which he put their worth was legitimate, a good stroke of business, and the substitute was to be briefly temporary. He sent cheerfully for Beazley.

"Well, how's the slump coming?" he asked.

"Be here within the week," replied the old man. "I'm certain of it now. I'm buying just enough cones to keep us along from day to day, as you might say, and the thread salesmen are thicker'n a swarm of bees, fairly begging for orders, trying to stave the thing off. Oh, it's a landslide. Now, Mr. Dancy, I want to know just how much I can spend when it comes. I don't want to wait. Whoever gets there first will get the cream."

"You can have fifty thousand," said Billy. "That's all I can spare."

"We couldn't store any more'n what that'll buy. I don't want so many that the thread will deteriorate before we can use it, either. Just a whacking good lot to get right to work on, and clean up pretty."

"Shoot when you're ready," said Billy. "I've got the ammunition."

The day went on as usual. Nothing to distinguish it but an increased sense of a good deal consummated and smart strategy planned. No possible consequences of his devious ways loomed on Billy Dancy's soul until that night at dinner.

There in the peaceful fastness of his black-oak and hand-blocked-linen dining room—enjoying an excellent meal, with Jean opposite him in a golden slip of a dress that turned her into a fairy creature—the bomb was thrown.

"Did you leave my pearls at Baltwell's to-day?" asked Jean casually enough.

For a sickening second Billy was prone in a shell hole. He emerged slowly. And he told Jean the first lie he had ever told her.

"Yes," he said firmly and clearly, "and they'll have 'em ready for me to-morrow night, and I'll bring 'em out."

"Oh, you needn't bother," she answered. "I'm going in and I'll stop for them."

Food became suddenly nauseous, and the room turned upside down.

Why in the humph-humph, he kept asking himself, had he said that! Why didn't he tell her that he was too rushed this morning and would take 'em to-morrow? One question at Baltwell's and she'd know the pearls weren't there! He cursed himself and his lack of forethought in preparing a good alibi.

Presently his panic lessened. He would devise something to keep her out of town to-morrow or get hold of the pearls and telephone her by noon that he had them and she needn't bother to go down to Baltwell's. It mustn't be anything clumsy.

"That bird who said the descent into hell was easy remarked a pageful," he murmured to himself. "It's too darned easy so far as I'm concerned."

He thought of many things, but none of them would do. At last he decided to make no reference to the matter for that evening. He was greatly helped in this decision by the entrance of Kate and Louis Heathersley, who had jumped into their car after dinner and run down from Bryn Mawr because they were dying for a little quiet bridge.

And Kate wanted to tell Jean the newest recipe. It began: "Take a pound of apricots and a gallon of water."

In spite of the protective coloration provided by these guests Billy Dancy spent a thoroughly miserable evening. He was unused to subterfuge. He hated it. And he had walked into the bit of it so easily, so unwittingly!

In the morning just as he was leaving he gave a good personation of a man suddenly remembering something.

"By the way, dear—I just thought of it. You asked me last night if I'd taken the pearls to Baltwell's. I didn't go there after all. I took 'em to old Godfrey. I thought it wouldn't be a bad plan to have him look at them every once in a while. And he said he'd have them restrung."

"Oh, Billy—will they be done by this afternoon? I want to wear them to the Traills' reception." He could detect no slightest symptom of distrust or displeasure

"I think so. I'll have Miss Koons call him up, and then telephone you. That all right?"

It was apparently all right. Billy went on to his train with a little less jauntiness than was usual. He resolved firmly to watch his step. And watch his step. And then again, to watch his step.

But as it turned out, it seemed that his alarms had been groundless. When he and Jean met for dinner she was wearing the pearls. He knew they were the false ones and he did not dare look at them too closely. To the casual eye they were identical.

"You got 'em all right?" he asked.

"Oh, of course."

Oh, of course! What do women know of the secret travail of their husbands! Billy Dancy swore a mighty oath to the gods of toil that he would spare no labor, no exertion, no effort till the real gems were back in his hands once more. And once the real pearls were his again—no temptation of easy profits, no need for money, nothing, would ever cause him to repawn them. A man who had to raise funds by pawning his wife's jewelry—he named himself so, and loathed the stigma. But never again!

Still, he was reasonably cheered and reassured by the happenings of the next few days. Almost to the minute, as if he had exercised occult powers upon it, the slump in silk appeared, even as old Beazley had predicted.

And into the fray went old Beazley, armed with Billy's fifty thousand, and bought, swiftly, sapiently. He got, even as he had said, the cream. When the big packing boxes of cones began to fill up the storage space, and as Billy O. K'd the bills, ridiculously small for the amount they represented in material, confidence flowed into him. Now—now—the only thing to do was to work like blazes and swing the profits into a column of solid, powerful figures.

With this in view he exhorted his salesmen to supreme effort. "We want orders, we want them quick, and we want them gilt-edged," was the message. "Action—action—action!"

Out in the factory production was speeded. A daily schedule of output of each machine was posted, with the name of the operative. Rivalry sprang up. At the same time the stipulations for quality were stiffened.

"It looks rosy as hell," commented old Beazley. "If nothing don't happen."

"We'll see to it that nothing happens," was Billy's grim response.

For the false pearls at Jean's throat were a continual reproach to him. When she put them away so carefully, opening and closing her little safe with infinite pains that it should be secure, he felt, in his own words, like a yellow pup. Sometimes he wanted to ask her not to wear them so constantly, but caution warned him that if he displayed any special interest in them it might trip him into a damaging admission. He did not trust his powers of prevarication.

"You're working too hard," Jean told him often, with a little frown of worry.

And he was working! He was in at the factory when the earliest employe was punching the clock, and he did not leave until the place was empty. He was working for relief from the load of deceit he was carrying. It weighed on him ridiculously. Anything—anything, to get back those pearls!

Then suddenly, out of a clear sky, came trouble.

"If the woolen-cloth people go on strike they may call out the hosiery operatives," old Beazley suggested.

"For Pete's sake," said Billy, aghast, "are those fool woolen employers going to stand for a strike now? They cleaned up outrageously during the war and now, when business is picking up, for them to go and hit it on the head!"

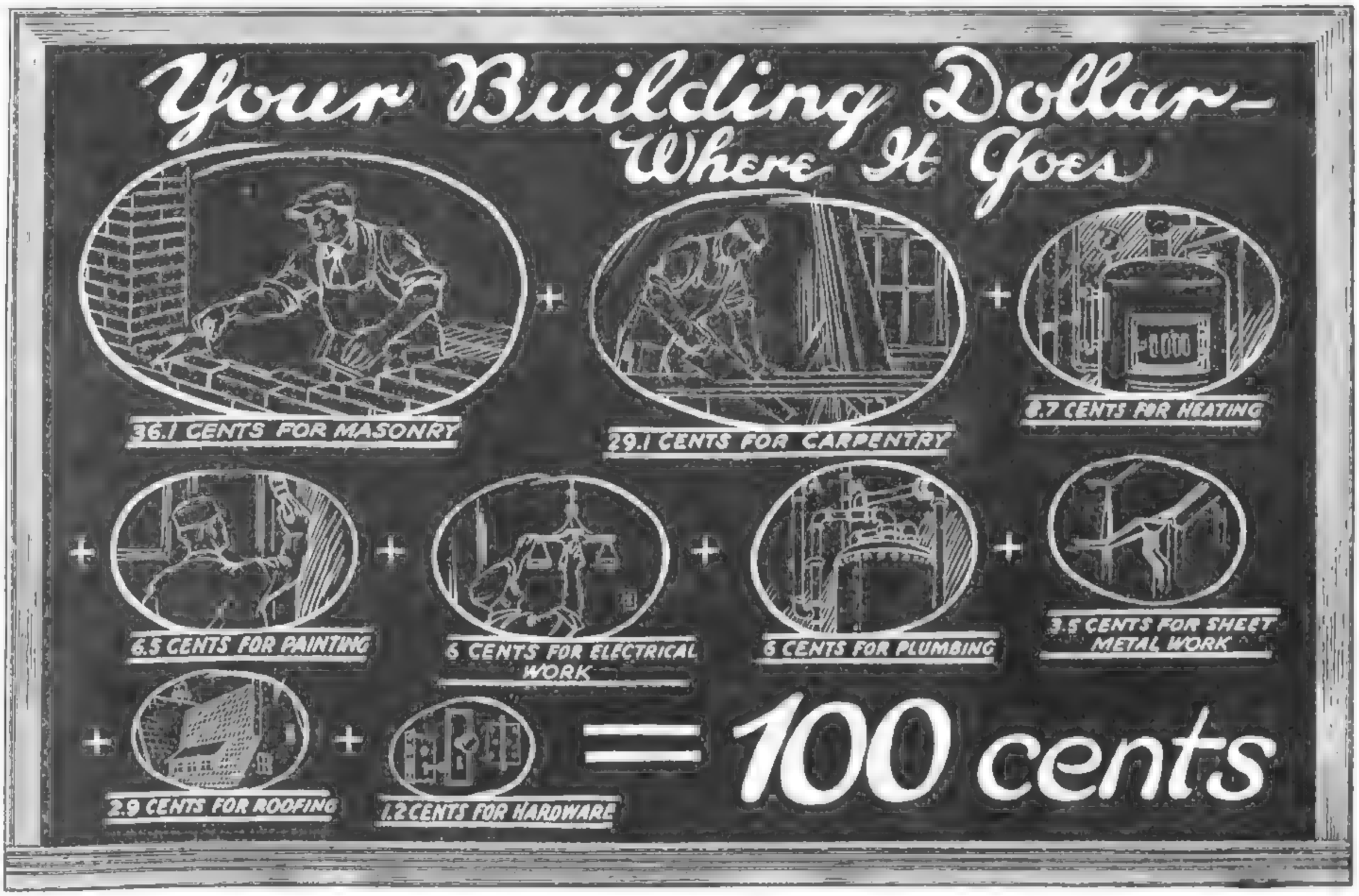
"They should worry," said Beazley. "They'd like a strike. Wools are awful dull. It'd pay them to close for a while. I think myself they've worked this up, with wage cuts, and so on."

"I shouldn't wonder. My Lord, Beazley—d'you think our people would go out on me?"

"They got no choice if the union says so."

"I've always stood by the unions," said Dancy. "I've always encouraged them. It's the best weapon labor's got against

*(Continued on Page 117)*

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(Continued from Page 114)

all sorts of rotten treatment. But—oh, well I'm going to call up some of those woolen people and find out what's what."

He got precious little satisfaction. Yes, the woolen mills expected a strike. The employers had offered a new wage scale, 15 per cent less than the present one. The unions had demanded 10 per cent more than the present. There was not the slightest chance of either yielding to the other.

"No, we don't know what the unions'll do," said one employer. "They've a meeting to-morrow night, and then they'll meet the employers' committee and say what they've decided. Sure—if they vote to strike, and with a viva voce vote in open meeting, it's dollars to doughnuts they will vote to strike—they'll call as many sympathetic strikes as they possibly can. Your people will be sure to go."

"And this is the return to normalcy!" said Billy, flinging up the phone receiver in a spasm of disgust. "By golly, I'm up against it!"

As he walked through the factory he was conscious of the undercurrent of excitement that always precedes a strike. There was more talk than usual. A few operatives worked doggedly, silent, eyes fixed on their machines, but minds apparently far away, grappling with the problem of how they and their dependents would exist on the meager strike benefits. Billy found himself pitying them in the midst of his own distress. Like him, they were up against it. And like him, they were in the grip of economic adjustment—that modern blind Moloch who demands constant sacrifice.

"It's no use to talk to 'em," he thought. "They've got to go out if the union orders it. But—what am I going to do?"

There is nothing for anyone to do in like case but wait. Billy Dancy waited, and at the end of two days the morning papers told him that the wool people had gone out.

He went down to his factory, dreading what he might see there. Would he find the place empty, the machines idle? It was with an enormous throb of thankfulness that he saw every operative in place, work going on as usual. The sympathetic strike had not, as yet, been ordered.

He made swift inventory of his resources. There were a few big orders that he must rush ahead, neglecting smaller ones. Then if the strike came the money for the larger orders would tide him along—for a while. If the strike was prolonged he must offer for sale the cones he had bought at so favorable a figure, to manufacturers out of town whose mills would still be running. For he was sure it would be only a local strike. Well, that money would help, provided he wasn't forced to sell at too great a sacrifice. He might get by, but the balance sheet of his ledger would be a sorry sight, for though his wage expense would stop there were his notes in bank, and the inexorable interest on the factory mortgage. And his house expenses.

Which brought him round to Jean, and inevitably—to the pearls.

He set his teeth. Jean would have to wear those false pearls for quite a while. He must try not to think of it.

Anticipation is sometimes worse than reality. Billy Dancy had braced himself so hard to meet the strike that when, after a week of jumpy, nervous tension, his people did go out he was almost glad of it. Some of them came in to see him.

"We don't want to go," they told him. And Maria Sandek, his oldest operative, lingered. Maria was toothless and wrinkled, but her knotted, gnarled old hands were as deft as they had been at twenty.

"Listen, Mr. Billy," said Maria impressively. "If you get in any strike breakers don't you let 'em touch my machine, or I sure will be sore when I get back!"

"I'm going to get in strike breakers as fast as I can," said Billy. "You better stay, Maria, if you don't want someone else to run your machine."

The old woman, shaking her head drearily, gathered up her shawl and went out. The factory was empty save for the office force.

"Now we can get busy," said Billy. "We'll advertise for operatives here and in every city within two hundred miles where there are knitting mills. I won't farm out my orders to out-of-town competitors; I'd rather lose the business. Every customer with an unfilled order must be written to. And we'll see what we shall see."

Miss Koons spoke up with unexpected spirit. "You get a new stenographer, Mr. Dancy. I'm going out in the factory and try my hand with a machine. I guess if I can pound a typewriter I can knit silk stockings, and I've often watched the women out there. So you got one strike breaker right here."

"Bully for you!" said Billy. "I won't forget this, Miss Koons."

And so the fight began.

For the first few days it was a wild rush to secure new operatives, to reassure customers, to discourage further orders but to keep a string to them in case the strike was called off. Everything was in a state of flux, uncertain, shifting from hour to hour. A few strike breakers trickled in poor unskilled workers, who not only had to be taught but also had to be constantly watched. Old Beazley marched out into the factory and took a machine beside Miss Koons. Billy himself was there intermittently during the day, teaching, helping, acting as foreman, mechanic, anything to get the work through. But progress was discouragingly slow. No more than a third of the machines were running, and these at far below their normal output.

Still Billy struggled on. By superhuman efforts he managed to get out a few of the smaller orders on time, but he had the depressing consciousness of the impending demoralization of the business he had built up so proudly, so painstakingly. To a man of constructive temperament and sanguine turn of thought there is nothing so keenly hurtful as wanton destruction of a useful industry that he has himself developed. So with Billy Dancy. He made his fight doggedly, untiringly, but with the finger of despair laid on his heart.

His whole self was so centered on the factory and its problems that he was oblivious of all else. He had grown thin to gauntness, strung tight with nerves. Jean, watching him, yearned over him. But he brushed away her solicitude, hardly saw her. She had become in this crisis almost shadowlike to him, not quite real. He submitted to her affection, but he found no solace, no rest in it. At last she ceased to urge it on him, only saw to his smallest ease and comfort with infinite care and waited for him to come back to her.

He only half heard her when one day she reminded him that they hadn't dined with her family for two months, and that to-night they really must go. "Because," she added, watching him closely, "Cousin Martin Halstead is to be there."

In his frame of mind Cousin Martin Halstead was a wraith, a wisp of nothing. Billy did not even remember having heard of him.

"I wish I didn't have to make you go, poor dear," Jean said worriedly. "You are so tired and worn and bedeviled with this strike. But mother and father would think it so odd if we didn't make a point of seeing Cousin Martin. He's such a traveler, and here so seldom. And he wants specially to see— us."

Even then Cousin Martin Halstead did not register on Billy's consciousness. "I'll be there on time," he said wearily. To eat dinner with his relations-in-law was just one more rotten chore to be chored.

The day was long and harassing, the worst he had yet endured. One of the working machines had been put out of commission by a careless learner. The woolen people were still sitting tight, caring nothing for the devastation of the sympathetic strike. Two of his local competitors, also hit by the strike, had been able to open up on half time, having by sheer chance got hold of a bunch of newly arrived immigrants who were skilled operatives. Some of his customers who had been sympathetic at first were getting restive. And though he was still able to meet his obligations he was down to the slimmest sort of shoestring.

"And I've got to watch old Perrimain lap green-turtle soup, I suppose, and tell about the best way to make French dressing!" he thought, as he got into his dinner clothes at the club. There was no dining at the Perrimains' without the proper raiment. He broke one of his studs, and smudged his only clean collar. It was a black world, not worth living in. He was crushed by the injustice and cruelty of it. If there was only one person who understood, who really cared! And if he was not oppressed by this ever-present consciousness of his own deceit, of his own trickery! In some occult way the pearls were the last bitter gibe of fortune.

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# JUNG'S
*The Original*
# ARCH BRACES


He got to the Perrimains' in the very nick of time, and not until they were at table did he become really aware of Cousin Martin Halstead, tall, with keen eyes, gray and lean and taciturn, with a drooping mustache, hair thin and high on his narrow forehead.

There was green turtle, even as Billy had anticipated, and Mr. Perrimain held forth in a long monologue as to whether or not it contained sufficient sherry. There were delicate little pâtés of shrimp and oyster and lobster for the fish course, a novelty urged on his guests by the epicurean autocrat at the head of the table. Then it was that Billy observed his newly met relative for the first time.

"You eat too much, Philip," said Cousin Martin calmly to his host, "and your food is too rich. You'll go off with uræmia if you're not careful."

Mr. Perrimain became apoplectic with indignation. "I have always maintained that eating is one of the fine arts," he snorted. "Too much neglected -too much neglected! You have your own hobby, Martin -why be sarcastic about other people's?"

"Yes, but my hobby isn't harmful to my health," said Halstead. "And I don't agree with you that eating is one of the fine arts. It's enjoyable, but somehow a little vulgar."

Mr. Perrimain swelled and puffed with anger.

Mrs. Perrimain looked agitated, and fluttered her hands distractedly. Billy felt dimly sorry for her, and stepped into the breach.

"What is your hobby?" he asked Cousin Martin without interest.

"Why, Billy, you know," put in Alicia with too, too sweet reproach. "Everyone knows."

"If I know I've forgotten," said Billy hardily.

"Why, Cousin Martin's a connoisseur in gems," offered Mrs. Perrimain. "He collects jewels—he has the most marvelous things! One of the reasons he's dining with us this evening is because he wanted so much to see Cousin Lucretia's pearls. Don't you remember I told you that he bought a good many of them for her? But he's never seen the completed strand."

"They're very fine, too, at this distance," said Cousin Martin, cocking his keen eye at Jean. "And they're highly becoming to Jean."

Billy Dancy's fork stopped halfway to his mouth, and then dropped to his plate. He could not lift it farther. What had he got into now? His imagination leaped ahead: Cousin Martin—what confoundedly sharp eyes the fellow had!—approaching Jean and saying, "And now let me look at the famous pearls." The Perrimain family sitting about in smiling complacency, waiting for eloquent compliments. Cousin Martin's start of surprise, his closer investigation—probably he had a microscope or something in his pocket—his puzzled "This is odd!" And his final verdict: "These pearls are false!"

Then cries, exclamations, Alicia's prompt suspicion of himself—Alicia would know what had happened, give her the least little hint—and at last, in his present state of weariness and disaster he'd be able to put up no defense, and the truth would come out.

Tableau of rage from Papa Perrimain, tears and reproaches from Mamma Perrimain, malicious gloating from Alicia, and—worst of all—distrust and grief from Jean. With himself in the star part as criminal in chief forever after. Humiliation on humiliation.

All this went through Billy Dancy's head like a swiftly run film. This was the last straw, the very, very last! He was caught. He looked around at them all with glazed, unseeing eyes.

Then as from a great distance he heard Jean speaking.

"But these aren't Cousin Lucretia's pearls," she said gayly, naturally. "I'll take Cousin Martin to see them to-morrow at Mr. Godfrey's, if he likes, but I'll have to confess these are nothing but imitation. There were so many burglaries out near us that I got frightened and had Mr. Godfrey find a duplicate for me. He has the real ones in his safe. But these are wonderful—they've fooled everyone so far." She looked across at Billy. "Haven't they, dear?" she asked.

What went on for the rest of the dinner, what he ate, what was said, Billy Dancy was never able afterward to remember. It seemed to him that it was countless æons of time before he and Jean were home again.

They made the journey in silence, save when he asked her if she was cold, and she answered.

She kept her head turned away from him, her eyes lowered. He did not dare imagine what she was thinking.

But when they reached their own familiar sitting room she faced him desperately.

"I couldn't bear it!" she said, and with the words tears began to run down her cheeks, tears uncontrollable, passionate. "I couldn't bear it any longer! You keep me out of everything—you won't tell me a thing! You act as if I was a little tin painted creature who couldn't understand, who didn't want to help! It's not fair! It's not fair! I'm your wife—I love you so—I'm not a baby—or an idiot—or a doll to be dressed up. You make me feel like Nora."

Billy Dancy's reading had not embraced the famous Ibsen drama. "Nora who?" he asked stupidly. "Oh, Jean—dear—don't! If you knew how miserable I've been!"

"What right have you to be miserable all to yourself?" she demanded. "Let me be miserable with you. What right have you to keep me in the dark about things—or try to? Of course you couldn't. I love you so I know almost every thing you think—I can feel every little cloud on you. These wretched pearls—oh, I knew it was a mistake to buy them! I knew it. Oh, Billy, Billy, you have me in your heart—I know it. Put me in your mind and your confidence and your life too."

She was crying in his arms now, tearing sobs shaking her slim shoulders. "Don't treat me like a toy to be played with, or a piece of bric-a-brac to be looked at and taken care of. Don't—don't! It hurts me to have you hold me so cheap—so trifling. You let your stenographer run one of your machines; even she helps you more than I. We may be on the very verge of ruin, and you won't tell me—you won't tell me! You'd rather deceive me with these." She struck her clenched hand against the pearls. "It was all vanity, our buying them. Alicia worried you into it. Oh, I know! And yet—I thought -when you said so—that it was all right. And to-night—oh—we had to go there to dinner! But if you think that I'd let Cousin Martin—or Alicia—or anyone—hurt and humiliate you when you're in such trouble only it would have served you right for not trusting me enough to tell me —— Oh, Billy, Billy—how could you—how could you!"

"Jean—Jean!" He wanted to cry a bit himself; his throat was tight. "Jean darling—little fellow—I'm the cheap one I'm just an utter fool—but after this -if you'll only forgive me—you shall be in everything—everything!"

When they were calmer Billy Dancy ventured on a question: "How did you know they were false, Jean?"

"Oh—you looked so guilty—and they felt, somehow, different. So I just made Mr. Godfrey tell me. You men—none of you can stand up before a woman."

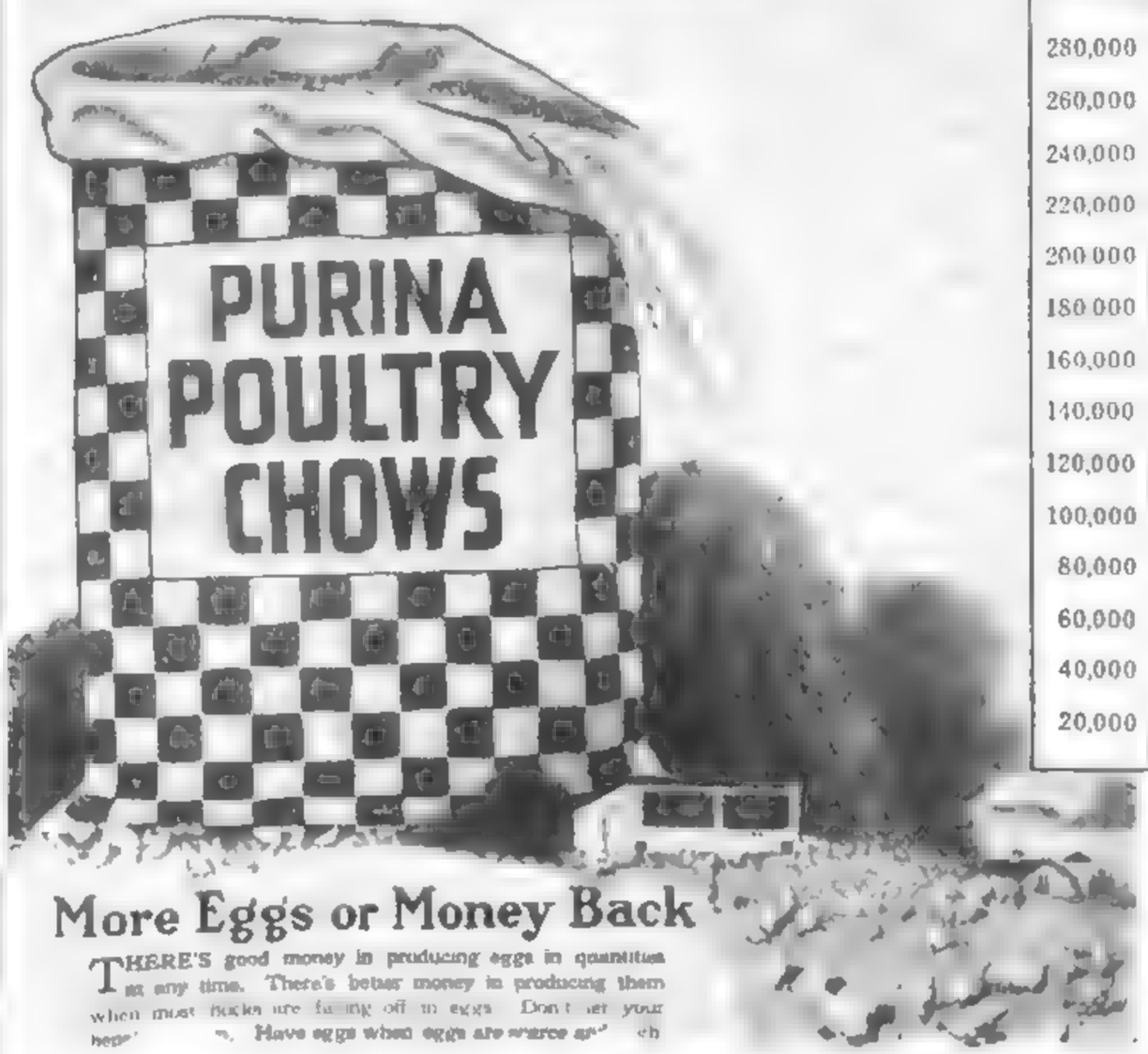
He held her more closely, laughing-glorious laughter—the first he had known for months. The weight of his unbearable load broke and slipped from him, left him free and strong. If Jean knew—if Jean cared so much—why, he could do anything. The strike—that would come out all right. It would have to come out all right. He'd make it.

Money? He'd get it somehow, somewhere, enough to tide over. He knew he could—if he felt this way about it. To-morrow—oh, what he'd do to-morrow!

He had gotten great things from this. His egotism, his self-confidence had been dealt a heavy blow. He had been so sure that he was bearing his great burden alone, and all the time Jean had been beside him, sharing it, and when the need came it was she who had been strong, not he. He was humbled, yet triumphant. He had a shining vision of what life with this new just-revealed Jean would be.

Against his coat lay softly the linked beauty of the false gems that had so troubled him—yet had so served him. Through them, wonderfully, he had found his wife, the treasure of her loyalty, the wealth of her understanding, the limitlessness of her love.

"What price pearls now?" sang his joyful thought.

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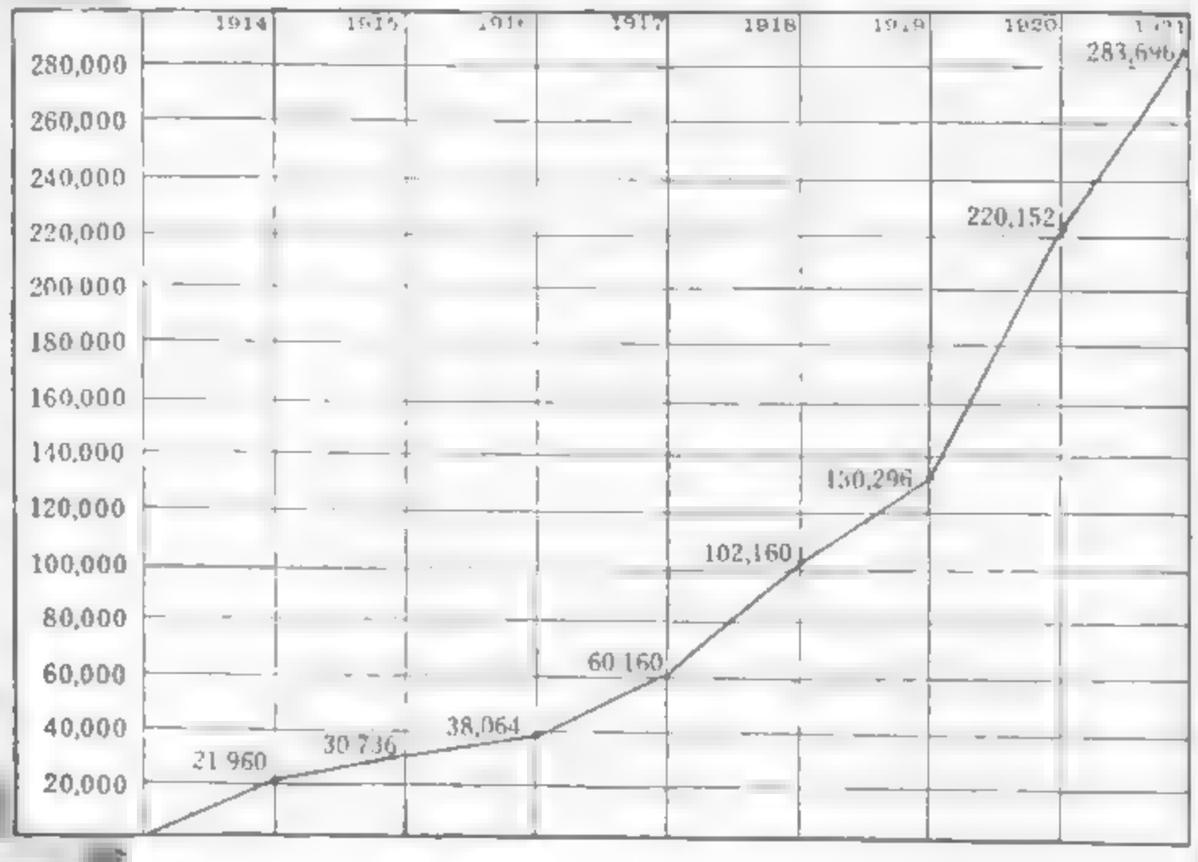


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Town _____ State _____

# FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 17)

on our hands. Let me show Lodge the plank we agreed on last Friday."

Hanna replied, "You can't trust that blankety-blank man; he will give the plank to the press."

I again said, "Let me show it to him and tell him how important it is to keep it quiet, so as not to have a silver bolt in the convention."

Hanna said, "All right, but you do it on your own responsibility."

I went to the Massachusetts headquarters, which was in the same hotel, found Lodge, introduced myself and told him I heard the tilt between him and Hanna; that he must not resent Mr. Hanna's attitude, as he had had but little sleep for a week; and then told him of the Friday meeting and showed him the plank agreed upon by the McKinley managers, and of our pledge of no publicity.

He read it and said: "Why, that plank is all right; the only change I would make is to knock out the words 'and unlimited' in the sentence 'We are opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver.' The two words are unnecessary."

I made the change and have the paper framed. The only words that have not faded out of the mimeograph copy are the words "gold" and "out suggestion of Lodge"—both written in pencil.

Lodge asked me for a copy.

I said, "I cannot give it to you."

He replied, "I want to show it especially to one man who is going to make a fight on the floor. I will keep it confidential."

I was weak enough to consent, and his stenographer copied it. This happened Monday morning about eleven o'clock. The evening papers of Tuesday, in St. Louis, printed a dispatch from Boston giving the contents of the plank I had handed Lodge.

About six o'clock that evening I met Mr. Hanna in the hall.

He was very angry and said, "Have you seen the evening papers? I told you that you could not trust him, and if the premature publication causes a break in the McKinley ranks you are responsible."

Fortunately but few saw the dispatch, as the papers did not put a display head on it; they were too full of local happenings to play up outside news. The only man outside Mr. Hanna to make a protest to me when he read the Boston dispatch was Mr. M. H. De Young, owner of the San Francisco Chronicle.

He said California would not stand for the gold standard. I reminded him that California was more interested in a protective tariff on citrus fruits than in a money standard. The California papers during the campaign that followed soft-pedaled the money question and strongly approved the tariff plank.

Afterward one of the Boston correspondents told me Lodge gave him the plank and said:

"That is what I stand for!"

He did not claim he wrote it, but a week later he was introduced at the Harvard Commencement exercises as the author of the gold plank and, as the papers reported, "received a great ovation!"

Two or three days later Senator Proctor sent me a dispatch—which I have—asking me to send him a wire which he could print and read to his audiences telling of the writing of the gold plank Friday, June twelfth. He said, "Give me as much credit as you can, as other Eastern men are claiming authorship."

**Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.**

*Mr. and Mrs. Myron T. Herrick*

# MEET THE WIFE

(Continued from Page 10)

Larry stood staring after them. "So Charlie's done for," he reflected. And after a moment: "'Tis th' little woman I'm thinkin' of."

On the next day, which was Wednesday, the little woman came to Larry's counter about eleven in the morning. She brought with her her five-year-old girl, Betty, a rather quaint, old-fashioned little creature.

"The hat, Larry -the hat." Anne Frear nodded smilingly toward the tiny example of the milliner's art perched on the child's head. "Betty wanted you to see it."

Larry lifted his hands in token of deep admiration. "It takes me breath away," he confessed. "Are thim roses, or do me eyes deceive me?"

"Roses," lisped the little girl. She sat up very straight on the stool and arranged her brief skirts about her. "Please pass the ice cream," she ordered.

Larry laughed, and put a generous portion before her. While he filled her mother's order he reflected that Anne Frear's eyes were tired and unhappy. After a few minutes he ventured a remark.

"C. H. is in Chicago, I hear."

"Yes," Anne Frear said. "But I expect him back this afternoon. This is his birthday, and he always tries to be at home for that."

"His birthday." Larry frowned. "Is it now? Let me see. Charlie must be about ——"

"Thirty-four," Anne finished. Larry said nothing. "I know what you're thinking, Larry. He's—he's pretty young."

"Yes," agreed Larry slowly, "Charlie's pretty young."

For a moment Anne's eyes were looking into his, and all her troubles were written there. No words were needed.

Larry polished his counter furiously. "He'll be along to-day, I'm thinkin'," he said, looking everywhere but at Anne Frear. "Sure, he'll come home to-day. What with th' birthday, as ye say—an' th' annual meetin' of his directors to-morrow mornin' ——"

"To-morrow!" Anne Frear's expression was startled. "Oh—I didn't know—I'd lost track."

"Mrs. Frear," persisted Larry uncomfortably, "I—I have this to say: 'Tis nearly forty years I've stood behind this bar or another, an' in all that time I've peddled no gossip. What I picked up I kept to meself. Professional secrets like, they was, th' same, say, as if I was a doctor. But now—I was always fond of Charlie. I mind me th' first day I see him—a fine lad, an' upstandin'. An' it seems unkind, ma'am—look out, darlin'!" Betty had come near to upsetting the ice cream in her zeal, and Larry's strong hand set her right and started the spoon on the way it should go.

"Yes, Larry," said Anne Frear softly. "You want to tell me ——"

"It's unkind, I say, ma'am, because poor Charlie has had no hint, an' feelin' as I do toward him—an' you, too, f'r that matter—some wan should warn th' lad ——"

"You mean ——"

"I mean they've got th' wires all laid again' him, ma'am. To-morrow this time he'll have no more job thin a rabbit."

For a moment Anne Frear sat staring into space. "I suppose I ought to be surprised," she said, "but I've seen it coming for so long. I've talked to him, Larry, but it was no use. And now—all I can think of is Charlie. It will break his heart."

"If ye'll give him a word of warnin', ma'am," Larry advised, "it will soften th' blow. It will help him through—to-morrow."

Anne Frear pushed away her drink, unfinished.

"Are you ready, honey?" she said to the child. "Thank Larry for the nice ice cream." She laid the amount of her check on the counter. "Larry—Larry ——" Her lips were trembling, but she smiled. "I can't thank you now. We know so many people—and we've got so few real friends. You understand how it is. All I can say about you, Larry, is that—you're one of the finest."

"Whin ye say that," smiled Larry, "ye admit me to yer company. I'm a proud man this day." He stood watching her as she piloted the baby through the screen door; then, perspiring freely, he prepared himself a long, cool drink.

At four o'clock that afternoon Charlie Frear breezed in. He was now the go-getter, the apostle of pep, rejuvenated by his hard business trip to Chicago.

"Listen here, Larry," he said, "I want you to do something for me. This happens to be my birthday ——"

"Manny happy returns of ——"

"Yes—thanks. Been away—just in. Here's the big news—I'm giving a birthday party up at my house to-night."

"Is that so? Have ye seen th' wife?"

"No—not yet. I invited a big bunch of people by wire from Chicago, and coming home on the train I hit on my big play. Some party I'm giving, Larry. The last word in parties round here for quite a spell, I fancy. I'm going to make such a fool of prohibition that mummies will laugh. And about my big idea—your part of it ——"

"What d'ye mean, now?"

"Big secret—won't tell anybody, not even you. But here's what I want you to do. Sam Wilsey's attending to the catering, and there'll be a bunch of waiters from the hotel. I want you to come along with them—and bring your white coat."

"Me, d'ye say? Look here, C. H., I'm too old f'r that kind of thing. Ye'll have to excuse me."

"Can't do it, Larry. It would ruin my whole scheme. Come on—you're not going to throw me down."

"Well," Larry said. He was staring at Charlie Frear, but it was Anne's unhappy face that he saw. "I'll come, C. H.," he agreed.

"That's the ticket. Be at the house at eight. The white coat, remember. See you later!"

He banged through the door and disappeared. Larry stood looking after him with puzzled eyes.

III

AT EIGHT o'clock that evening, leaving the trolley at the end of the line, Larry O'Neil set out to walk the brief remaining distance to Charlie Frear's house. Under his arm he carried a small bundle, the white coat demanded by the impetuous Charlie. He was in the district of the prosperous; great trees towered above him, neat hedges lined his path; on lawns still green despite the summer heat, sprinklers were playing. Through the dusk sounded the notes of a phonograph, the slam of a big screen door, the genial voice of a confirmed bromide demanding, "Hot enough for you to-day?"

Larry was a stranger in this neighborhood, but he knew the Frear house by sight—it was one of Reuton's show places—and he was shortly ascending its broad steps. He rang the bell and stood looking through the copper screen into a big cool hall.

A maid admitted him and as he lingered, somewhat at a loss, just inside the door Anne Frear ran down the stairs. He had never seen her looking so beautiful. She wore a gorgeous evening gown; the light shone alluringly on her blond hair and her white shoulders; she made altogether a picture that an Irishman could appreciate. Her eyes were smiling, but her face was rather pale.

"Hello," she cried. She came closer and spoke in a lower tone. "Oh, Larry ——"

"How are ye? Have ye had that talk with C. H.?" Larry asked.

"Larry—I couldn't. It would have spoiled his party. Besides—oh, I know how he'll take it from me. He'll be furious. He'll act as though it were my fault. He's not the same any more."

"But he's got to know."

"Yes, of course. But afterwards—or if he's not fit to listen then—in the morning. Oh, Larry, if I could only have stopped this party! But it was too late; he'd invited them all—and he wouldn't have stopped for me anyhow. But he's going to make things worse than ever. There won't be a chance for him after to-night."

"Why, what's he up to ——" Larry began.

He was interrupted by the arrival of C. H. himself. He was resplendent in evening clothes, and already somewhat redolent of the cup that cheers.

"Hello, Larry," he cried. "Anne, when those colored musicians get here put 'em in the library. And tell the girls to roll up those rugs in the living room and clear the


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floor. Now, Larry, I'll show you where you come in. I've got one big surprise for you." He walked to a door at the right of the hall. "Come on, Larry—this is your room, right here."

Larry followed. He stood on the threshold of what was evidently the dining room. The table had been pushed back against one wall, and along the wall opposite the door Larry beheld that which caused him to blink and question his own eyes.

"Good Lord, C. H.!" he cried.

"Do you recognize it, Larry?" Charlie Frear cried triumphantly.

"It's me old bar!" gasped Larry.

"Part of it, Larry. The middle section. I persuaded Sam Wilsey to dig it up out of the cellar and rush it up here this afternoon. That was my big idea, Larry—the one I got on the train. What do you think of it? The Wilsey House bar doing business again. Who said prohibition? We'll show 'em, Larry—we'll show 'em!"

Silently Larry followed him into the room.

"I've had it all polished up for you," Frear went on. "Look—the brass rail's on! I worried about that rail—I always thought it was fastened to the floor, but I found out this afternoon it's part of the bar. Well, live and learn, what? Where's your coat, man? Put it on—put it on!"

Still without speaking Larry changed coats. If he was somewhat lacking in enthusiasm his host failed to notice it in his own bubbling excitement.

"Get back there, Larry old man!" he cried. "Look!" He pointed to a sideboard standing behind the bar just under a long mirror, and covered with a startling array of bottles. "There's your stock—and more here underneath. Everything you had at the Wilsey House, or I'm a liar. A point of pride with me—I'll break down and cry like a child if anybody gives us an order we can't fill. But I don't think it can be done. Hot water in those boilers—see? Glasses enough—don't you think?"

"I guess so," said Larry. He went behind the bar, grasped the edge of it with his two great hands, and stood staring at Charlie Frear. It was a solemn occasion, and Charlie felt it more deeply, perhaps, than the big fellow himself. For a moment the host paid the tribute of silence.

"Attaboy," he said presently, but in a quiet, gentle tone. "The old days, Larry—the good old days are here again. They took away your job, did they? Well, Charlie Frear is giving it back to you here and now. Mix 'em up, Larry. What'll you have? We'll take a little snifter together, just to celebrate."

"I don't touch it," Larry reminded him. "Ye know that."

"Oh, yes—I know you never used to. But now that it's prohibited—now that a lot of buttinskys tell you you can't have it—surely you won't refuse now?"

"I don't care f'r anything, C. H.," Larry said. "Thank ye just th' same. What's yours?"

"Oh, I'll wait—if you won't join me. Now, Larry—here's the plan ——"

Two small figures in pajamas came running into the room, shouting for Larry O'Neil. Anne followed.

"They wouldn't go to bed without seeing you," she explained. She looked at Larry across the bar—a long look.

Strange things happen as the world rolls on. Larry blushed.

Charlie Frear lifted Betty to a seat on the polished mahogany. Beside her he placed his little son, a handsome golden-haired child of seven.

"There you are!" he cried. "How's that? Some day you can tell your grandchildren that you once sat on Larry O'Neil's bar. Eh, Larry?"

"I dinnaw," said Larry uncomfortably. "Maybe by that time th' wurruld will have something else to talk of."

The children demanded ice cream, Larry and his white coat having suggested the idea. Their father was loud in his laughter. "No ice cream here," he announced. "This is no mollycoddle bar—it's the real thing."

Larry glanced back over his shoulder at the display of bottled goods. He looked at Anne, his eyes troubled.

"Ye'll be runnin' off to bed now, like good kids," he said, turning to the children. Loud protests rose to smite the air. "Do that, to please yer mother, an' to-morrow at th' tea room I'll give ye all th' ice cream ye can eat. I will so."

Anne lifted Betty down, then the boy. "Come now—you've seen Larry—you must go upstairs. Nurse is waiting." She managed to get them out of the room.

"Now here's the idea," Charlie Frear said. "I'm going to knock this bunch cold with my layout. When everybody's here I'll line 'em all up in the hall, give you the signal, and throw the portals wide. Maybe their eyes won't pop, hey? You just get things ready and put on your best smile." He went to the doorway, and turned. "Just like the old days, Larry," he chortled. "Everything just as it was."

He went out, closing the doors behind him.

Still dazed, almost unbelieving, Larry stared about him. His old bar looked sadly out of place in this big, cool, exquisitely furnished room. A breeze had risen, and was stirring the lovely curtains at the windows. On the quiet lawn outside crickets chirped. He glanced out and saw through the dusk a shadowy, peaceful scene, the calm environment of home. His eyes came slowly back to his bar and the many colored bottles that surrounded him. He sat down on a chair and put his head in his hands. The world was going mad.

From time to time he heard the clatter of arriving guests, but it was more than half an hour before Charlie Frear's voice called to him, and the doors to the dining room were thrown open. Larry stood behind the bar with his best professional smile on his face. He saw Charlie Frear poised in triumph in the doorway, and back of him an eager group of the leading people of Reuton, all of whom he knew well. They stared, incredulous at first, then burst into a roar of delight and approval that rattled the glasses on the bar. The next instant they were crowding into the room, all talking at once, flushed and thrilled and thirsty.

"Step up, everybody," Charlie Frear was shouting above the mêlée. "Here you have it—the old Wilsey House bar with Larry on the job. Happy days back again. Are we downhearted?" "No!" they roared. "Name your poison," he urged. "Whisper it to the bartender. I dare any of you to ask for a drink we can't supply. Who said prohibition now?"

He did not have to repeat his urging. In another moment Larry's good right arm was busy with an enormous cocktail shaker, and Charlie Frear's famous party was under way. The old bartender found himself pouring drinks for men who had once been his constant patrons, but not for an instant did he feel that Charlie's dream was true and the old days were back. The Wilsey bar had existed to delight men only, but here, as at his soda fountain, he met the wives. Gray-haired matrons who a few years back grew bitter at the mere mention of Larry's name now stepped up and ordered with the loudest. Nonchalant young flappers tested the firewater and pronounced it the best they'd had that week.

Larry gave himself no time to think, but went smilingly on with his job. He had come and he was resolved to see it through. But he glanced now and then at the fiery face of C. H. Frear, and there appeared on his own broad countenance an expression of acute distaste.

Shortly from a distant room came the first low moan of the jazz, and most of Larry's patrons fled with loud cries of delight. For a time the barbaric music of the jungle made hideous the summer night, then it ceased, and the bar was crowded with eager souls who brought with them beautiful new thirsts. Thus they alternated, the dance floor and the bar, and the night went on, and Larry's arm began to ache and an old pain to shoot through his feet.

Charlie Frear was everywhere, urging on his guests. "Nonsense, you haven't had anything yet. Well, what if you did? Come on, it's time for another. Have you tried that gin of mine? It'll open your eyes after that synthetic poison you feed on. This way to the bar, please. Larry—a little service!"

At midnight the waiters from the Wilsey House sought to tempt the earnest drinkers with mere food. The bar was for the moment deserted. Then came good old Charlie, dragging Walter Sutcliffe and Henry Frost.

"What'll it be, gentlemen? Here's Larry, anxious to serve you. Larry, highballs for Walter and me, and a glass of your best mineral water for Mr. Frost."

"Have a good trip to Chicago?" Sutcliffe asked.

"You bet I did," Frear assured him. "You know, Parkinson up there hasn't been buying much from us lately. But I fixed

(Continued on Page 124)

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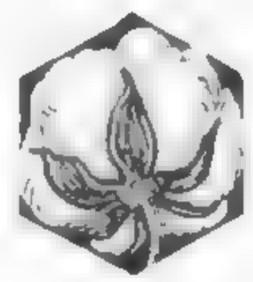

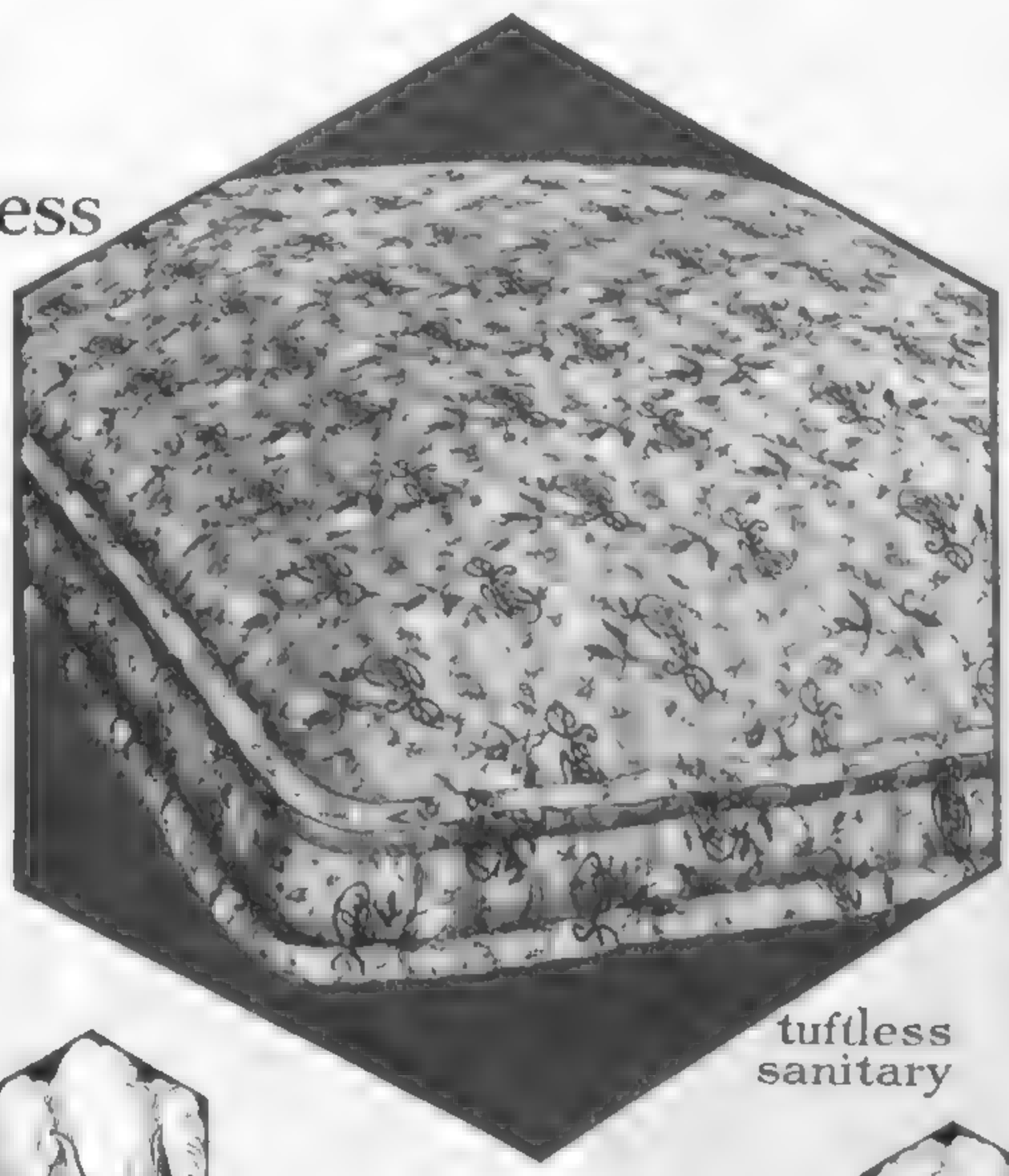

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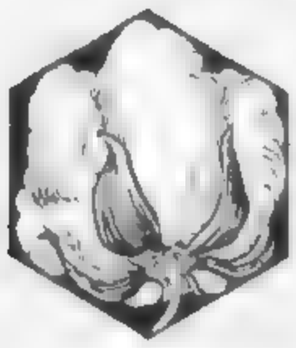

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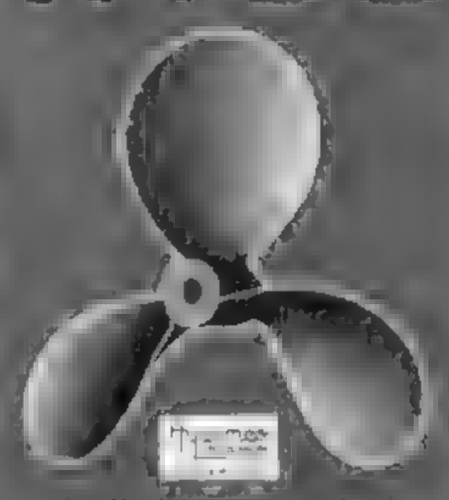

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(Continued from Page 122)

him—I got him six bottles of the finest rye whisky you ever tasted. I carried them into his office and lined them up on his desk, and I said: 'Well, how about it? Do we get your business now, or don't we?' He didn't give me a definite answer, but I guess I hooked him."

He finished off his highball with one gulp and went out. Frost and Sutcliffe looked at each other.

"Well," said Frost, "I guess Charlie can make good as a bootlegger if he should happen to lose his regular job."

Sutcliffe put down his glass and stared about the room. "I was rather sorry for him," he said. "But—I don't know. All this ——"

"Exactly," agreed old Henry Frost.

"I like a drink as well as the next man. And I suppose Charlie is just carrying all this home boozing to its logical conclusion. Still—I can't explain it—but his party won't seem so clever in the morning."

"He's a young fool," said Frost. "I've remarked on that before."

The jazz blared forth again, and the party took on new life. Larry's feet hurt more and more, the smile on his face faded and did not reappear. Mechanically he filled the orders of the revelers as they hurried in, flushed and wild eyed, from the dance floor. Now and again he reached inside his white coat and took out a huge gold watch. He was no longer young, and he thought longingly of bed.

At one o'clock Frear came in, at the head of a small group of men, among them Sutcliffe and one or two other directors of the Burkhardt Corporation. Charlie had drunk with everybody and he was pretty far gone. His eyes were glassy, his feet stumbled, and he grasped the bar to steady himself.

"'Lo, Larry. Here we are 'gin. What'll you have, boys? Tell the good ol' bartender what you'll have."

They murmured their orders, most of them; one or two slipped quietly from the room. Larry O'Neil did not move. For a long moment he stared into Charlie Frear's watery eyes.

He thought of Anne Frear and the children, and very slowly his head went up, a strange light came into his face, and he stood there like a judge or a bishop.

"Make mine the same, Larry," said Frear. "Little ol' highball."

Larry leaned across the bar and spoke slowly, impressively. "Listen here, C. H. Is it true now—d'ye want things just as they was in th' old days?"

"Why—why of course," said Frear. "Just like the old Wilsey bar."

"Ye want me to run things th' way I did there?"

"Certainly. What you talkin' 'bout?"

"All right, Charlie," Larry said. He caught and held Frear's wandering gaze. "Then I'm tellin' ye—ye've had enough!"

"What's that?"

"You heard me, I'm thinkin'. I say ye've had enough. Ye'll get no more from me!"

Charlie Frear had started back. His face became even redder than usual. "How dare you!" he cried. "You old fool! How dare you! In my own home!"

Larry's face clouded with anger. Not many men had called him names and got away with it. "Your home! That's good! If anny man had done to my home what you've done to yours this night I'd break him in two with me own hands. Your home! A home is a home, an' a bar is a bar, an' what it is ye're runnin' here I dinnaw. I do not."

"Get out!" shouted Frear.

"I'm gettin'," Larry answered, struggling with his street coat. "More thin thirty years I tended bar, a decent respectable man, an', by heaven, I'm ashamed of me work here to-night. Passin' th' stuff to young girls—what will me wife say to that? By th' Lord, I've shot a hole in me self-respect I doubt I can ever mend."

"Are you going?" Frear demanded.

"Hotfoot, me lad, hotfoot. An' I humbly beg yer pardon f'r tryin' to introduce into yer home wan of th' first rules of anny respectable bar. Good night."

In the hall he encountered Anne Frear. "Larry—what is it?" she cried. "I heard ——"

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said Larry gently. "F'r th' moment, me temper went. I'm terrible sorry—but I'm Irish an' I can't help it."

"What happened?"

"It was C. H. comin' to me f'r another drink. He's had plenty, an' I forgot meself an' told him so." He walked beside her to the door, past the living room where the jazz was screeching and mad couples danced. "Me nerves was a bit upset, ma'am. All this to-night—it don't seem right to me."

"Me either, Larry."

"I know that, ma'am."

Charlie Frear came suddenly behind them. "Say, what the devil you two talking 'bout? I want him to get out my house."

"Hush, Charlie!" Anne cried. But no one heard above the whine of the music.

"I'm goin', Charlie," Larry explained. "An' I'm sorry I lost me temper just now. I had no call to say what I did in front of yer friends, an' I admit it. But as f'r you, me lad, ye're dancin' on the brink of a volcano, an' ye'll know what I mean to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

"What's that?"

"Yer wife will tell ye. Good night."

He was pushing open the screen when he felt a hand on his arm. He looked down into Anne Frear's pale, tired face.

"Larry, will you do something for me?"

"Annything in th' wurruld, ma'am," he said.

"You tell Charlie—about the meeting to-morrow."

"But it's no business of mine," he protested.

"Look at him," said Anne Frear. "I can't tell him—he wouldn't listen. Not now. But if the news came from you ——"

"Wha's all this?" demanded the wabbly Charlie. "Want him to get out my house."

There was a small deserted reception room at the right of the big door. Larry suddenly seized Charlie Frear by the arm and propelled him inside. He slammed shut the door and faced the befuddled host of all the gayety.

"Open that door!" shouted Frear. "How dare you touch me! Open that door!"

He leaped forward, seeking to escape. Larry O'Neil seized him by the shoulders and shook him, hard.

"Listen to me!" he began. He considered briefly; any preliminaries, he knew, would be wasted, but a smashing statement of fact might surprise Frear into a moment of comprehension. "Listen to me, my lad. To-morrow mornin' at eleven o'clock they kick ye out of th' Burkhardt Corporation!"

Charlie Frear blinked. "What? What say?"

"I say ye're through out at th' plant. Everything's all set. They vote ye out in th' mornin'."

"That's a lie!" said Frear promptly.

"No, it's truth." Frear's attention was wandering; Larry shook him again. "You an' me used to be friends, Charlie, good friends, an' I'm tryin' to be yer friend now. Outside yer own family I'm th' best friend ye got in this house to-night. That bunch out there—they'll drink yer booze an' dance to yer music, but not wan is man enough to tell you what I'm tellin' you now—that they got th' cards all stacked again' ye, an' out ye go."

"But they can't do it," protested Frear.

"You watch thim. Think, man, think. Have ye had no signs of it? They carry insurance on yer life, don't they? A hundred-thousand-dollar policy. Before ye went on this last trip ye left orders f'r th' premium to be paid."

"Yes—yes I did."

"Was it paid, then?"

"No—I found out this afternoon. It's held over for the board meeting."

"An' why? I'll tell ye. Because th' whole town is laughin' at that policy. Because they say ye ain't worth a nickel to annybody.

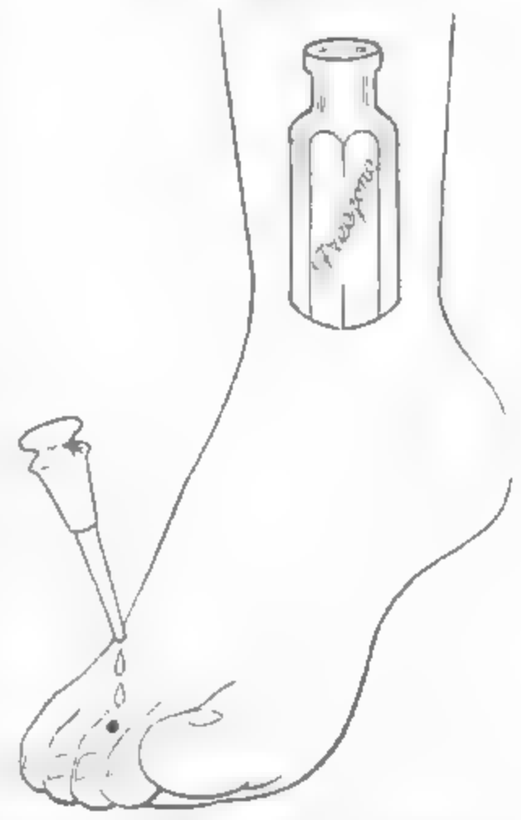
"I'm goin' to tell ye wan or two things, me boy. In yer own mind ye're a business giant, a big man. In th' minds of everybody else in Reuton ye're nothin' but a big joke."

"See here ——"

"Let me finish, Charlie. You was a bright boy once. President before ye was thirty. An' then good times come along, an' they was bad times f'r you. Ye got started on th' wrong foot. Th' big drop followed, as it always does, an' thim that had been through it before took off their coats an' got busy. Come back to earnin'—that was th' big idea. Some cud an' some cudn't. You was one that cudn't. It's like some fellow said about ye—I forget


# Corns

## Lift Right Off



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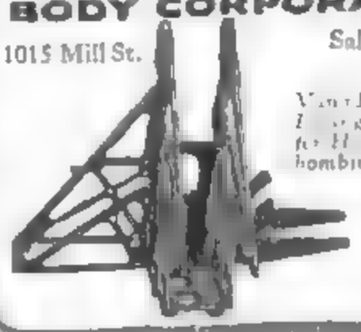

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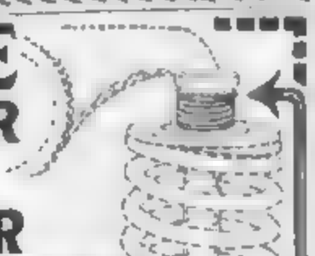

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who, sure they're all discussin' ye. 'Charlie Frear,' he says—'poor old Charlie,' he says, 'he's wint so far down Easy Street he can't get back.'"

Larry paused. Frear said nothing, but stood staring at him wonderingly.

"Is it all news to ye, boy?" Larry went on. "Sure, it hadn't ought to be. Prosperity derailed ye an' now prohibition is finishin' up th' wreck. 'A victim of th' times,' somebody called ye. I mind me who that was—old Henry Frost. Henry won't renew thim notes in th' mornin' unless they throw ye out."

Frear brushed his hand across his eyes. "Oh, so that's it, is it?" he said. "I'm finished, then. Done for." He looked at Larry helplessly. "And it'll kill me in this town. I'll have to start all over somewhere else."

"Well, I've warned ye," Larry said gently. "Ye won't go into that meetin' to-morrow unsuspectin', which is th' way they want ye to come into it. Keep yer own counsel to-night. I always thought ye was a smart boy, Charlie. Maybe there's a way."

Frear shook his head. "I'm afraid not. But I appreciate what you've done."

"Forget it." Larry opened the door; the rush of hot smoky air, the insult of the jazz, struck them full in the face.

"Good night, Larry," said Frear.

"Good night, Charlie. An' I'm sorry if I was a bit rough with ye—in there whin ye asked f'r that drink."

"Oh, that. Good Lord, Larry, that was always a rule of the bar."

An hour later the last of the guests departed, mumbling incoherent phrases that seemed intended as approval for the evening's diversion. Charlie Frear stood in the hallway, facing his wife.

"Well, that's that," he said wearily. "Our last party in this town, Anne."

"Larry told you?"

"Yes—he told me a lot of things. What hurts me, Anne, is that not one of these people was kind enough to tip me off. But then—they think I'm endangering their dividends. They pretend to be friends, but they have no use for me really. They'll show me no mercy."

"What are you going to do, Charlie?"

"I don't know. Take my medicine, I suppose. I'd like to stay up a while and think—if I can. Is there any coffee left?"

"I'll see."

"I just had three cups. I'd like a few more—black."

She brought it to him in the library, kissed him and left him to his thoughts. Long, long thoughts they proved to be. Dawn was creeping across his garden when he finally went upstairs. He lay down on the couch in his dressing room, only partially undressed, and slept for two hours. The sun was shining brightly when he rose, took a cold shower, donned a gray flannel suit, and went downstairs again.

Fortunately they possessed a small screened veranda for the first meal of the day; so it was not necessary to face the wreckage in the dining room. Charlie was silent at breakfast, but it was not the sullen silence of his usual mornings after. His manner was detached, but kindly.

"I believe I'll walk down to the office," he said when they rose from the table. Anne accompanied him into the hall. As they passed the dining room he nodded. "I'll send an express man for that right away."

Anne said nothing. On the porch he turned and looked at her.

"I've been an awful fool, Anne," he said. "You had a lot of faith in me once. Have you an atom of it left?"

She looked anxiously into his eyes. Suddenly her anxiety faded, replaced by a happy smile. "All the faith in the world," she said. "And, Charlie—whatever happens this morning—it won't matter to me."

He kissed her. "Anne, you're a wonder. It won't matter so much to me either—now."

## IV

ABOUT the long table in the directors' room the air was tense and expectant. Walter Sutcliffe, as chairman, sat at the table's head, and the president sat at his right hand. Charlie Frear was alert and smiling, but at moments when no one was watching him he studied the faces gathered about the board. They were stern and uncompromising. He also studied another face, that of old Henry Frost, who sat apart from the rest in a chair by the wall. Mr. Frost was not a director, but had been invited to the meeting owing to the notes he held. Years of dyspepsia and of banking made it rather difficult to discover any pleasant omen in that cast-iron countenance.

The preliminaries of the meeting were over, and the financial statement for the fiscal year had been read and approved. The latter showed that business was gaining a bit, but it also revealed the fact that there were no funds to meet the notes held by the Reuton Trust Company. These must be renewed.

Mason, the treasurer, stood up. He was a lean nervous man in whom most human feeling had long ago evaporated. He held a document in his hand.

"Gentlemen, I have here an insurance policy on the life of our president. It was taken out, you may recall, several years ago. The policy will lapse in three days, unless the annual premium of sixteen hundred odd-dollars is paid. I have been asked to consult the directors on this point ——"

"Mister Chairman!" Charlie Frear was on his feet, smiling about him. "Pardon me, Mason, but I want to make a motion. I move that this policy be permitted to lapse, and in three days torn up and thrown into a wastebasket."

"Second the motion," said a voice from the other end of the table promptly.

A vote was taken, and the proposition carried unanimously. Charlie Frear remained standing, still smiling, apparently unconcerned.

"I'd like to say a few words, if I may." The chairman nodded. "Some of you may be a bit surprised at my action in this matter. I took that action for the good of the company. I understand that this policy has become one of the town's pet jokes. And I'm not surprised. A hundred thousand dollars! Perhaps the man insured was worth that to you once, but for the past year or two his value has been steadily declining."

They stared at him, amazed. He continued to smile.

"I happen to know," he went on, "that you have met here to-day to vote your president out of office. And I know, too—no man knows better—how justified you will be in such an action. I'm afraid I can't quite explain what happened to this fellow." He stopped smiling and stood for a moment looking seriously at the table. "When you put him on the job five years ago you had great faith in him. And for a time he made good. Then the big boom came, and it ruined him as it ruined others. When it was over he was a lost soul. He was on the primrose path, traveling fast. Going on down Easy Street—on and on—too far gone ever to get back.

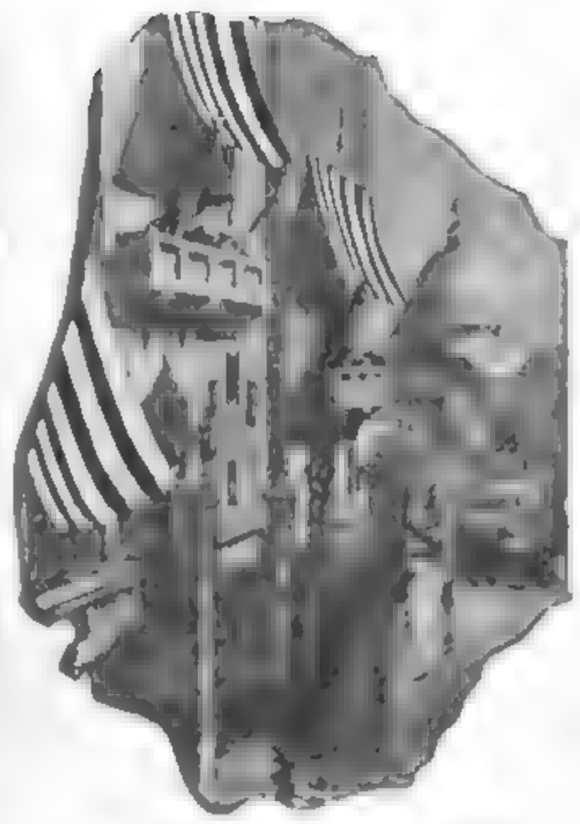
"For the past two years he has been the biggest bluff in town. Buzzing round like an insect in a bottle, making a great noise, getting nowhere. Off on trips most of the time. Had a suite reserved by the year in a New York hotel, and another in Chicago. I may tell you that he canceled both these reservations by wire this morning. But that is neither here nor there; the point is that when most of your employes took cuts in salary and redoubled their efforts to earn their money your president stayed on at the old figure and failed to earn a third of it. He made a great fuss, kicked up a lot of dust, but between us here, the only really big deals he's put over in months have been with bootleggers."

He paused. No one made a move or sought to interrupt.

"Your president," Charlie Frear continued, "has a contract with you at the absurd figure of thirty thousand a year. That contract has still eighteen months to run. Some of you may be worried about it. You needn't be." He took a paper from his pocket and tearing it twice across, tossed it into a wastebasket. "There it goes, gentlemen. You have my resignation and I congratulate you. The company is now in better shape than it has been for two years or more."

"Charlie," said Sutcliffe, "just a moment ——"

"Please"—Charlie's smile returned, and it was always a winning one—"I've not quite finished. Last night, gentlemen, I had a talk with an old friend of yours—a man you used to be fond of—a man you had great faith in—the Charlie Frear you put on this job five years ago. We talked until morning. And he told me how he'd made a horrible fool of himself of late, and how he'd just waked up to it. He said he had no intention of begging or pleading or bowing himself in the dust, but that more than anything in the world he wanted a

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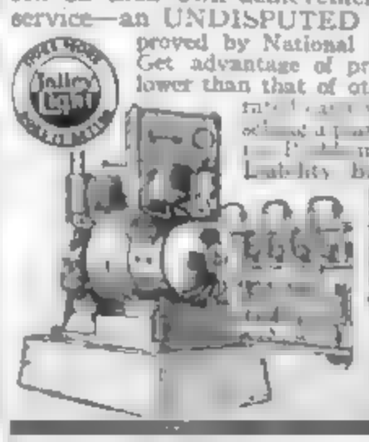

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rack at his old job. He swore he could make good, and I believe he was right. He promised me faithfully that he was done with the bluffing and noise. And as for the booze —— 'Well, it's like this,' he said: 'A bartender just told me I've had enough, and when a bartender tells you that, it's time to stop. Because you've had expert advice.'"

Some of the faces about the table were smiling now in a friendly way, and Charlie Frear looked about him with a new confidence.

"You're in the market for a president," he finished. "I offer you the old Charlie Frear. I offer Charlie Frear stripped of his nonsense and pretensions. No other man could possibly have his incentive to make good on the job. I offer him at the reasonable salary of ten thousand a year. Will you give him a trial? It's up to you."

He sat down. For a moment no one spoke.

"Well, gentlemen, if you ask my opinion," said Sutcliffe finally, "that was a man's-size speech. I don't know how the rest of you feel about it, but for my part I'd be mighty glad to have the old Charlie Frear back at the head of this company." Several of them nodded vigorously. "But of course there is the matter of our notes, held by the Reuton Trust. We are forced to ask for a renewal. Mr. Frost "

They all turned and looked at the banker, sitting immobile against the wall, his poker face without expression of any sort.

"Perhaps I may point out to Mr. Frost," Charlie Frear said, "that it would be difficult to persuade anyone else to take the position at the figure I've named. If this man gets away with his job the company will have effected a rather important saving in overhead."

Old Henry Frost put his hand into his pocket and took out a small bottle. He removed therefrom a couple of soda mints and inserted them between his thin lips. "I'll renew for three months," he announced. "Of course what you do is no business of mine, but I suggest you give him a contract for the same term. We'll see if he really means it."

"I mean it," said Charlie Frear promptly.

"Yes, Charlie, I guess you do," answered the old man, and came as near to smiling as his tortured stomach would permit.

Half an hour later Charlie Frear had Anne on the telephone.

"Anne—I just wanted you to know—everything's all right. I've got another chance."

"What? What is it? Charlie, I can't hear a word "

"I say, the directors are good scouts, Anne. Just like you. They've given me another chance. It's all settled "

"Oh, Charlie—really? That's wonderful! I couldn't hear you at first—they were making such a noise. The expressmen, I mean. They've just taken that—that thing in the dining room."

"Oh," said Charlie Frear. "Oh, have they? Say, I'm mighty glad that's out!"

■

LATE in November, Bill Terriss came back to Reuton on another business trip. It was 9:30 in the evening before he found time to drop into the Wilsey Tea Room. Larry greeted him with enthusiasm.

"Well, if it ain't Mr. Terriss. Sure, ye're a stranger in these parts. An' how is business, sir?"

"Oh, it seems to be picking at the coverlet. How's trade with you?"

"Booming, sir. Just get in?"

"Been here since morning, but this is the first chance I've had to shake hands. Say, Larry, it's pretty chilly to-night. I think I'll have one of your toddies."

"I'm afraid ye got another think comin', sir. What say to a hot chocolate? 'Tis delicious "

"Oh, all right. But in heaven's name, none of that sickish whipped cream on top "

Larry took a cup and filled it. "There ye are, sir. 'Twill make a new man of ye."

"Yes, it will," answered Terriss derisively.

"By the way, I was out at the Burkhardt plant this afternoon and they told me that Charlie Frear has seen a great white light. Working his head off at a reduced salary, and as for the booze —"

"As f'r th' booze," Larry interrupted smilingly, "he's wan of me regulars. Only last night he come in here with th' wife Mrs. Frear ordered wan of me specials you know —"

"I know," shuddered Terriss. "I saw one once "

"An' Charlie says, 'Make mine th' same,' he says. An' he got away with it, Mr. Terriss, sir—down to th' last sticky drop. Now I ask ye—cud a drinkin' man do that?"

"He could not," said Terriss. "Well, I'm glad to hear it. I always liked Charlie Frear. But I wonder what happened to him."

"I wonder," mused Larry. He mopped the counter thoughtfully. "Mr. Terriss, is me face gettin' long an' solemn, d'ye think? Is there a white ribbon sproutin' in me buttonhole? Is there a white necktie under me third chin?"

Terriss stared at him. "I did hear a rumor," he admitted. "Good Lord, Larry—you don't mean ——"

Larry laughed. "Well," he said, "I did take it up—f'r wan night only. Yes, I give quite a little talk on temperance. Th' wan or two that heard it thought well of it. I might have kept on in th' profession—th' Lord knows th' way things is now, they's plenty to do. However, I decided to retire on me laurels."

Terriss threw back his head and laughed. "Well, I'm a Chinaman! Larry, times have certainly changed. The world is upside down."

"You've said it, sir," Larry agreed. The street door opened and a small, motherly, neatly dressed woman entered, followed by two tall, handsome young men. "Sure," cried Larry, "'tis Bridget an' a couple of th' kids. They been havin' a wild night at th' movies."

The woman advanced smilingly to the counter. Larry stood erect and waved his hand—a proud gesture. "Mr. Terriss, sir," he said, "meet th' wife!"

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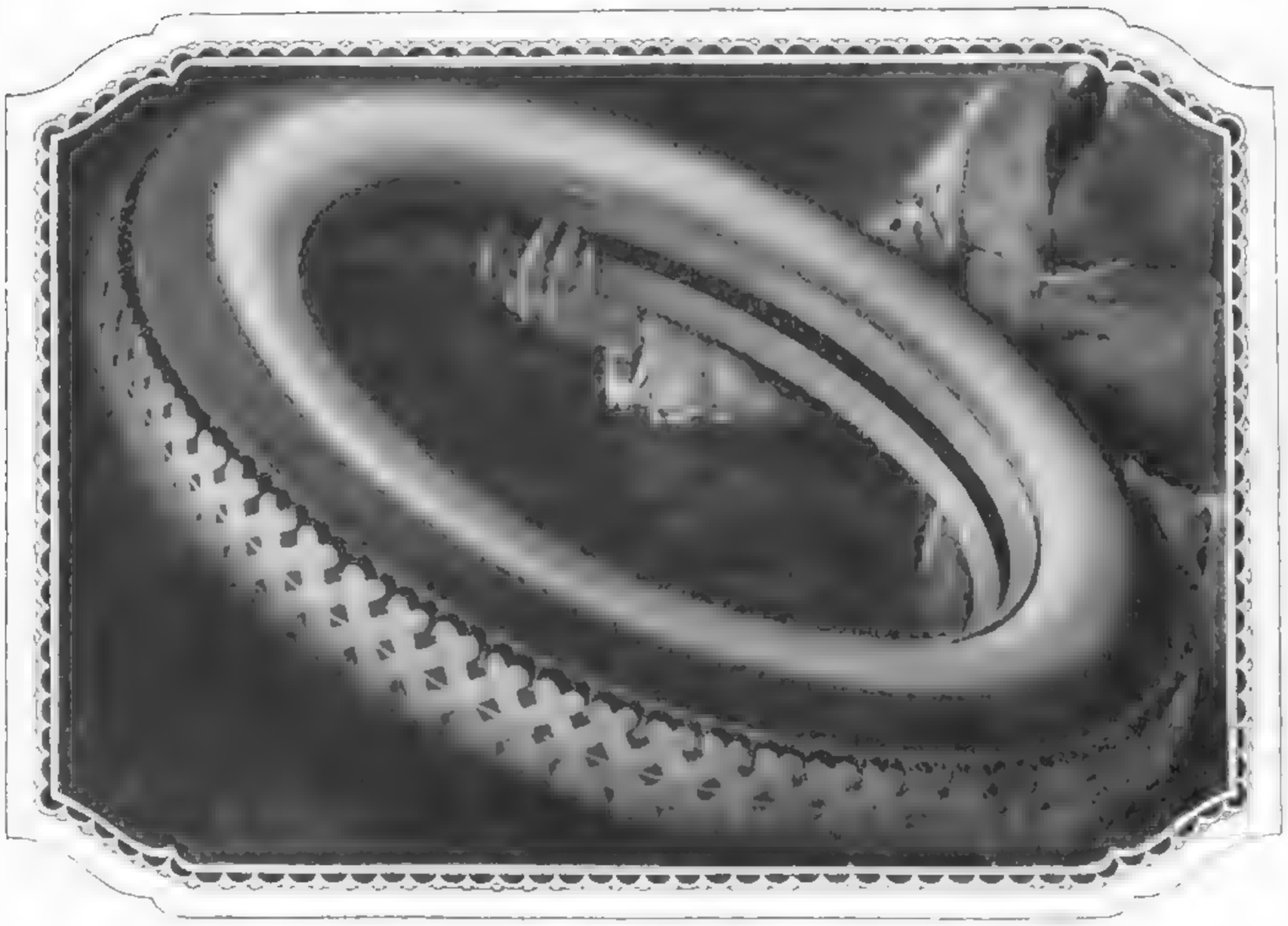
*Lake St. Mary and Sun Mountain, Glacier National Park*



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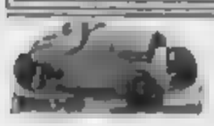

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# THE INSIDE STORY OF THE A. E. F.

(Continued from Page 23)

German territory as would place an American division at Mayence and as assigns two French divisions to my Army of Occupation."

The Allied commander in chief acceded to this demand, and the American Army of Occupation preserved its entity. As a consequence we were deprived of half of our bridgehead, it being taken over by our friends despite strong protest against this particular action.

On its march to the German frontier the American Army occupied Luxemburg, and afterwards left two divisions there for the purpose of guarding the lines of communication of the army on the Rhine. This occupation proved a ticklish business, one of the most delicate problems that had come up for solution.

Intense rivalry existed between France and Belgium for possession of the little duchy. It had separated from Belgium in 1839, although Luxemburg deputies continued to sit in the Belgian Parliament for two years more; and in Northern Luxemburg popular sentiment undoubtedly favored annexation to Belgium. Opposed to this was a strong sentiment elsewhere for an alliance with France. Indeed this alliance appealed to the majority of the population, including the Liberals, the members of the economic-reform movement, and the Intellectuals.

As soon as the Allies had won the war Luxemburg became a hotbed of political intrigue. It was reported that the French sent five hundred officers into the Grand Duchy to create public sentiment for union with France; and it is certain the Belgians did their utmost along the same line. They planned a visit by King Albert to the duchy, he being immensely popular there. The annexationists encountered the opposition of the conservatives in Luxemburg, who wished to preserve the *status quo*, and also of the bourgeoisie, who were ambitious of overthrowing the ducal government and setting up a republic—but an independent republic, and not a dependency of a more powerful neighbor.

The Belgians wanted to send a regiment into Luxemburg. They wished for restoration of the duchy to them precisely as Alsace-Lorraine had been restored to France. They wanted Luxemburg, with or without a plebiscite. The Allied commander in chief deflected their move to place a regiment in the country.

### *The Army That Struck*

France planned to get the duchy for herself. Luxemburg was in the zone of the American Army, where it was placed by Marshal Foch, but Foch selected the city of Luxemburg for his Great Headquarters, and sent a French regiment there as a guard for himself. He also designated a French officer as *commandant d'armes* and gave him authority over all postal traffic, circulation by rail and highways, and so on—all this in the American zone. Marshal Foch capped this with a proclamation to the people of Luxemburg.

On December twenty-third General Pershing informed the Allied commander in chief that he could not agree to the arrangements made for the occupation of Luxemburg. It was a neutral state, and the city of Luxemburg was in the American zone of occupation; yet a French *commandant d'armes* controlled postal traffic and circulation by rail and highways, and the French had called upon American troops to intervene in some local disturbances.

Pershing pointed out that the American Army had no business interfering in local political conflicts.

Speaking of local disturbances, the Luxemburg Army provided one that would have been a knockout in opera bouffe. They went on a strike. On the night of December nineteenth the whole gang paraded the streets, singing and shouting. This demonstration was in support of their demands for more pay, less German discipline, and one day off a week. Their leaders reported that the French commandant gave them permission to strike so long as they did not kill anyone.

It did seem unfortunate, coming on top of the entire absence of American troops in any part of Alsace-Lorraine, and at any of the celebrations in the regained provinces, that Marshal Foch should decide to send a French regiment to Luxemburg as his personal guard. General Pershing had given assurances that he would be happy to provide an American guard for Marshal Foch; and the fact that American troops were occupying the greater part of the duchy made very conspicuous the Allied commander in chief's action in introducing a French regiment as his guard in this region. The step in itself was not important, but as a move in French policy it carried much significance.

### *Pershing's Proclamation*

On the entry of American troops into Luxemburg, General Pershing issued the following proclamation:

"To the people of Luxemburg—After four years of invasion Luxemburg is now happily liberated. Your freedom from German occupation was exacted of the invaders by the American and Allied armies as a condition of the present armistice. It now becomes necessary for American troops to pass through Luxemburg and to establish and maintain for a time their communications upon your territory.

"The American troops have come to Luxemburg as friends and will conduct themselves here strictly in accordance with international law. No hardship need be expected from their presence, which will not be extended beyond what is deemed strictly necessary. Your government and institutions will nowhere be interfered with. You will be undisturbed in the peaceful pursuit of your lives and occupations. Your persons and your property will be fully respected. It will be necessary for the American Army to utilize certain buildings, railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, and possibly other public works, for shelter, transportation or communication; but beyond that, whatever supplies may be required will be paid for at a just valuation.

"It is assumed that you will commit no aggressions upon the American Army and will not give any information, aid or comfort to its enemies. You are expected cheerfully to observe such rules as the American military commanders may find it necessary to make for the safety of their troops and your own protection."

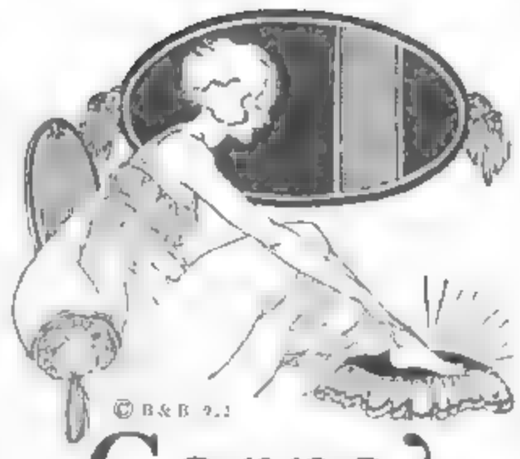
The American Third Army continued its march toward the Rhine on December first, and two divisions of the Second Army were placed in Luxemburg to guard lines of communication. As I have said before, though lying in the American zone the city of Luxemburg was excluded by Marshal Foch from American control. And in a note dated December fourteenth the Allied commander in chief conferred upon General de Latour, the French *commandant d'armes* in the city of Luxemburg, control of all troops in the grand duchy so far as concerned a decree Foch had issued for the administration of the little country. This decree contained minute restrictions on the inhabitants; in view of their friendly attitude the Americans considered these restrictions wholly unnecessary and gratuitously provocative.

Moreover, this dual authority raised many complications, and threatened more. Foch's decree actually gave a French general control over American troops in administering affairs within a neutral state, a condition which could not be tolerated of course. Orders were issued to the American commanders to take no orders from General de Latour, and notification was sent to Marshal Foch that the American commander in chief did not recognize any necessity for his decree and could not accept it.

Pershing to Foch, on January 12, 1919:

"The President considers that it is both unnecessary and undesirable to publish any further decree to the people of Luxemburg. He agrees with me that the Army of the United States is threatened with no danger from Luxemburg. If, therefore, you should consider it indispensable to publish a further decree concerning Luxemburg, the President would deem it most advisable, in the interests of all concerned, that all American combat troops be withdrawn from the Grand Duchy.

"I trust that you will find it possible to postpone the publication of your proposed decree. But if you deem it indispensable to publish the proposed decree, I must request that you make such decisions as to

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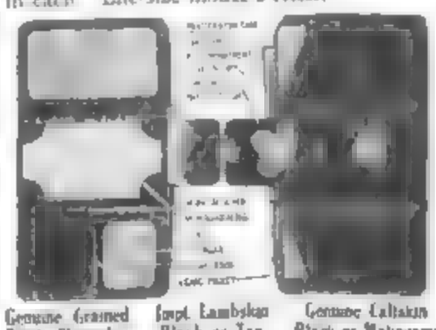

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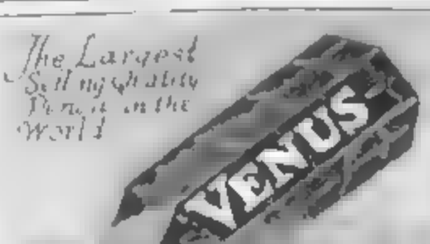


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the troops to replace American units as will enable me to withdraw all American combat troops from the territory of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg at the earliest possible date. . . . I infer . . . that you are of opinion that the withdrawal of American troops is likely to be misinterpreted. I can see no reason why such a result should occur—any more than in the case of the change of boundary which excluded all of Lorraine from the American zone in order to avoid difficulties resulting from the difference in points of view."

The Allied commander in chief then sought to secure acceptance of the principle of French control by so modifying details as to make it almost unrecognizable. This trick of sugar-coating the pill has been developed into a science in Europe, but inasmuch as they employ such methods a good deal, one who has had any experience readily recognizes the dose. Pershing stood firm; refused to accept the French arrangement in any form or under any guise.

Considerable correspondence resulted and several conferences were held. During a conversation on January twentieth the American commander in chief told Marshal Foch that Luxemburg was regarded by the American Government as an independent neutral state, possessing the right to administer its own people, and consequently the American Government could not acquiesce in the restrictions Foch had laid down.

Foch was much exercised over the possibility of the withdrawal of American troops from the grand duchy. This would be, in his opinion, a very serious step, because it would tend to spread the belief that the French authorities were carrying out in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg activities in which the Americans declined to have any part.

### *Sittin' Pretty*

General Pershing replied that this belief was one which a great many people held already.

A long discussion ensued, at the end of which the marshal announced he had abandoned the idea of publishing a new decree concerning circulation, postal traffic, and so on. And a few days later—on January twenty-fifth—he agreed to include the whole of Luxemburg in the American zone.

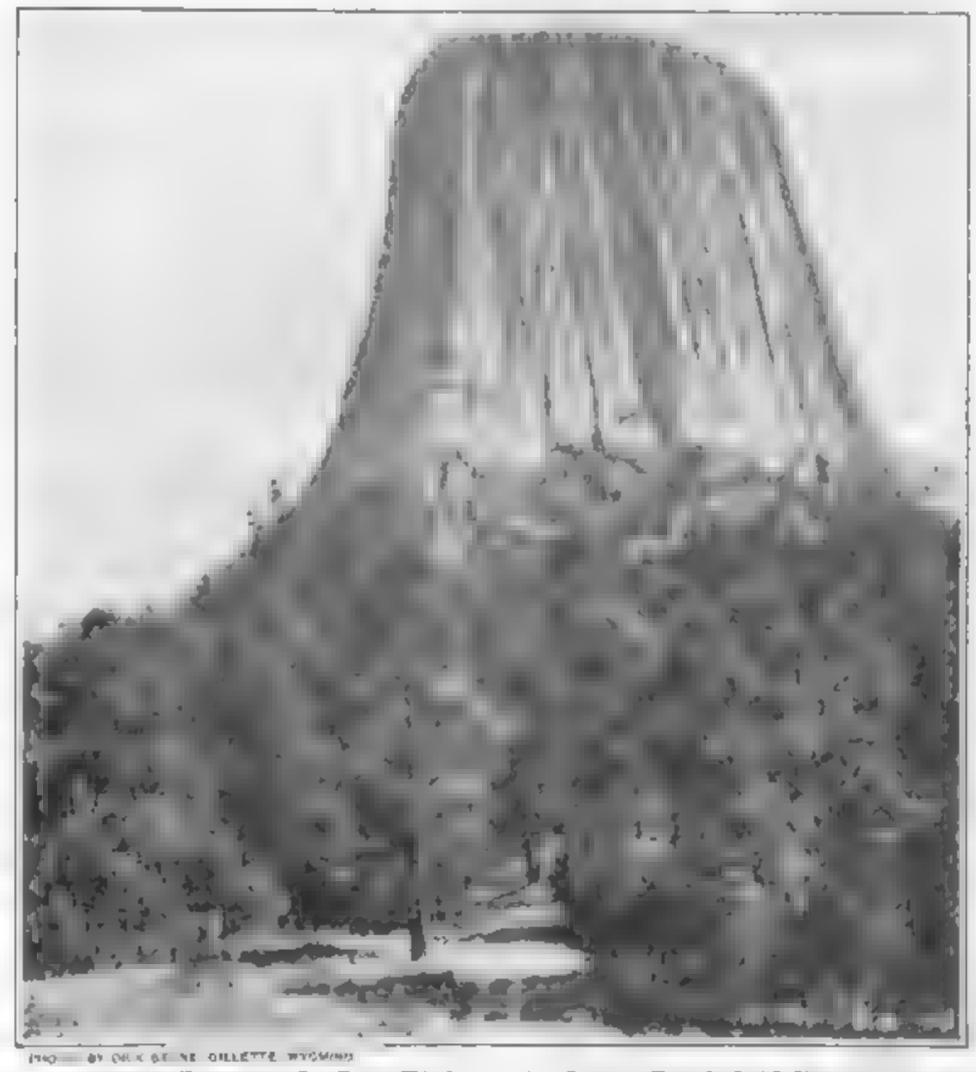
Meanwhile our Army of Occupation was sittin' pretty, as the doughboys say. It held the bridgehead of Coblenz, and its elements were scattered throughout a fair fat land, from a few miles beyond the Rhine back through Treves to Luxemburg and France. When it marched into Germany this army numbered close to 450,000 men, and it would have been impossible to find a force of similar size with finer discipline or imbued with a keener fighting spirit. They followed close on the heels of the retreating Germans; once or twice, units of the enemy were seen on the other side of a river or canal, legging it homeward in gladsome relief, the soldiers sporting flowers in their helmets and singing as they marched. The boys eyed them curiously and grinned.

In order to impress the Germans with their triumph, the French made triumphal entries into cities not held by their troops, but lying within the zones of their Allies. Shortly after the Americans got established in Coblenz, where the Third Army headquarters was located, a French unit came steaming up the Rhine, with ruffle of drums and blaring of many bugles. It was an inspiring sight; the French stage such spectacles admirably.

### *The Word That Never Came*

They landed close to the Coblenzer-Hof, near Dickman's headquarters, and paraded through the principal streets of the city with band playing and flags flung to the breeze. Some of the population lined the streets to watch—chiefly the young, drawn by curiosity. It is to be hoped the impression was commensurate with the effort put forth to obtain it, for this sortie into the American zone sat illy on the average doughboy's stomach. He is not especially keen on parade stuff and he sized this up as a political maneuver. The French had a perfect right to impress the Germans with their defeat—but why did they horn into American territory to do it? Both in occupied Germany and back in France, where our divisions were departing for home as fast as they could obtain the transportation, the nationalities grew farther apart. The instant the removal of a common danger lessened the need of united action, the interests of each country dominated its attitude and the viewpoint of its people. It has always been that way.

For a while during the peace conference in Paris it looked as though the Germans might balk at the terms and refuse to sign. Few among the Allies—or among the Germans themselves, for that matter—realized then the utter helplessness to which the once mighty empire had been reduced. Preparations were made for a further advance into Germany to compel acceptance of the treaty. It was generally understood that the French were eager for a German refusal in order that their armies might occupy additional territory. From the time of the armistice the French had pressed for



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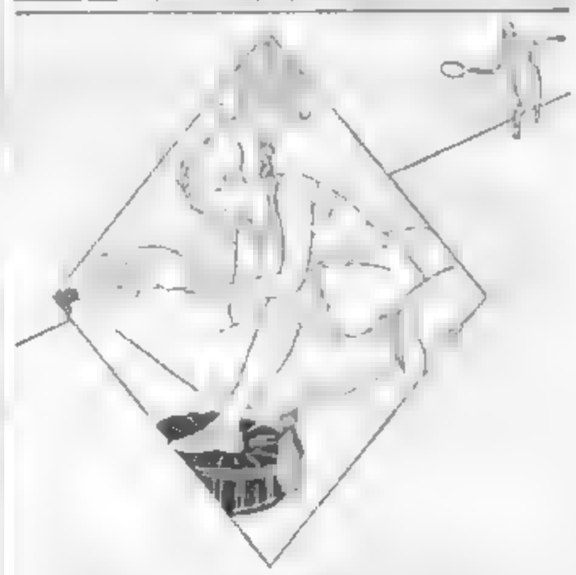

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more drastic conditions of peace than Great Britain, Italy and the United States were prepared to countenance, and if a deeper advance into the beaten country were made France might gain the precious Ruhr region and even establish the Rhine as her frontier.

All the armies were set to go—French, British, American and Belgian—and they momentarily expected the word. It never came, because the Germans knuckled under, but it is of interest to know that President Wilson was not prepared to let Marshal Foch decide this momentous question for American participation. On April twenty-fifth he told General Bliss that the American commander in chief should make no movement of any kind looking toward a further occupation of Germany unless instructions to that end were given him by the President in person, and not through Marshal Foch.

America's attitude toward French efforts to exploit its help was ably defined in a conversation between an American and a French officer. Speaking unofficially the American urged on the Frenchman that a mistake was being made in handling the Franco-American relations. In his opinion this mistake would bear heavily on France. The United States had nothing to ask of France; on the other hand, France had much to seek from America. If advantage were taken of American altruism and generosity the French might go far in winning help and sympathy from the United States. On the other hand, if the French did not take the Americans into their confidence, said the American—if they tried to fool the Americans, to use them and exploit them for political purposes—they would find people of another sort to deal with, people unsurpassed in shrewdness.

Our officer intimated that American resentment was bound to be stirred should Marshal Foch utilize his position as Allied commander in chief to play the game of French politicians.

The French officer answered that he would think this conversation over very carefully.

The return of the troops to the United States presented a difficult problem.

"The armistice suddenly and completely reversed the problem of the Services of Supply at the ports, and the handling of troops," reported General Pershing. "It became necessary immediately to reorganize the machinery of the ports, to construct large embarkation camps, and to create an extensive service for embarking the homeward-bound troops."

The principal ports of embarkation were Brest, St.-Nazaire and Bordeaux; to these were added Marseilles and Le Havre a little later in order to utilize the Italian and French liners. At Brest they had accommodation for 55,000 men, at St.-Nazaire 44,000 and at Bordeaux 130,000. The winter of 1918–19 was very inclement and consequently the construction of the embarkation camps was rendered extremely difficult; and it happened that the largest ships had to be handled at Brest, where the least shelter was available. In order to take care of the flow of arriving troops, an embarkation center was established in Le Mans area capable of accommodating 230,000 men. From there the troops could easily be fed to Brest and St.-Nazaire as shipping became available.

The divisions went home much quicker than those familiar with the supply of shipping thought possible. It seemed a terrific wait to impatient doughboys, but the return of 2,000,000 men within ten months stands as a remarkably creditable performance.

President Wilson had decided to leave at least one regiment with the Armies of Occupation in Germany; as fast as they could be moved the divisions of the Third Army were transported home. The first division to reach France was the last to come home—the First Division, which was released August fifteenth.

General Pershing returned in time to lead these veterans of his up Fifth Avenue; nobody who saw that parade will ever forget the thrill of it. New York gave him thunderous welcome. We made a tremendous fuss over him and the doughboys. That is always our way—and then we go on about our business.

Possibly this short history of our effort in Europe will induce a suspicious, cynical attitude toward war in all who read it. I hope so. That was my intention.

**Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Pattullo.**

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May 27, 1922

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"Many of our old friends have grown away from us because we could not keep pace with them. I haven't been able to send you to college . . . And through it all your mother has been patient and uncomplaining.

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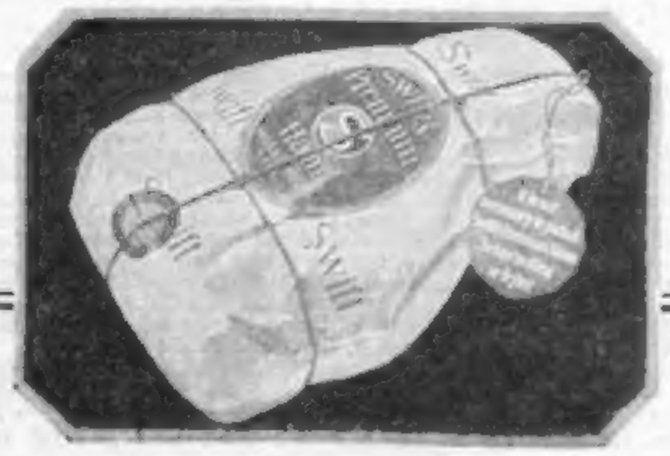

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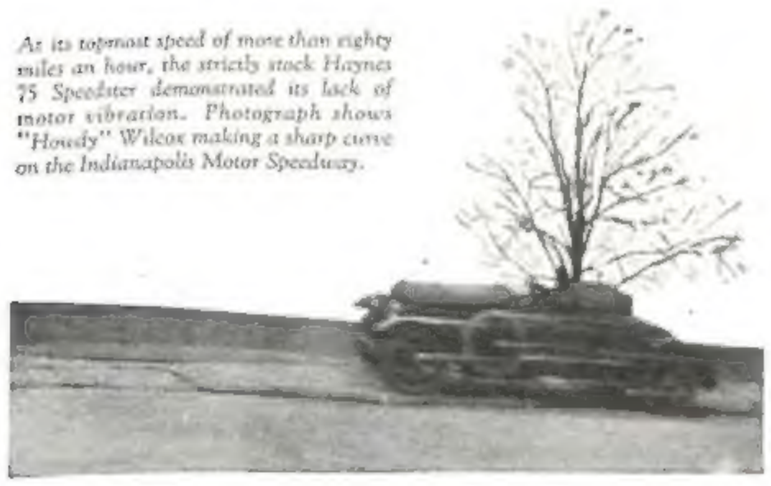
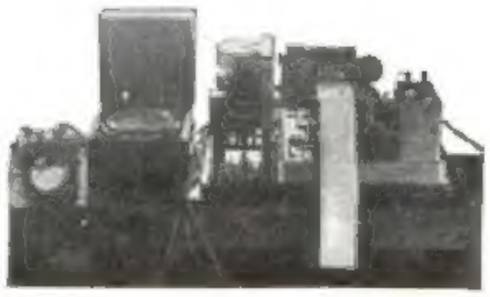
The Haynes 75 Speedster is just the type of lithe-looking, low, rakish, speedy car that appeals to the sport lover. Individual steps, two extra wheels, snappy fittings, individual fenders—in every detail it is a thoroughbred. Your reservation should be made at once. Your nearest Haynes dealer will show you this car.

**$2395** F. O. B. FACTORY

*As its topmost speed of more than eighty miles an hour, the strictly stock Haynes 75 Speedster demonstrated its lack of motor vibration. Photograph shows "Howdy" Wilcox making a sharp curve on the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.*



*The official test was clocked by the Indianapolis Motor Speedway electric timing machine, the same instrument which records the speeds of fast boat races, aeroplane flights and other speed classics. The official Haynes 75 Speedster record is printed electrically on a paper tape, as shown in the picture.*



THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, *Kokomo, Indiana*
EXPORT OFFICE: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.

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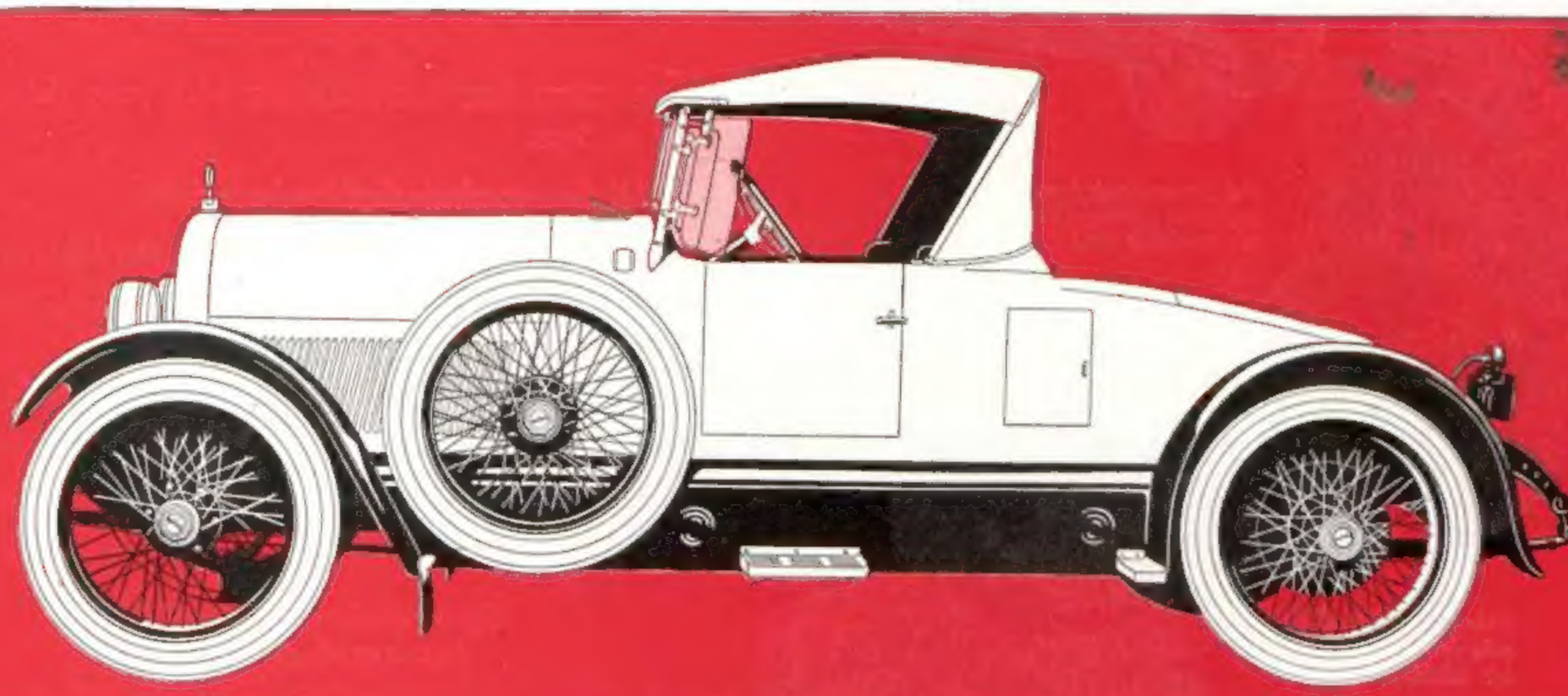

*The new, improved Haynes 75 two-passenger Speedster is equipped with the Haynes-built six-cylinder motor, the same as that used by Howard Wilcox during the official test at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. Individual steps and individual fenders and the two extra wire wheels are standard equipment. Wind deflectors, rear vision mirrors, windshield cleaners, exterior side cowl lights, and searchlight type head lamps are also furnished at no additional cost. The official test by Howard Wilcox was made to prove that the Haynes 75 stock Speedster is capable of attaining a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. Motorists as a rule do not employ the maximum speed, but it is a great satisfaction to know that the car you drive has the necessary power in case it is needed. In ordinary driving the Haynes 75 Speedster uses only about forty per cent. of its maximum speed, which means longer life at ordinary driving ranges.*

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